The Saturday Evening
POST
November 10, 1962
20¢

EXCLUSIVE: The Mississippi Story

MY ORDEAL IN OXFORD
By James Meredith

"The Hate Here Now" By John Faulkner

Movies Are Too Dirty
By John Crosby

Hugh Downs
TV's Rocketing Star

Trial

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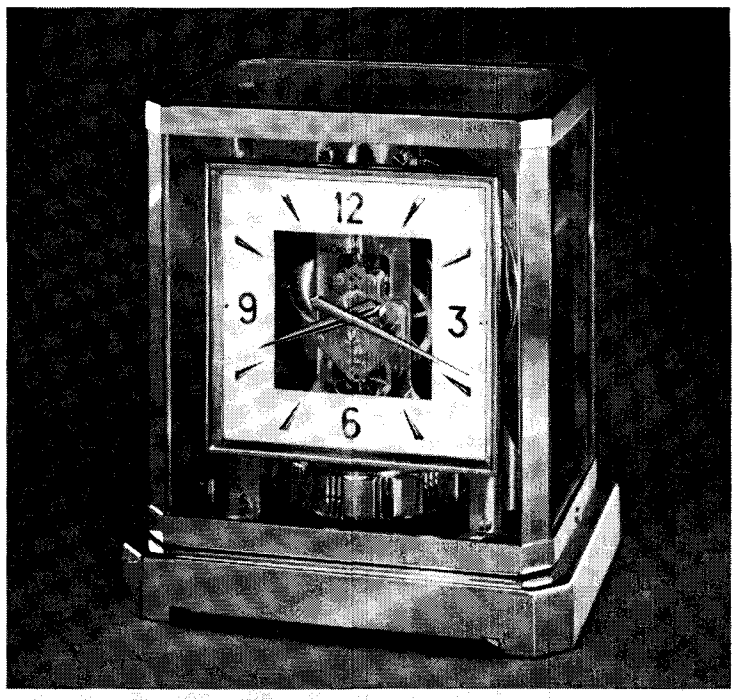

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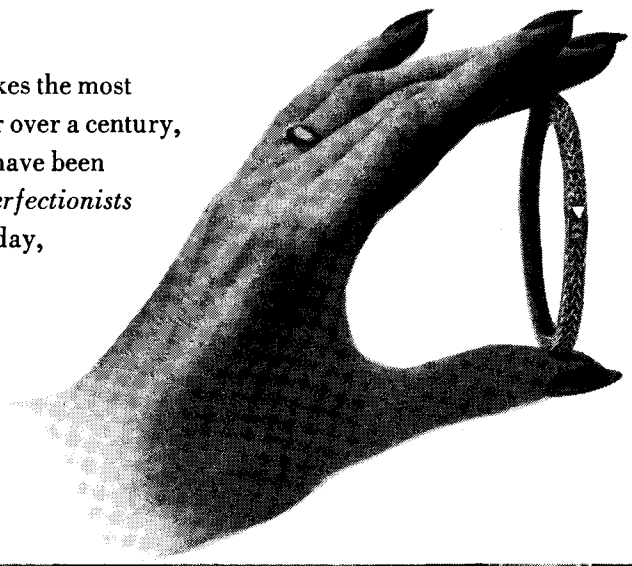

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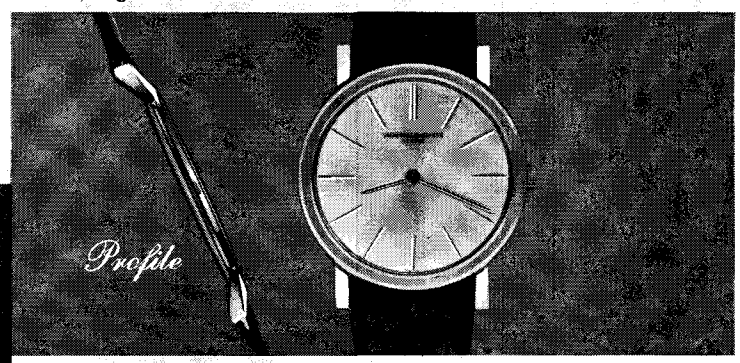

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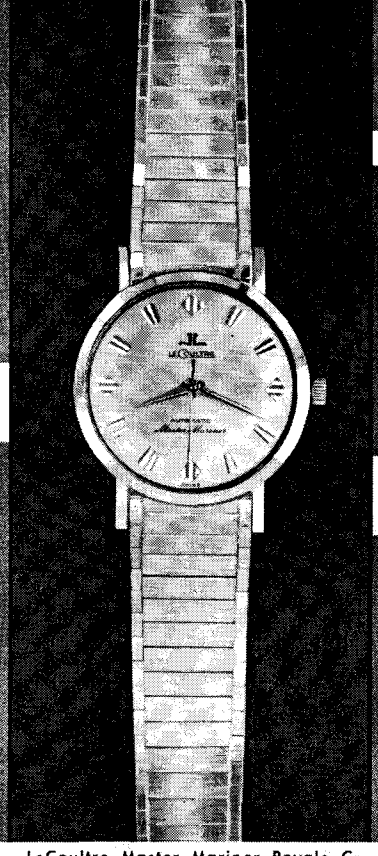

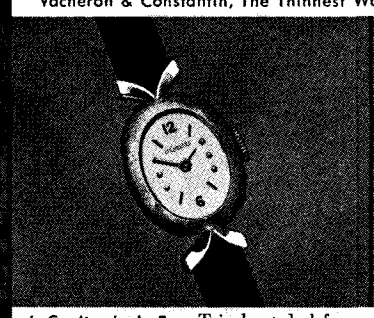

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In This Issue

Volume 235, Number 40

ARTICLES

Movies Are Too Dirty (*Speaking Out*) . . . . . *By John Crosby* 8
The Mississippi Story 13
"I'll Know Victory or Defeat" . . . . . *By James H. Meredith* 14
What Next in Mississippi? . . . . . *By Robert Massie* 18
"How Much Hate There Is Now!" . . . . . *By John Faulkner* 24
The Ups of Hugh Downs . . . . . *By Peter Maas* 26
Eichmann and His Trial (Part 2 of 3) . . . . . *By Gideon Hausner* 58
Where Ike Is Laird . . . . . *By John Kobler* 64
Why Workers Steal . . . . . *By Alex Lee Gregory* 68
If You See What You Don't Want, Ask for It . . . . *By William K. Zinsser* 72
Helen Keller's Heir . . . . . *By Al Hirshberg* 77

FICTION

Dodson's Goddess . . . . . *By Jacob Hay* 32
Something Missing . . . . . *By Duvan Polk* 40
A Shade Illegal . . . . . *By Robert Murphy* 52

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post Scripts 62
Hazel 74
Editorials 82

The Mississippi Story. When the rioting broke out at the University of Mississippi, *Post* contributing editor **Robert Massie** (at left) was on the scene. Assigned to gather the story of the state of siege around **James Meredith** and the state of mind around Mississippi, Massie moved swiftly as the turmoil raced headlong into history. Not only did he observe the rioting close up as leader of a *Post* task force of writers and photographers, but he was able to secure the exclusive first-person story of James Meredith. Then, seeking the deeper meanings behind the riots, Tennessee-born Massie traveled the state, talking with dozens of Mississippians, Negro and white. His report, beginning on page 18, brings new understanding to the Mississippi story. To round out this comprehensive in-depth analysis, *Post* editors sought out Oxford townsman **John Faulkner,** 61, younger brother of the late Nobel Prize winner William Faulkner and an author himself (novels about his state's hill people). Faulkner reveals how his fellow citizens felt about the cataclysm at Ole Miss.

Other By-Lines. *Post* contributing editors **Peter Maas** and **John Kobler** both had to follow the footsteps of public personalities for their articles in this issue—Maas accompanying Hugh Downs on a typical TV day and Kobler taking a tour of General Eisenhower's Scottish castle, with Ike as the guide. . . . In the second part of EICHMANN AND HIS TRIAL **Gideon Hausner,** the attorney general of Israel, writes about the 113 witnesses he gathered for his prosecution of the infamous Nazi. . . . **Alex Lee Gregory,** a former police detective, is now a private investigator specializing in the use of the polygraph. . . . A former New York newspaperman now free-lancing, **William K. Zinsser** confides that he knows Hammacher Schlemmer but can't pronounce it. His most recent book, *The City Dwellers*, devoted to the foibles of modern urban life, was published last month by Harper and Row. . . . **Al Hirshberg**'s story of Poh Lin, the blind Chinese child who has been inspired by heroic Helen Keller, is his 26th *Post* article.

The Cover. **John Burns,** one of three photographer brothers from Schenectady, N. Y., prowled the Ole Miss campus for hours to get the photograph on the cover—James Meredith, in the company of United States Marshals, leaving a class.

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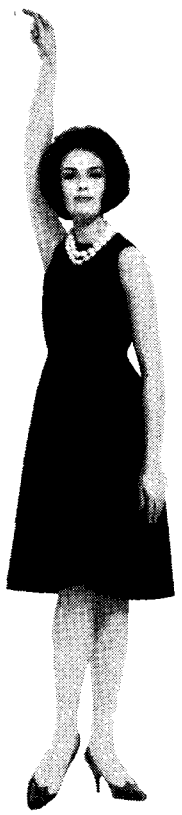

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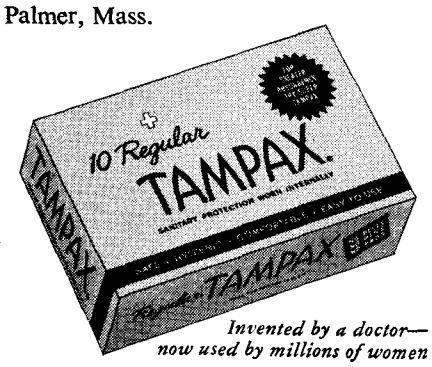

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

LETTERS

Propaganda for the Reds?

Dear Sirs:

I first became addicted to *The Post* when the Lindbergh story was running in 1953. For eight weeks I sweated it out. I knew that he made it, but. . . . Now I've just finished the first installment of FAIL-SAFE (by Eugene Burdick and Harvey Wheeler, Oct. 13). You dogs! I'm hooked again.

BOYD A. LARSON
New York Mills, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Why deal in fictional fantasy about anything so important as the peace of the world when so much worthwhile literature could be published to promote better feelings?

MRS. M. R. BEUHLER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your October 13 cover will be long remembered by the Russian people when they see it reprinted in school books, magazines and Communist leaflets. You have provided the Kremlin with a perfect piece of propaganda to nurture their image of the "warmongering Americans."

MRS. HORTON CONRAD
Northbrook, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

When magazine cover pictures invade the field of foreign affairs endangering our relations with other nations we can only invite censorship of the press. Can you imagine the shock we would express if Russia's leading magazine—or even Cuba's—used a cover design of Red planes bombing New York?

GEORGE BEHRMAN
Riverside, Conn.

Open Season on Hunters

Dear Sirs:

Sincere thanks to *The Post* and Donald E. Foltz for his article (SPEAKING OUT; BOOBS IN THE WOODS, Oct. 13). I know that all true hunters, including myself, would welcome any test to determine our right to be carrying lethal weapons among our unsuspecting friends and neighbors.

WILLIAM P. KELLY
Middlebury, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I think Donald E. Foltz is a "boob." His proposal for a law that would stop anyone under 16 from hunting is a big step in the wrong direction!

CHARLES FOOTE
Age 14
Sinton, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

When I worked as a sporting-goods salesman I sold so many lethal weapons to obviously unqualified "sportsmen" that you couldn't get me to go into the woods after Labor Day with a Sherman tank.

STEVE KRUEGER
Downey, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Once my husband was an active hunter. He now sticks to fishing and golf because of Minnesota's "boobs in the woods." It's a crime that good hunters have to give up the sport because of the maniacs who keep running wild.

MRS. T. K. THOMPSON
St. Paul, Minn.

YOUR ARTICLE CONTAINS DAMAGING AND FALSE STATEMENTS CONCERNING HUNTING FATALITIES IN COLORADO. YOU STATE 17 HUNTERS SLAIN IN TWO WEEKS. OUR RECORDS SHOW WORST YEAR IN COLORADO HISTORY WAS 1947 WHEN 12 WERE KILLED. THESE FIGURES ARE FOR WHOLE YEAR, INCLUDING ALL HUNTING SEASONS. APPEARANCE OF YOUR ARTICLE BEFORE START OF OUR SEASON HAS CAUSED UNKNOWN DAMAGE TO STATE.

HARRY WOODWARD, DIRECTOR
COLORADO GAME AND FISH DEPT.
DENVER, COLO.

● *Seventeen people died* while *hunting in Colorado during one month in 1948—but most succumbed from natural causes and not firearms accidents.* The Post *regrets the error.—ED.*

Punishment For Parents

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations to Charles Flato for his article (PARENTS WHO BEAT CHILDREN, Oct. 6). It seems a shame that man can call himself civilized and yet permit such tragic events to occur around him.

DOUGLAS SCHULTE
Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Charles Flato states that these parents have "a skimpily researched form of mental illness." I don't believe any authority on mental health would agree with that. Child abuse is a common result of emotional disturbance and has been a subject of psychiatric research for many years.

MRS. GERTRUDE FARBER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Because of the legal requirement in some communities that anyone reporting a case of abuse of children by parents must prefer charges in court, fear of reprisals by parents is probably a factor in perpetuating such tragic situations. If such cases could be reported anonymously to an investigating authority whose business it would be to sort out the spite charges from those based on facts, many of these cruelly mishandled, helpless victims of parental emotional illness could be rescued.

MRS. FRED W. BURNHAM
Winter Park, Fla.

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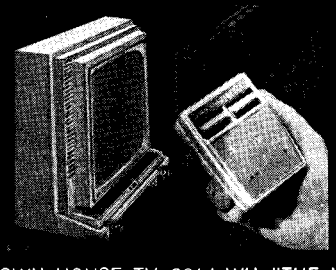

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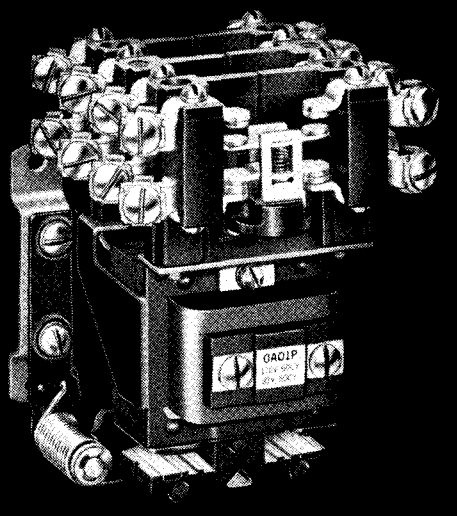

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LETTERS

Dear Sirs:

Parents who burn, beat and mangle their infant children ought to be shot—not coddled psychiatrically.

PAUL E. KREIDER
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I intend to save your article and show it to my young son when he is older and can understand.

MRS. LILLIAN WHITMYER
Canton, Ohio

The Second Time Around

Dear Sirs:

I have re-read your article (KEY RACE IN THE KEYSTONE STATE, by Harold H. Martin, Oct. 13) in disbelief that you could omit the fact that Richardson Dilworth ran for governor (of Pennsylvania) before, in 1950, and lost. A dozen times the article comes to a point where his earlier defeat just HAS to be reported. But it isn't.

RICHARD V. WALL
Harrisburg, Penna.

Dear Sirs:

Harold Martin states that "the man moving into the handsome old executive mansion at Harrisburg will have problems." I agree. If my memory is correct the mansion was sold and has since been torn down to make way for a newer commercial building.

GEORGE A. MILLER
Morristown, N.J.

● *Reader Miller is right.—ED.*

Tumult Over Teddy

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your courageous editorial (PYRRHIC VICTORY FOR TEDDY? Oct. 13). Such an editorial would be anathematized here where one man has hypnotized an entire state and sleep-walking voters have lost reason and conscience. In my student days it was a source of hilarity to read about the Roman emperor who named his horse to the consulship. Perhaps history is rounding out full circle. The betting cognoscenti in these parts are wagering even money that the astute voters of Massachusetts would elect the Kennedy pony, Macaroni, by a landslide.

E. A. SICILIANO
Boston College
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Please keep your opinions to yourself and let us do our own voting. The Democrats of Massachusetts alone are the ones to choose, and their choice, overwhelmingly, was Mr. Kennedy.

DORIS GAGNON
Dorchester, Mass.

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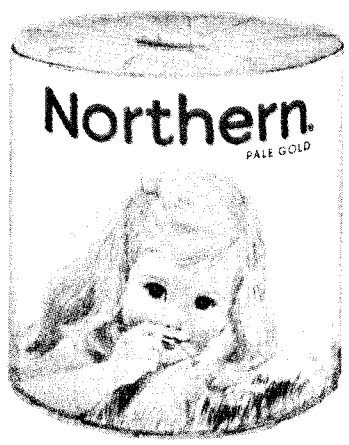

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Movies Are Too Dirty

Most "adult" pictures aren't fit for grown-ups, let alone children.

By JOHN CROSBY

I can't pinpoint the precise moment in history when I became aware that I was tired of dirty movies, but I rather suspect it came somewhere in the middle of *Walk on the Wild Side*. I fell asleep is what I did. It was at some point after the pimp had beaten up his prostitute in the bordello and some point before the Lesbian madam tried to pin the Mann Act on the fellow who loved her girl friend. I was bored was what I was.

When I woke up, I thought to myself that my titillation level had risen to a dangerous point if I couldn't even stay awake during such a lurid display of sexuality. What has happened to me? What has happened to all of us?

I can remember when Otto Preminger defied the National Legion of Decency and the Production Code, which had ruled motion pictures with an iron hand, by exhibiting, without the seal of approval, *The Moon Is Blue* back in 1953. Those of us of liberal persuasion cheered a mighty cheer at this victory over censorship. I felt then and I feel now that organized attempts to censor anything—books, plays, movies—always fail because the wrong things get censored for the wrong reasons by the wrong people.

For instance, *Walk on the Wild Side*, a perfectly dreadful, rampantly sexual, really dirty movie (practically the whole thing took place in a brothel) got the seal of approval (adult only) from the Legion of Decency because the prostitute is redeemed in keeping with Christian morality. On the other hand, *Never on Sunday*, a far better, far cleaner, far more wholesome movie about a prostitute, was completely condemned by the Legion of Decency because the prostitute, magnificently played by Melina Mercouri, is not only *not* redeemed but she seems to love her work and actually contributes to the welfare of the community by it—a point the Church could hardly tolerate.

The Trouble With Censorship

Throughout history the Church has been very bad at censorship—but no worse than everyone else. Eventually all censorship gets down to a decision on what is right and what is wrong, and you simply can't impose your ideas of right and wrong on the artists and writers. History has shown again and again that the artists were right and the bluenoses were wrong. If you stifle the artists or suppress them, civilization itself suffers.

But simply because we are opposed on principle to censorship doesn't mean we can't complain about the number of dirty movies. I habitually take my thirteen-year-old daughter, Maggie, to the movies on Friday night; yet, in the enormous city of New York, with scores of movies to choose from, there is often hardly a single one fit to show a girl of that age. In fact, I'm afraid Maggie has seen a lot of movies that I don't approve her seeing because—well, how do you know in advance?

I remember one summer vetoing *The Apartment* (I considered it fine for me, but not for my kids) and then taking them to a far worse movie, *The Rat Race*, in which Debbie Reynolds did a striptease in a dance-hall proprietor's office. I knew what *The Apartment* was about; I didn't know what *The Rat Race* was about. How is one to find out? The reviews don't always tell you. Besides, who reads them all? That is why I am very much in favor of the British system of classification of motion pictures. In Britain, movies are classified for adults only or for general consumption. Some movies have an "A" classification, which means parents can take kids to the movie if they choose, but are forewarned that it is in some way objectionable for children. Some movies are flatly forbidden to children. I feel most urgently that we should have classification of movies in the United States, and I'll tell you why.

I think that we who defend freedom of speech, freedom of expression and all that, have been booby-trapped in the case of movies by labeling almost everything that deals with sexual freedom "adult," when most of the American movies which are lascivious are the exact opposite of adult. They are childishly prurient, adolescent quiverings—peeping-Tom-type movies, if I make myself clear, and it's not going to be easy. This is why a censor's work is difficult—in fact, impossible—to do intelligently. Because in one picture seduction is high art, great theater, great literature. In another it's just dirty. The difference lies in intent, in honesty, in craftsmanship, in art.

Many movies have been sexually very mature, very daring, and I think genuinely moral in the highest sense. A superb example was *La Dolce Vita*, which was surely a story of depravity. The last of many orgies in that picture—when they poured champagne all over a girl and covered her with feathers—got awfully long and, in the end, dull, dull, dull. And that's exactly what its author and director, Federico Fellini, intended to make you feel. His point, so magnificently and subtly made, is that this kind of life is not fun, fun, fun. It's dull, dull, dull. Fellini speaks true.

A Thoroughly Prurient Orgy

Contrast that kind of orgy with, let's say, *Solomon and Sheba*, which was nothing but one long orgy of Gargantuan proportions: extras doing the most carnal things to one another on rocks, carrying half-naked girls into the bushes; and Gina Lollobrigida lolling about on beds in an attempt to seduce Yul Brynner. This one is prurient in the worst sense, appealing to our most adolescent instincts. This is the sort of movie that helps perpetuate adolescence in America. That's the criticism many Europeans level at us—that we don't mature, we don't ripen, we just become aging adolescents.

Still, if we are going to have genuine artistic freedom, we can't forbid orgies. So what should we do? I think we should classify pictures. I think *La Dolce Vita* is a great picture, but not for children. I think *Solomon and Sheba* is a stinker for old and young alike. But whereas *La Dolce Vita* could (and did) go fine at the box office with adult trade, muck like *Solomon and Sheba* needs the smirking teen-age trade to help pay the bills. Most intelligent adults wouldn't be caught dead at it. If we keep the kids out of these juvenile, smutty pictures, that leaves only the perpetual adolescents. There aren't (I hope) enough of them to make this kind of picture worthwhile.

There's another aspect of this matter that needs explanation. Sexuality has been on the rise in the movies and, as each producer tries to outdo the other, it has taken a deplorable turn toward viciousness. I can remember back to 1932 when just about the last word in sexuality was Miriam Hopkins as the trollop in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, waving a naked leg back and forth before Fredric March's agonized eyes. Today that's kid stuff.

Sex as an Element of Horror

Take *Cape Fear*, which may be the most sordid, vicious and utterly depraved movie I have ever seen. This was a tale about a vicious sex criminal, played by Robert Mitchum with what I can only describe as appalling authority, who gets out of jail and returns to torment Gregory Peck, the fine, upstanding lawyer (and nobody can upstand like Gregory Peck) who caused his imprisonment. Peck has a lovely wife (Polly Bergen) and a lovely young daughter (Lori Martin) who, I gather, is about thirteen. Mitchum says, all by implication because he doesn't want to go back to jail, that he intends to rape Peck's wife and daughter.

Mitchum leers at Polly Bergen. He fairly slavers over Lori Martin. "She's getting to be as juicy as your wife, ain't she?" he says, chuckling evilly. He pauses in pursuit of these two only long enough to pick up a floozy and almost kill her.

"You're a shocking degenerate," Peck tells Mitchum at one point. "I've seen the worst, but you're the lowest. It makes me sick to breathe the same air." And this dreadfully trite snatch of dialogue sums up the picture itself with stunning accuracy. It literally makes you sick.

This is the nub of my complaint about the deplorable direction that sexuality is

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John Crosby writes a syndicated column of comment for the New York Herald Tribune. *The column was titled* Radio and Television *until late 1960, when Mr. Crosby became a general columnist.*

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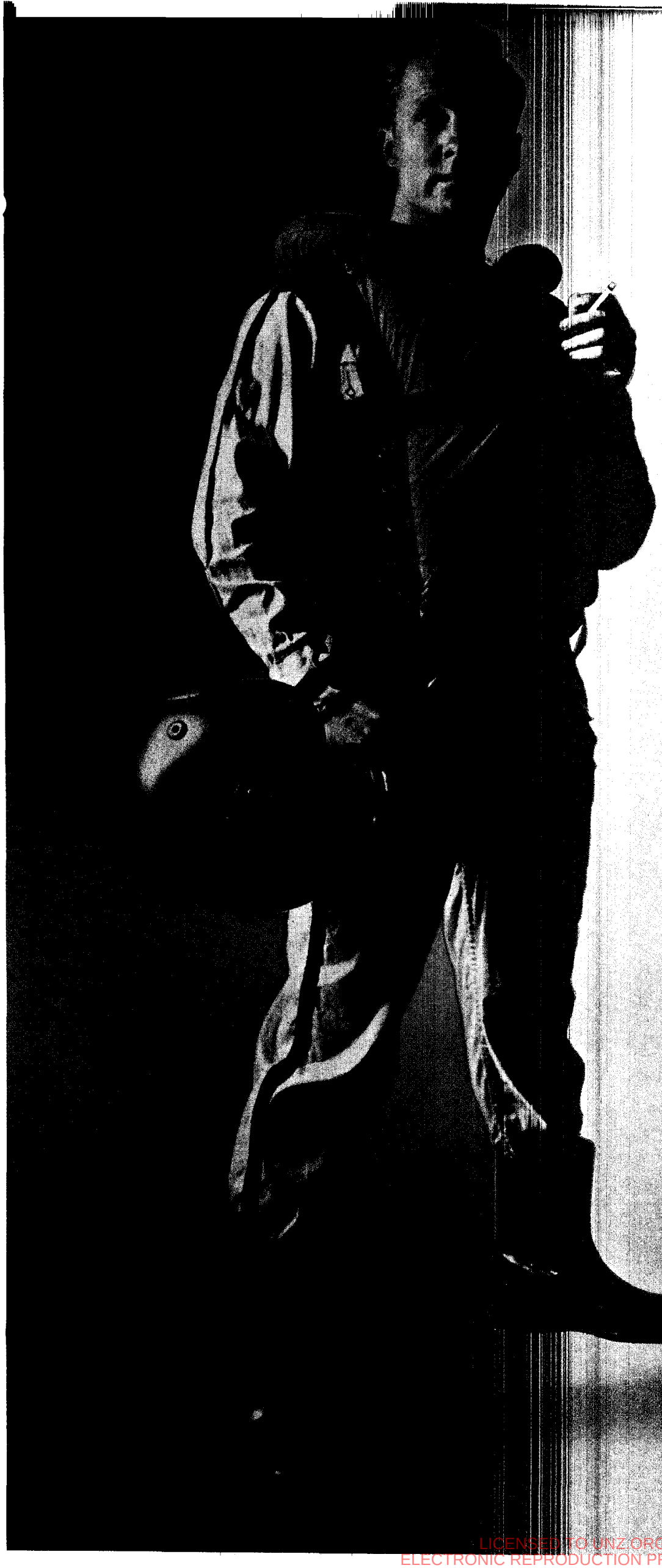

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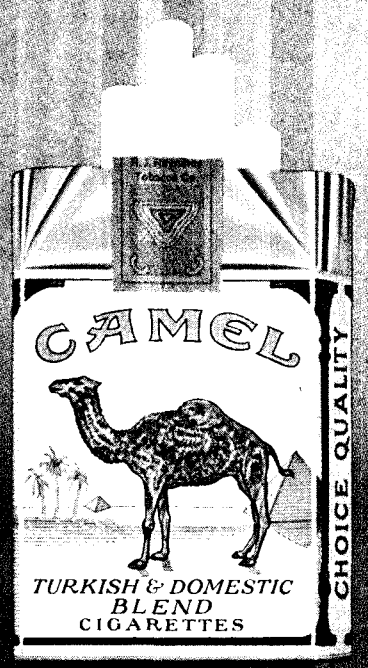

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SPEAKING OUT

taking in pictures. Sex is no longer designed to be enticing, as was that shot of Miriam Hopkins's bare leg inviting you to go to bed; it's designed instead to be frightening and repellent. I violently object to children or young teens being exposed to this sort of thing, because it plants in them the idea that sexuality is essentially a degenerate, shameful, rather frightening thing instead of the joyful, natural, God-given urge that it is.

I am one of the most devoted fans of Ingmar Bergman, the Swedish writer, director and producer, but I must confess the rape scene in *The Virgin Spring* made me physically sick. In fact, I think it was intended to. In this movie the girl (Birgitta Valberg) is of such dazzling purity and innocence that her desecration and murder are almost the outermost limit of evil. In *The Virgin Spring*, if I understand him correctly, Bergman was showing the loss and rebirth of faith in God. Pretty strong and splendid stuff, that, and he needed an extremity of evil.

Well, he got it all right: the rape scene was horrifyingly explicit; the murder was sickeningly gruesome. It had such an impact on me that I couldn't get with the picture again. Bergman lost me there; he overreached himself dramatically and fell over the other side. He's not the only good writer who's done that, either. Shakespeare had a character's tongue torn out and her hands cut off, on stage, in one of his early plays, *Titus Andronicus*. And he had Gloucester's eyes plucked out in *King Lear*. I think these plays were severely damaged by these excesses—and it's interesting to note that they are not among Shakespeare's successful plays.

Sophia Loren got an Academy Award for her performance in *Two Women* and it, too, had a rape scene—in this case the rape of mother and daughter by a whole crowd of screaming African troops. In one shot the young girl is screaming one moment; suddenly the eyes widen and the face goes rigid, as if she had suddenly and irrevocably discovered that life is evil rather than a fundamentally good thing, that sex is essentially a horrifying rather than an ennobling experience.

Of course, any good director will tell you that a shot which could express all that in a flash on a screen is a great shot. But I'm not so sure. Because right there *Two Women*—which is a pretty good and very honest picture—lost me. That shot is so powerful it blots out everything else.

Honest Drama vs. Tripe

However, from honest movies like *Two Women* or *The Virgin Spring*, it's just a step to tripe like *Experiment in Terror*, in which a man (Ross Martin) attempts to terrorize a girl (Lee Remick) into stealing $100,000 from the bank where she's a teller by threatening to kill her and intimating that he'll rape and kill her younger sister. This film is not drama, as the word is commonly understood. Its intent is to shock rather than to stir one's deepest feelings. It contributes to a form of narcotic addiction.

In that connection I'd like to tell you the story of a small American boy who lived with his parents for two years in Italy. For lack of television, his chief entertainments were puppet shows and an occasional movie. And, since the Italians don't believe in exposing kids to violence, these were very gentle movies. He was about eight years old when he came home. On shipboard one day his mother took him to a movie—something with Burt Lancaster in a circus. There were some brutal fistfights in it. Shortly after I left the theater I came upon the little boy crying uncontrollably in a passageway of the ship. "I don't like that, I don't like that," he was saying over and over again. And he made a punching motion with his fist. "I don't like that." He'd never seen two adults hit each other in the face before, and it made him sick.

Well, a year passed, and I saw the same little boy in his apartment in New York. He was sitting in front of a television set, watching the Good Cowboy belt the Bad One with the butt of his pistol and, insofar as I could see, he was thoroughly enjoying it. He'd got used to it. But I don't think he's a better little boy for it.

Coming Soon: Multiple Rape

I suppose eventually we'll all get acclimated to rape. But I don't want to get acclimated to rape either on the screen or off it. And I certainly don't want my children to get acclimated to it. Ahead of us lies—as they say in Washington about the atom bomb—escalation. Just after the war, for example, the movie people discovered that if one movie star earned $2,000,000 at the box office, four movie stars would earn $8,000,000. Then it was discovered that the same ratio applied to adultery; so we got movies like *From the Terrace* with its multiple adulteries. Well, next we'll get multiple rape—four, five, six of them. Already we've had mother-and-daughter rape. Next, I expect, grandmother and maybe a four-year-old girl. Then three four-year-old girls. Perversion is coming in very strong, too—Lesbianism in *The Children's Hour*, male homosexuality in *Victim*, child molestation in *The Mark*, nymphomania in *The Chapman Report*, cannibalism in *Suddenly Last Summer*.

These films are advertised as sensationally as possible without coming right out and yelling, "Red-hot pornography! Come and get it!" Consider the ad for a little stinker called *Satan in High Heels:* "About a commercial tramp who cheats, steals and bed-bounces her way to New York." Or the ad for *Satan Never Sleeps* (Satan is very big in the titles this year): "Tortured! Ravished! Shamed!" Or the ad for *Lisa:* "In the middle of the night he heard her cry: 'They used me . . . like an animal!'"

I say: Enough! Enough! For God's sake, let's quit it. But let's not leave these matters to some censor.

Think what a censor would do with a film like *Lolita*. The very word is almost synonymous with salaciousness, yet it is one of the finest movies I've ever seen. The passion of an older man, superbly played by James Mason, for the nymphet, superbly played by Sue Lyon, is purest tragedy. You come away deeply moved, washed with pity—honorable, decent emotions quite different from the revulsion caused by so many sex-obsessed pictures.

We must never again have the kind of censorship which would prevent a *Lolita* from being made. So what are we to do about the likes of *Cape Fear* and *Walk on the Wild Side*? A sensible classification system, modeled on Britain's, would go a long way toward solving the problem. But even now there's something that we can do: complain, for heaven's sake! The artist should have the right to express himself, but we, the bedeviled public, certainly have the right to express ourselves too. So yell a little. Or write indignant articles. Like this one. **THE END**

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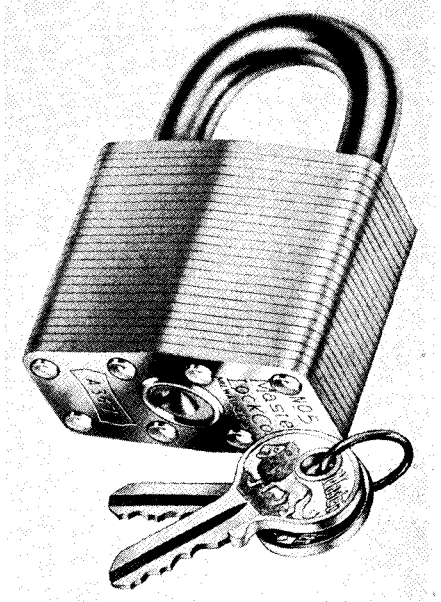

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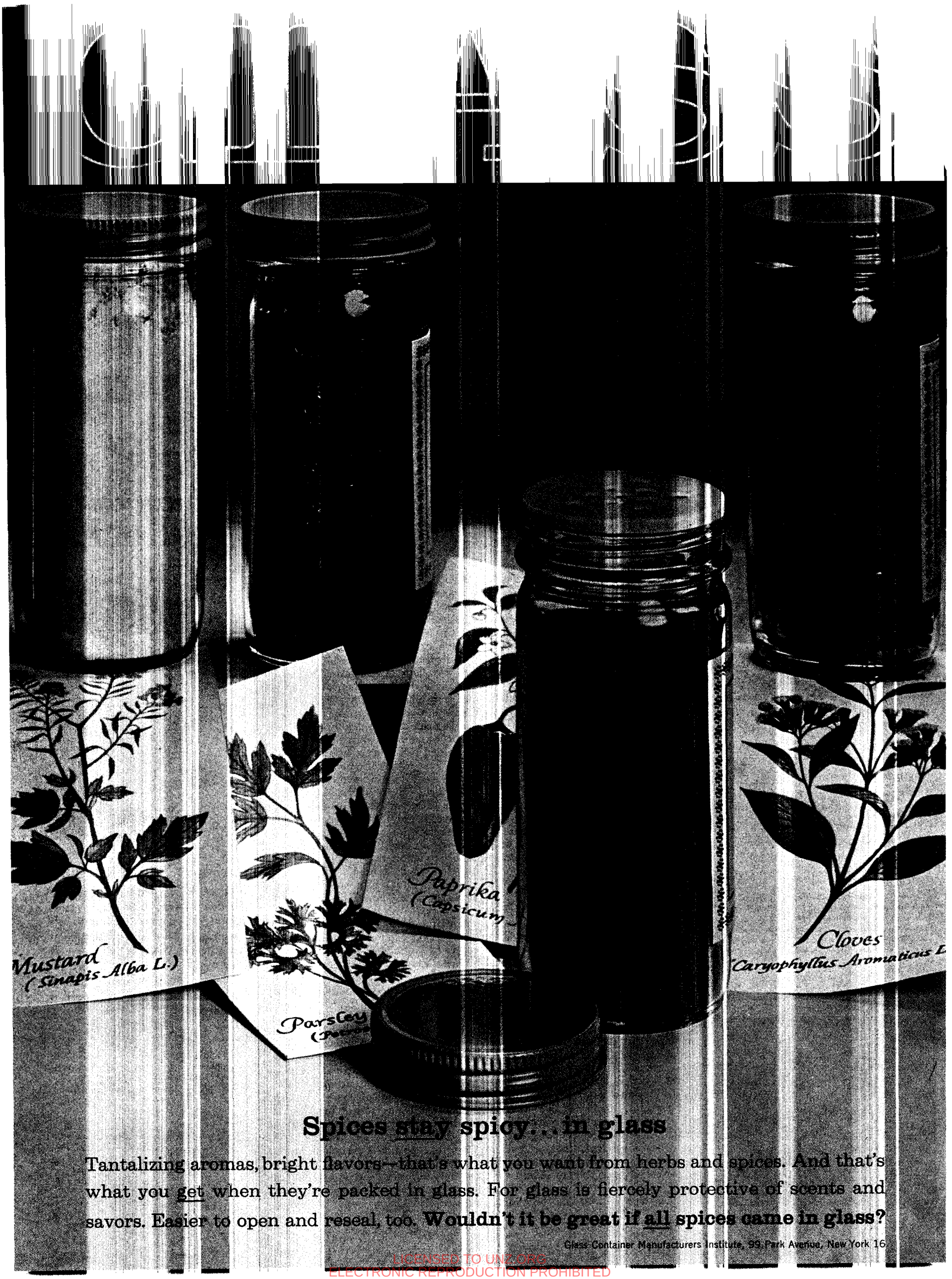

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"I'll Know Victory or Defeat"

By JAMES H. MEREDITH

If you asked me when it all began—what brought me to the campus in Oxford that first week in October—I guess I would say it began when I was a boy in Kosciusko, up in the hill country of Mississippi, where I was born. I used to lie in bed and dream about a city—I didn't know what city or where it was—I just knew it would be different from Kosciusko, because I didn't like the way things were there.

Kosciusko isn't altogether typical of Mississippi, I would say. It is an area of small farms, and most of the farmers, Negro and white, own their own places. I think the Negroes there might be a little more progressive than in some other parts of the state. Some Negroes there—my father, for example—have been voting for as long as I know of. I think you'll find that many progressive Negroes come from an area like this, where they own their own land. Still, I certainly can't say I liked it in Kosciusko. They tell me I was always strong on the race issue when I was young. For example, I remember a wealthy white man who used to go around town handing out nickles and dimes to Negro children. I never would take any.

In Kosciusko I grew up between things. Part of my family was much older than I was, and part was much younger. It was like being an only child. I really only got to know my brothers and sisters later. Also, I lived in the country and went to school in town. In small towns in the South you're either a "city boy" or a "country boy," but I wasn't either. I got used to taking care of things by myself.

When I was 16 I left Kosciusko to finish my last year of high school in St. Petersburg, Florida. I had a desire to go to a better school, and I had an uncle and a sister living there. I graduated from high school in June of 1951 and enlisted in the Air Force the next month. I had a brother in the Air Force, but that wasn't the reason I joined. It was common knowledge among Negroes that the Air Force was a better branch of service for them.

Influence of Air Force Duty

Certainly my Air Force days were the most influential time of my life. I served in nothing but integrated units. It seems to me the integration of the armed forces is one of the most important things that has happened to the Negro in the United States. For that reason, I thought it was particularly unfortunate that the Army apparently resegregated its units in Oxford after the night of campus rioting. If Negroes could fight side by side with whites around the world, they should be able to serve with them in Mississippi.

I never had any "bad" incidents when I was in the Air Force. There were occasional small things, reminders that a Negro was a Negro. I remember when I was in basic training at Sampson Air Force Base in New York State, all of us were invited to spend weekends with families in Syracuse. I spent a weekend with a white family there, and they were very nice, but they kept reminding me in subtle ways that they were being unusually nice—in other words, they didn't have to do this; it was just a favor. There is always that air of difference about being a Negro that you can never quite touch.

But life was pretty good in the Air Force. As I say, I served in nothing but integrated units, and everything was OK as far as promotions went too. I remember very well one particular hearing for promotion, when I was up for staff sergeant. I was to go before a board of three colonels. Usually they question you about your qualifications and try to decide whether or not you can take on the responsibilities of the next rank. I came up before the board just two months after the Supreme Court school-desegregation decision in 1954, and they didn't ask me anything about my qualifications. All they asked about was my opinion of the decision, what my family thought about it, and all that. Well, I told them. I'll always remember that when it was over and I had made staff sergeant, they told me they were with me in the struggle but that "the outcome will depend on you." I took that "you" to mean Negroes, all Negroes, and I guess it has been sort of a badge of responsibility ever since.

"Look in a Mirror to Remember"

In 1955 I reenlisted. I always had it in mind to come back to Mississippi and study law, but I didn't think I was ready then for the responsibilities I would have to face, so I reenlisted. I was in Japan from 1957 till 1960, and there isn't any doubt that this was the settling-down point for me. I decided not only what I wanted to do, which I have known for a long time in a vague way, but how to go about doing it.

Being in Japan was an amazing experience. Negroes say, "When you're in Japan you have to look in a mirror to remember you're a Negro," and it's true. Japan is the only place where I have not felt the "air of difference."

I was surprised that the Japanese people were so aware of the racial situation in America. For instance, I met a boy—I don't suppose he was more than 12 or 13—and he knew more about Little Rock than most American kids that age. He was amazed when I told him I was from Mississippi and that I intended to go back. This kind of reaction further convinced me that I would go back to Mississippi and try to improve these conditions. I was discharged in July, 1960, and by the end of the month I was back in Kosciusko.

I entered Jackson State College, a Negro school in Jackson, and quickly met other students who felt as I did—that Negroes in Mississippi did not have the rights of full citizens, including the right to the best education the state offered. Someone had to seek admission to the University of Mississippi, and I decided to do it. But there were many of us involved. Although the lawsuit was mine, the others were with me, and I sought their advice on every move I made.

As soon as I filed application for admission, I contacted Medgar Evers, Mississippi field secretary for the N.A.A.C.P., and through him I asked for N.A.A.C.P. legal aid. Mrs. Constance Motley, associate counsel of the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund, came to my assistance. The N.A.A.C.P. was prompt and efficient, and that was of prime importance. There was a great morale factor here, and every time we called them, they were there.

The court fight was long, and there were times when I wondered if it would be successful. I kept winning in court, but I didn't get any nearer to the university. Finally, after the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals had said I should be registered, I felt the responsibility was the Federal Government's; it was out of my hands to do anything.

People have asked me if I wasn't terribly afraid the night we went to Oxford. No, my apprehensions came a long time before that. The hardest thing in human nature is to decide to act. I was doing all right in the Air Force. I got married in 1956, and my wife was able to work as a civil servant on the same bases where I was stationed. I had to give this up, this established way of things, this status, and try something new and unknown. That's where the big decision was—not here, last month, but there, a couple of years ago. Once I made that decision, things just had to happen the way they happened.

I think maybe a quote from Theodore Roosevelt that I read somewhere was more important than anything else in helping me make this decision. I think I read it around 1952, and I clipped it out, and everywhere I've gone since then—every place I've lived or everywhere I've worked—I have put that saying in front of me. I guess I must have read it two or three thousand times by now. It says, "It is not the critic who counts. . . . The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood . . . who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement, and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place will never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat." At different times different parts of that quotation have been important to me, but when I made the decision to return to Mississippi and later to enroll at the university, the part I kept seeing was the part about "cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat." I didn't want to be one of those.

Fear Is Just Another Obstacle

As far as fear of death or personal injury goes—and I consider this most important for everybody to understand—I put death or the fear of getting hurt in the same category with legal objections to my entering the university, or moral objections, or objections on grounds of custom. They are all on the same level. They are all just ways to keep me out of the university, and no one is any more important than any other. It wouldn't matter if I stumbled and fell and couldn't go to classes or whether I cut my finger and couldn't write for a month or whether I was shot and killed—they're

Author Meredith: "They tell me I was always strong on the race issue when I was you

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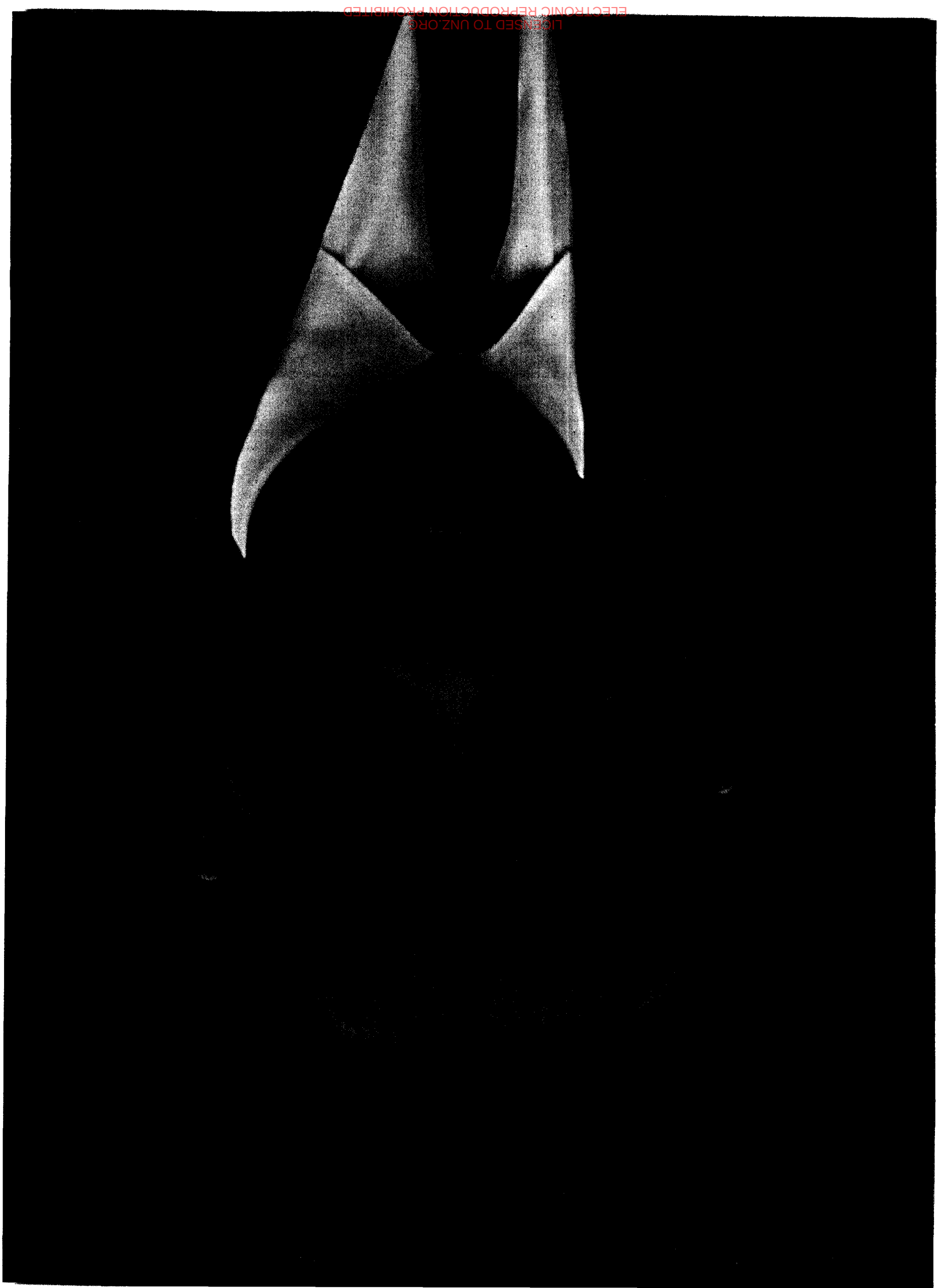

With his wife, Mary June, in the kitchen of a friend's home at Jackson, Meredith pores over the letters and telegrams which have deluged him. Most support his cause; a few threaten his life.

all just things in my way. I might do quite a bit to put a stop to the act of being killed. I have done this several times already—I've taken the advice of the Federal marshals on several occasions, for instance. But this was because, if something happened to me, it would have put everything back as far as the Negroes in Mississippi are concerned. If I have lost an hour's sleep in recent weeks, it has been over some philosophical point, or through apprehension of not succeeding in entering the university, and of discouraging others from trying if I failed, but not over what might happen to me personally.

I was sure that if I were harmed or killed, somebody else would take my place one day. I would hate to think another Negro would have to go through that ordeal, but I would hate worse to think there wouldn't be another who would do it.

I had an older brother who was scary as a boy. Back home he wouldn't go certain places after dark or walk here or there. I always walked wherever I wanted. I walked four miles to Scout meetings at night, and I always went through all the hollows and the places where you were supposed to be afraid to go. I must admit my hair has stood up on my head at times, but I never ran. They used to say, "If you see a 'hant' put your hand on it." Most of the time you find it isn't there. I think it's an utter waste of time to worry about dying. It's living that matters—doing something to justify being here on God's green earth. I do what I do because I must. I've never felt I had a choice. There is some urge that I can't explain easily—I guess that's as close as I can come to defining it.

There is something else here, too, and it's hard to say right. People can misunderstand it. But it's this—generally at home I was always thought to be pretty smart. I wasn't particularly proud of it; it was just almost a fact of life. There was an expectation or a more or less acknowledged fact that I was one of the sharpest in the group. I was a champion in my group in Mississippi, but then, when I went to Florida to change high schools, I wasn't a champion at all. I had to fight to keep up. I hadn't been prepared. Since then, one of the biggest things in my life is that I have always felt I was never able to develop my talents. I have felt many times that, given the opportunity, I could develop into practically anything. Many times I have been angry at the world for not giving me an opportunity to develop. I am sure this has been a strong motivating force with me, and I'm sure it is with many Negroes. Since then I've always tried to see myself in relation to the whole society. Too many Negroes see themselves only in relation to other Negroes. But that's not good enough. We have to see ourselves in the whole society. If America isn't for everybody, it isn't America.

Through all that has happened I have tried to remain detached and objective. I have had all sorts of reactions to things that have happened, but mostly they have been personal reactions and realistic reactions, both at the same time. When I was in the middle of the force of marshals being gathered to take me to Oxford I thought, personally, how utterly ridiculous this was, what a terrible waste of time and money and energy, to iron out some rough spots in our civilization. But realistically I knew that these changes were necessary. I knew change was a threat to people and that they would fight it and that this was the only way it could be accomplished.

I have tried to be detached and realistic. When we were turned away the first time I tried to register at the university, and especially the second time, at the State Capitol in Jackson, I saw the mobs and heard them jeering, "Go home, nigger" and that stuff, but I never recognized them as individuals at all, even those who showed the greatest contempt for me. I felt they were not personally attacking me but that they were protesting a change and this was something they felt they must do. I thought it was impersonal. Some of them were crying, and their crying indicated to me even more the pain of change and the fear of things they did not know. I feel the people were keyed up by the actions of their leaders. With Gov. Ross Barnett taking the position he did, the people were bound to act that way, and it didn't really have anything to do with me personally. That's the way I saw it.

I might add that I thought the governor put on a pretty good performance. The first time, when he turned us away at the university, he reminded me of Charlton Heston, I believe it was, in a movie about Andrew Jackson. Very dramatic.

I don't think I have had a real low point in recent weeks. It always seemed to me it was the Government's job to carry out the court order and it would be done. The most annoying time was when there was so much talk about a possible deal between the Federal Government and Governor Barnett. But when the Federal officers told me we were going that Sunday, just a few minutes before we took off for Oxford, the annoyance disappeared.

When we landed in Oxford it was almost dark. We got in a car and I remember seeing a truckload of marshals in front of us and one behind. I went straight to the university and was taken to my rooms—an apartment, I guess you could call it. Since they knew some Government men would be staying with me, I had two bedrooms and a living room and a bathroom. The first thing I did was make my bed. When the trouble started, I couldn't see or hear very much of it. Most of it was at the other end of the campus, and besides I didn't look out the window. I think I read a newspaper and went to bed around 10 o'clock. I was awakened several times in the night by the noise and shooting outside, but it wasn't near me, and I had no way of knowing what was going on. Some of the students in my dormitory banged their doors for a while and threw some bottles in the halls, but I slept pretty well all night.

I woke up about six-thirty in the morning and looked out and saw the troops. There was a slight smell of tear gas in my room, but I still didn't know what had gone on during the night, and I didn't find out until some marshals came and told me how many people were hurt and killed. I had gotten to know these marshals pretty well in recent weeks, and I was so sorry about this. Some supposedly responsible newspapermen asked me

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"If I can't live in Mississippi, I very definitely intend to leave the country."

With his father, whom the author found a "progressive" example, Moses Meredith, 71, has voted for years though many other Negroes are barred from the polls.

if I thought attending the university was worth all this death and destruction. That really annoyed me. Of course I was sorry! I didn't want that sort of thing. I believe it could have been prevented by responsible political leaders. I understand the President and the attorney general were up most of the night. They had all the intelligence at their disposal, and I believe they handled it to the best of their knowledge and ability. I think it would have been much worse if we had waited any longer. Social change is a painful thing, but it depends on the people at the top. Here they were totally opposed—the state against the Federal Government. There was bound to be trouble, and there was trouble.

Monday morning at eight o'clock I registered, and at nine I went to a class in Colonial American History. I was a few minutes late, and I took a seat at the back of the room. The professor was lecturing on the background in England, conditions there at the time of the colonization of America, and he paid no special attention when I entered. I think there were about a dozen students in the class. One said hello to me, and the others were silent. I remember a girl—the only girl there, I think—and she was crying, but it might have been from the tear gas in the room. I was crying from it myself.

I had three classes scheduled that day. I went to two, and the third didn't meet because there was too much gas in the room. No marshals were in the classrooms with me, nor were they all week.

I have received hundreds of telegrams and more than 1,000 letters, most of them expressions of support. One guy sent me a piece of singed rope, and another sent a poem, I guess you'd have to call it:

Roses are red, violets are blue;
I've killed one nigger and might as well make it two.

But most of the letters and telegrams have supported me, and some of them have been really touching—letters from 10- and 11-year-olds who think I'm right and offer me their help and that sort of thing.

As far as my relations with the students go, I make it a practice to be courteous. I don't force myself on them, but that's not my nature anyway. Many of them—most, I'd say—have been courteous, and the faculty members certainly have been. When I hear the jeers and the catcalls—"We'll get you, nigger" and all that—I don't consider it personal. I get the idea people are just having a little fun. I think it's tragic that they have to have this kind of fun about me, but many of them are children of the men who lead Mississippi today, and I wouldn't expect them to act any other way. They have to act the way they do. I think I understand human nature enough to understand that.

It hasn't been all bad. Many students have spoken to me very pleasantly. They have stopped banging doors and throwing bottles into my dormitory now.

One day a fellow from my home town sat down at my table in the cafeteria. "If you're here to get an education, I'm for you," he said. "If you're here to cause trouble, I'm against you." That seemed fair enough to me.

Marshals Are a Distraction

I am taking five courses—Colonial American History; a political science course called American Political Parties, Theories and Pressure Groups; French literature; English literature; and algebra. I expect to be able to get my B.A. in history, with a minor in political science, in two semesters and one summer, if everything goes right.

I'm not sure what I will do in the future. A lot depends on how things go at the university. We are just at the beginning of a process of change in Mississippi. I would like to help that process along, and that probably would mean some kind of job in public life. Whether this will be possible in Mississippi or not we'll just have to wait to see. I do know this: If I can't live in Mississippi, I very definitely will leave the country.

If the decision is made to keep the marshals and troops on the campus until I complete my course, it is all right with me, but certainly I hope that won't be necessary. I think the marshals have been superb. They have had an image of America—that the law must be obeyed, no matter what they may think of it or what anybody else may think of it—but they are certainly a distraction on the campus. The thing that grieves me most about all this is that the students are not getting the best college results because they're spending too much time looking on at these various events involving me. I didn't get much studying done that first week, and I don't think anybody else did.

Personally the year will be a hardship for me. My wife will be in college in Jackson. Our son John Howard, who will be three in January, is living with my parents in Kosciusko. I expect to see them both very often, but I don't think families should live apart. On the other hand, this is nothing new to my wife. We spent most of our courtship discussing my plan to come back to Mississippi some day, and I guess you could say her understanding that I would try to do this sometime was almost part of the marriage contract. She has been truly marvelous through all of it. I called her three nights after the trouble, and she picked up the phone and was so calm you'd have thought we just finished a game of 500 rummy and she won. She's a remarkable woman.

I don't think this has had any effect on my family in Kosciusko. I have talked to my father. He asks me how I am, and I ask him how he is. He knows what I mean by the question, and I know what he means by the answer. That's the way it is in our family.

I don't pretend that all the problems are over. But, whatever the problems are, I don't expect them to be too much for me. Nobody really knows where his breaking point is, and I can't say I know where mine is. But I know one thing—in the past the Negro has not been allowed to receive the education he needs. If this is the way it must be accomplished, and I believe it is, then it is not too high a price to pay. **THE END**

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What Next in Mississippi?

In Oxford's aftermath, moderates ask for time to prepare for further integration. Negroes say "Now." Extremists cry "Never."

When the violence erupted at Oxford, Post *contributing editor Robert Massie was a closeup witness. He secured candid comments from all principals—students, townspeople, rioters and the "Feds." When the campus was quiet again after the incredible hours, Massie crisscrossed Mississippi to search out the reasons why the disaster had happened, and what Mississippi's future holds. Here is his dramatic report.*

From eight o'clock Sunday night, September 30, 1962, until nine o'clock the following morning, a second American Civil War was fought on the campus of the University of Mississippi and in the nearby small town of Oxford, Mississippi. Although the final outcome was never in doubt, there were moments when even the President of the United States, listening to reports of the battle over an open telephone line into a university building, wondered whether the forces he had committed would be overwhelmed. In the end, 500 United States marshals and 60 Mississippi National Guardsmen, along with bayonet-wielding U.S. military police, beat off a mob of 2,500 Mississippians, and several critical issues were settled on the spot. It was determined that the state of Mississippi could not successfully defy the Federal Government. It was also determined that 29-year-old Negro James Howard Meredith would attend the University of Mississippi.

But a number of things were not determined, and in the wake of the violence some agonizing questions still remain. How could a civilized country have allowed this situation to develop? Who was to blame? More important, what effect has this had on the people of Mississippi, and on the rest of the troubled South?

These questions were forced into the open on the evening of a day that had begun in deceptive calm. At four o'clock that golden Sunday afternoon, the students on the campus and the people of Oxford looked up to see four-motored U.S. Air Force planes circling overhead. By tuning their radios, they discovered what was happening—United States marshals were landing to prepare for the registration of James Meredith at Ole Miss. This was a shock. Three years before, Mississippi had elected a governor who had promised: "Ross Barnett will rot in jail before he will let one Negro ever darken the sacred threshold of our white schools." The governor, Barnett, had constantly repeated his promise.

Curiosity Changes Rapidly to Hate

What most Mississippians didn't know was that Ross Barnett, at noon that day, had told the President of the United States that he would order the Mississippi State Highway Patrol to stop blocking Meredith's entrance to the campus. For most Mississippians, however, this reversal came too late. Four times the previous week the state police had physically prevented the marshals from having Meredith registered. Now, the Ole Miss students saw the state troopers escorting "the Feds" on campus. By five P.M. the marshals were drawn up before the Lyceum building. In their white helmets, with their tear-gas guns cocked skyward, they became an object of a curiosity that changed rapidly to anger, and hate.

The spark that brought violence was the sudden arrival on this twilight scene of news photographers. As flashbulbs popped in the milling crowd of students, there were attacks on photographers and their equipment was smashed. Students began kicking and rocking a car occupied by television cameraman Gordon Yoder and his blond wife, who happened to be from Jackson, Mississippi. "Nigger-lovin' Yankee bitch," the boys screamed. One Ole Miss coed giggled nervously and asked her date, "Lord, Joe, what are they gonna do to that woman?" "Kill her, I guess," the boy said. "She's a nigger lover, isn't she?" Finally three state troopers hurried Mrs. Yoder away.

Students Besiege U.S. Marshals

The mob pressed forward toward the Lyceum, jeering at the marshals. Eggs and lighted cigarettes arched onto the three army trucks parked before the building. A student wrenched the fire extinguisher from the cab of one of the trucks and fired it into the face of the Negro driver. Other students slashed at the tires. A state patrolman stood by, grinning. The marshals made no move. Emboldened, the students switched to bottles and rocks. Finally, when a piece of lead pipe caught a marshal on the helmet, knocking him down, Chief U.S. Marshal James P. McShane gave the order: "Gas." "It was terrible, terrible," he said later. "I prayed we wouldn't have to use gas. But we had no other choice." Just as the first pellets came sputtering on the grass, spewing their choking fumes, President Kennedy's voice was heard over dozens of car radios parked before the Lyceum. The President announced, "The orders of the court . . . are beginning to be carried out. Mr. James Meredith is now in residence on the campus of the University of Mississippi." With an ear-splitting rebel yell, the mob picked up rocks, bricks, bottles and charged the marshals. This was the first mass assault of the night.

Among the few men who tried to talk sense to the mob that night were Rev. Duncan Gray, of St. Peter's Episcopal Church of Oxford, and Rev. Wofford Smith, the University's Episcopal chaplain. They moved through the crowd, taking bricks and rocks from temporarily sheepish students. Near midnight, Father Gray recognized ex-Maj. Gen. Edwin Walker standing by the tall Confederate statue near the foot of the Grove. Four days before, Walker had issued a radio call over a station in Shreveport, Louisiana, proclaiming, "It is time to move. Rise to a stand beside Governor Ross Barnett. Ten thousand strong from every state in the Union." Ten thousand didn't come but Walker himself did. "I compliment you on what you are doing," he shouted hoarsely to the rioters. At this point Father Gray tried to talk to Walker. Walker turned to the crowd and said, "There is an Episcopal priest here who wants you to go home. He makes me ashamed to be an Episcopalian."

The madness grew. Lights shining from the Lyceum illuminated clouds of gas and silhouetted wave after wave of attackers running behind Confederate flags. The flare of burning cars would catch a student in a full Confederate uniform. It was not James Meredith who was the target that night—it was the Yankees, the Federal Government that had conquered the South and was about to inflict James Meredith on them. "Shoot the Yankee, shoot. Give me your gun if you won't shoot," one boy implored three state patrolmen running before a gas barrage. As two other boys hurried toward the battlefield, their arms loaded with rocks, one said to his red-headed companion, "I'm with you, Red, you know I'm with you. If we can just kill one, I'll be happy." For several hours it seemed as if the mob would succeed. They battered at the marshals with a bulldozer, a fire engine, streams of water from a fire hose, shotgun blasts and rifle fire. At about 2:30, the marshals were reeling from exhaustion; 166 were injured and tear gas was running low. But already small groups of Federal troops were filtering in, and almost imperceptibly the tide of the battle began to turn.

No Grief for Those Who Died

With dawn a gentle rain began to fall. Driven from the campus, vicious remnants of the mob roamed the town, hurling bottles and rocks at Army trucks, stopping cars and demanding to know the drivers' sympathies. By noon the town square had been cleared, and General Walker was under arrest. The cleanup began.

There were two bodies. One was that of Ray Gunter, 23, a local Mississippian. The other dead man was Paul Guihard, a French reporter, who was found shot from the back at close range—there were powder burns on his shirt. Since Guihard, with his accent and red beard, was obviously a foreigner, it is not too far-fetched that he may have been challenged, and then simply marched off and executed. There was no grief at the deaths. "The real hell of all this is that all the girls are leaving," declared one boy.

Who started the riot? In Mississippi the view crystallized immediately that the marshals had caused it. "Trigger-happy marshals," Governor Barnett charged on TV, had "fired point-blank into the backs of state police" and "into groups of young people." Rev. Wofford Smith disagreed. "Those marshals were the bravest men I ever saw," he said. Thirty-eight members of the Ole Miss faculty signed a resolution protesting the

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By ROBERT MASSIE

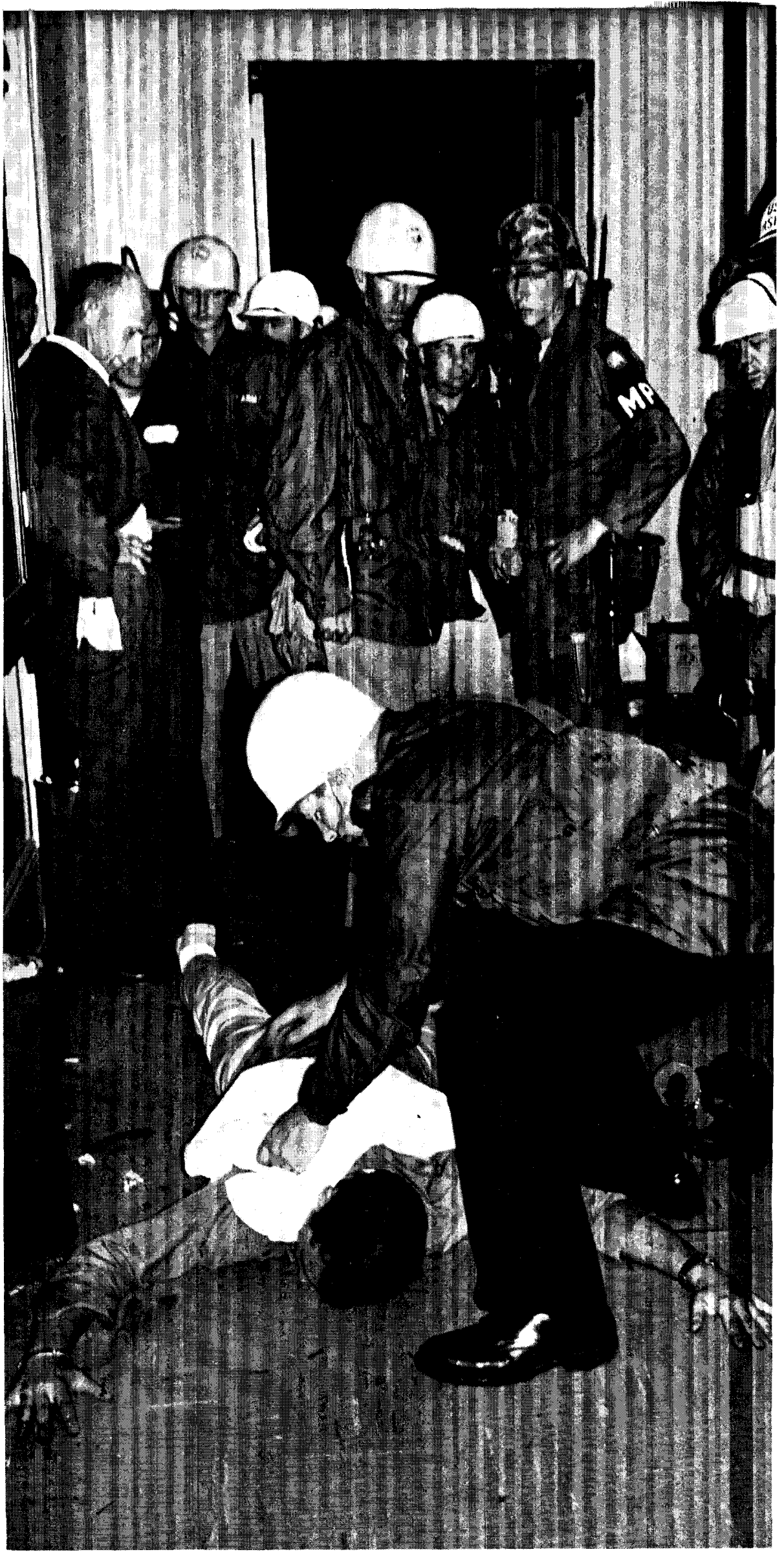
attempt to blame the marshals. The marshals themselves, many of them Southerners, were astonished to find that they were being held responsible for the riot. "Those people were savages. It was war," said one marshal.

It also rapidly became accepted in Mississippi that the riot was caused by "outsiders." University provost Dr. Charles F. Mayeard blamed "men like General Walker." "I didn't see a single boy I recognized," said Sidna Brower, the girl editor of *The Mississippian*. "That's absurd," snorted one Ole Miss professor, when he heard the claims. "They were all students, at first. Of course, as the night went on, a lot of outsiders did come in." These were the lean men from the shacks in the hills, who began to come into town with rifles and shotguns in the trunks of their cars. Yet, paradoxically, often the same student who claimed that "outsiders" had caused the riot would say, when asked what would happen to Meredith if he were left unprotected on the campus, "We'd kill him." Many said they would do the job themselves. One said he had a friend who was saving two hand grenades.

Mayor's Calls for Help Unheeded

A sizable portion of blame must go to the gray-uniformed men of the Mississippi Highway Patrol. "Those bastards just walked off and left us," said one top official of the Department of Justice. When one group of boys began beating a photographer before the gas attack, an Oxford woman rushed over to a state trooper. "Aren't you going to stop them?" she cried. The patrolman grinned at her. "I don't see nothin', lady, do you?" Even Oxford's mayor, Richard Elliott, could not get help from the Highway Patrol. "They said they had no authority. That's why I called for the Army." On Monday morning three carloads of troopers sat passive in a filling station while a mob threw rocks and bottles at passing Army trucks. An old Negro drove up to the stoplight. An empty bottle case shattered the truck's window, and the Negro started through the light. A highway cruiser pulled in front of him, blocking his way. Desperate, the Negro escaped by backing up and speeding between the pumps of another filling station. Later in the week the state senate resolved that by "their faithful and courageous efforts to maintain peace and order, the Highway Patrol and other officers reflected credit on themselves and the state of Mississippi."

How could an entire state rally to keep one man out of a university? Why was there no serious effort by any prominent man in the state to convince Mississippians that they were embarked on a futile crusade? One answer lies in the fact that Governor Barnett and the politicians around him had created a climate of total disbelief that the United States Government would ever enforce integration in Mississippi. The governor rested his legal case against James Mere-



Inside the embattled Lyceum, marshals spread-eagle and search a young rioter.

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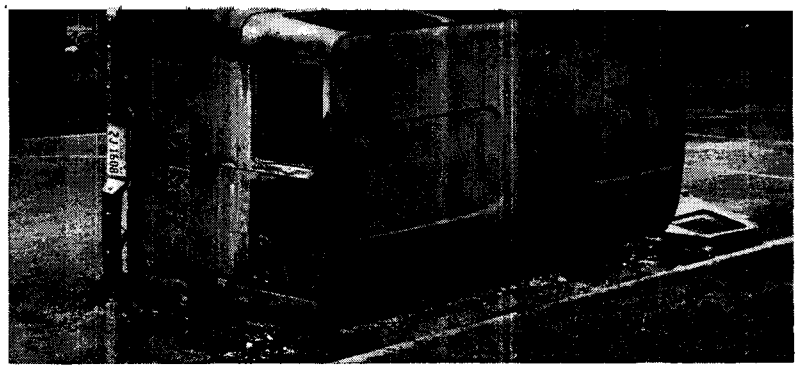

In violence's wake: A gutted news bus.

"We are going to file suit this fall to desegregate the public schools of Jackson."

dith's admission to the university on the theory that Mississippi in its supreme sovereignty could "interpose" itself between the Federal court and the university. Barnett was aware this was thin. When one of the university's lawyers told him that interposition was invalid as a legal argument, Barnett said, "Of course I know interposition is invalid. I'm bluffing. But you wait and see. I'll bluff the Justice Department into backing down."

In his bluffing game, however, Barnett needed allies. When university chancellor J. D. Williams was threatened with a citation for contempt of court, Barnett reminded him of his own promise to go to jail before seeing Ole Miss integrated and added, "I hope you'll go to jail with me. Remember that I have a lot of influence with those fellows in the state legislature. If you will stay with me in this fight, I'll see that the legislature doubles your salary." The chancellor was too shocked to answer, the governor smiled, and the matter was not raised again.

Secession Petition Is Offered

Along with his legal maneuvers, Barnett spent the weeks before the riot flooding the airwaves and the newspapers with oratorical calls to battle. As the arch segregationist Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* saw Barnett: "The humble plowboy from Standing Pine, fearless in his refusal to yield principle to compromise, stands assuredly today on the blazing pages of American history. . . . The next move is up to the Kennedy brothers, a pair of Washington officeholders on loan from the swimming pools of Boston to the swimming pools of the nation's capital." State Senator E. K. Collins declared, "We must win the fight, regardless of the cost in human lives. Meredith cannot be enrolled in the university as long as there are red corpuscles in the bodies of true Mississippians." Yet, when one state senator, Jack A. Pace, of McGehee, offered "a petition to the United States Congress to sever relations between the Union and the state of Mississippi," the senate was quickly adjourned. A group of Pace's colleagues hurried him off to lunch and argued him out of his resolution. "I don't know what happened to ol' Jack," said another senator. "Usually he's not that crazy."

By the weekend of the riot automobiles across the state had blossomed with Confederate flags tied to radio antennas and with stickers saying, HELP ROSS KEEP MISSISSIPPI SOVEREIGN; HELP ROSS BEAT L'IL BROTHER, and THE CASTRO BROTHERS ARE IN THE WHITE HOUSE. Mississippi's few moderates were helpless. The *Delta Democrat-Times* of Greenville, Mississippi, a paper made famous by Hodding Carter and now run by his son, Hodding Carter III, a former Princetonian and Marine Corps officer, did raise one of the few brave voices. In an editorial headlined SEDITION, Carter said that Barnett had come close to committing sedition and that if he actually did, the governor "should be jailed."

Ross Barnett, of course, did not singlehandedly rouse Mississippi to defy the Federal Government; the seeds of that defiance had been planted more than 100 years before. Mississippi has had more than its share of troubles, all of which have had their effect on Mississippians.

Today Mississippi is the poorest state in the Union. Its 2,100,000 people (1,200,000 white, 900,000 Negro) have an average per-capita income of $1,173. Yet before the Civil War Mississippi's wealth, based on cotton, made it one of the richest states. The War devastated Mississippi. Sherman ravaged the state on a kind of trial run for his subsequent march through Georgia. From Jackson, Sherman wrote to Gen. U. S. Grant: "We have made fine progress today in the work of destruction. Jackson will no longer be a point of danger. The land is devastated for 30 miles around." The word "Yankee" never quite shook off its connotation of "destroyer." And in the Reconstruction period that followed, with uneducated Negroes, all former slaves, in the state legislature, white Mississippians developed an abiding fear of what they call "racial submergence." Mississippi has the highest percentage of Negroes (43 percent) of any state. In some rural counties, the percentage of Negroes runs to 60 or 70 percent. To preserve their mastery in these areas and, as they claimed, to protect their white women, white men turned easily to violence. The Negroes remained submissive, and to this day, any Negro who gets "uppity" risks a beating, and if he persists, the threat of worse. By the standards of men who think this way, James Meredith is "uppity" beyond their wildest imaginings.

Race hatreds were intensified by the state's grinding poverty. White men worked hard to scratch a living from the red-clay hills that covered much of the state, but their constant reward was defeat. The only satisfactions Mississippi's poor whites had came from fire-and-brimstone evangelical religion and the grim knowledge that there were others—the Negroes—whose lot was worse.

Demagogues' Stamping Ground

In other Southern states the bitterness and prejudice that spring from poverty were partially dissipated as great cities grew up and industries moved in, bringing jobs. In 1940 Mississippi's largest town was Jackson, the capital. It had only 40,000 people. Jackson today is a city of 150,000, with no other town in the state even a third that size. With no urban bastions against racial extremism, Mississippi became the stamping ground of the demagogue. Men got themselves elected by being more pro-segregationist than their opponents.

As one white-haired Mississippi lawyer put it last month, "What the Negroes want is race mixing. Nigger men have a thing about white women. Look what happens when nigger soldiers go overseas. In the South we like niggers. The N.A.A.C.P. won't give a scrap of food to stray niggers but we do and we're glad to do it. Niggers have no morals. Half their kids are illegitimate. Now we just can't have our white children going to school with a pack of nigger kids." As for the constitutional argument, the lawyer went on, "The North has been using the Constitution against us for years. Everything they're doing now is clearly unconstitutional. But I'm not surprised. All the justices on the present Supreme Court are ignorant men."

Because most Mississippians share these views, they were outraged in 1954 by the Supreme Court's momentous decision that public schools in the United States should be desegregated. That summer a Citizens Council was organized to fight the Court decision. Most people hurried to join; others needed a little push.

"I'll tell you why I joined the Citizens Council," said one small-town businessman. "Three men came to see me and asked me to join. One was my banker, who holds the mortgage on my house. One was my lawyer. And the third was my wife's brother."

"Our Mississippi Way of Life"

The man running the Council was William J. Simmons, a tall, soft-spoken professional racist. Simmons bases his own race views on what he considers to be scientific data: "The average Negro brain has a cerebral cortex fourteen percent thinner than that of the average white brain." Simmons quickly took the offensive to purge the state from within. Council members were urged to be on the lookout for any sign that neighbors or acquaintances did not wholly support "our Mississippi way of life." The Council arranged its own weekly radio and television forums, conducted high-school essay contests on such subjects as "Why I Believe in Segregation and States' Rights," and produced a 30-minute film titled *The General They Couldn't Muzzle*. The general was General Walker.

In 1959 the Council went into gubernatorial politics. It backed tall, slightly stooped Ross Barnett, a 61-year-old damage-suit lawyer who had tried politics before and failed. Barnett stumped the state shouting to audiences on courthouse lawns that Negroes had "sloping foreheads" and "small brain cavities." Never, he promised, would Mississippi be integrated.

Barnett won, and the outgoing governor, a moderate named J. P. Coleman, invited the governor-elect to come in for a chat. Afterward, a dismayed Coleman reportedly told a friend that he had never met a high public official so completely uninformed of history, politics and government. With Barnett in power, the Citizens Council, a private organization, began receiving a monthly subsidy of $4,500 from the state treasury. The money was appropriated by the legislature to an official State Sovereignty Commission which simply turns the money over to the Citizens Council.

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***Rebel flags fluttered, but students** were social **rather than seething when they** entrained for Jackson to see Ole Miss play **a football game a few days after** Meredith's **enrollment. Back at the** campus, the tough MP's had things well in hand.*

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N.A.A.C.P. Secretary Evers:
"We're not going to wait any longer for Mississippi to comply with the law."

Businessman Mounger:
"We adult leaders have failed our children. We have allowed them to be incited."

Citizens Council Chief Simmons:
"If they put Negroes in high and grammar schools, it will take millions of troops."

At present it is widely believed in Mississippi that Barnett has his eye on the U.S. Senate seat currently held by Sen. John Stennis. Some even say that Barnett staged his whole show of defiance to present himself to the voters as the martyred savior of the state. For the moment, of course, he has been successful. "Ross could have beaten Jesus before the riot," said one Oxford restaurant owner.

"Bill" Simmons is far from downhearted at the turn of events. As he looks at the governor's mansion in Jackson from an office across the street, he argues that Meredith's registration "doesn't mean that Ole Miss is integrated. It's occupied. And it took 15,000 troops to do it. If they plan to put one Negro in each of the ten white colleges in this state, it will take 150,000 troops. And if they want to go ahead and put Negroes in the high schools and grammar schools, it will take millions of troops. I don't like violence, but I am far more upset about what caused the violence than about the violence itself."

Bill Simmons is not alone among Mississippians in his readiness to continue the fight. But the shock of the battle at Oxford has had a profound effect across that state. A number of Mississippi's most prominent men have realized that if Mississippi is going to prosper economically, law and order must be maintained. And, for the first time in years, they have begun to speak up.

Even before the riot, a group of Ole Miss alumni who felt Barnett was using the university as a political football began to organize. "We tried to reach the governor," said one, "but Simmons and that crowd had him all blacked out." Seventy business leaders met anyway on the Saturday before the riot and tried to agree on a resolution asking for law and order. They failed to agree on wording. Coincidentally, that same day in Oxford a small group of professors ran into the same kind of deadlock.

The first powerful voice of reason came with dramatic timing and effect. On Monday morning, October 1, William H. Mounger, president of Jackson's Lamar Life Insurance Company, awoke at six o'clock to hear on the radio that fighting was still going on in the streets of Oxford. Mounger, a former FBI man, had a son at Ole Miss and he was deeply worried. He dressed, drove to the studios of WLBT-TV, a station owned by his insurance company, and announced that he wanted to go on the air immediately. He walked on camera at 7:40 A.M. and said, "As a citizen of Mississippi, I apologize for not having spoken out. . . . We adult leaders have failed our children. We have allowed them to be incited to the point where they themselves have caused violence and resisted the United States of America." Mounger repeatedly urged Barnett to go to Oxford and speak to the mob. Then he said bluntly what no man had said to a large audience in Mississippi for a long time. "We are a part of the United States of America, and we must obey the laws of the United States of America."

The reaction to Mounger's talk was 95 percent favorable. At eleven A.M. the following day 127 prominent Mississippians met in the Crown Room of Jackson's King Edward Hotel. There was intense argument. A few wanted to censure Barnett outright. In the end the men agreed on a compromise, damning the Supreme Court's 1954 decision but calling for obedience to the law. Afterward a smaller group met to begin building a permanent committee which would prepare Mississippi to accept peaceably the further shocks that the desegregation battle will bring.

The one thing these moderate leaders need if they are going to recapture Mississippi is time—and time is the one thing that Mississippi's aggressive Negro leadership is no longer willing to give. Mississippi Negroes, even the humblest, are aware that changes that will affect them are coming. A laborer working on the Ole Miss campus said, "Yessuh, I'se for Meredith if that'll raise my wages." Among the Negro leadership some, like Dr. E. P. Burton, a surgeon in Mound Bayou, speak amiably. "We aren't asking for integration for integration's sake, but my son wants to be a doctor, so I send him to school in New York. Don't you think that if he could get a good education in Mississippi, I'd rather have him here with me at home?"

State's Isolation Is Ending

But Medgar Evers, the husky and articulate young Mississippi Field Secretary of the N.A.A.C.P., shows no inclination to hold back now. "After eight years we're not going to wait any longer. As a matter of fact, we are going to file suit this fall to desegregate the public schools of Jackson." Evers senses, perhaps better than most whites can, the speed with which Mississippi's long isolation is ending. "Whatever the different sizes of their houses," he explains, "the Negro sharecropper and Ole Massa have the same size TV antenna. On television, Mississippi Negroes see Negro entertainers treated as equals, they see African diplomats being given ticker-tape parades. They learn that there is a different world outside Mississippi."

Of all the changes in store for Mississippi, the one with the most profound future implications has already begun—the mechanization of the state's agriculture. Today more than half Mississippi's 2,100,000 people draw a living from the earth. The cotton fields are still filled with armies of Negroes. But now the most prominent sight at almost every Delta crossroads is the farm-machinery store with its big red and yellow machines parked outside. Farms worked by machinery are more productive and require far fewer Negro field hands.

"Already eighty-five percent of the cotton in our county is machine picked," says one Delta farmer. The only thing we use Negro field hands for is to chop weeds. But when some of these new chemical weed controls now being worked on are perfected, we just won't have any use for Negroes. We'll be farming as they do in the Midwest, with just a few skilled men to operate the machinery. The Negroes will have to go. There simply won't be any jobs for them."

Intrusions of the Space Age

In Sharkey County where this farmer lives, the Negro population has dropped 23 percent in the last decade. Thirty thousand Negroes are leaving Mississippi every year. If the exodus continues at that rate another 50 years, Mississippi's race problem will automatically vanish.

In the meantime, however, Mississippi is getting a strong tug into the mainstream of American life from the industrial development. Today nuclear submarines are built for the U.S. Navy in the Mississippi Gulf coast town of Pascagoula. In the flat Mississippi coastlands NASA has acquired a 13,300-acre tract as a test site for moon-rocket engines and plans to spend in Mississippi $200,000,000 to $400,000,000.

The giant intrusions of the space age will not replace all of the shacks with ranch houses. The new factories will not all have integrated unions. The public schools will not be immediately desegregated. But in time these things will come. It was with something like this in mind that James Meredith declared that his enrollment at Ole Miss was "more for America than for me."

Resistance to integration has not ended in Mississippi. The majority of Mississippians are not even very contrite about the wrecking of their finest university and the deaths of two men. "We are licked but not beaten," shouted one Jackson newspaper. But the Battle of Oxford did achieve two things: It shattered the dogma that the Federal Government would never demand that Mississippi obey Federal laws. And it spurred a small group of prominent Mississippians to realize that, since integration is coming, the best way they can serve Mississippi is to lead the state through the period of readjustment. In the success of their leadership lies Mississippi's hope for a calm and prosperous future. **THE END**

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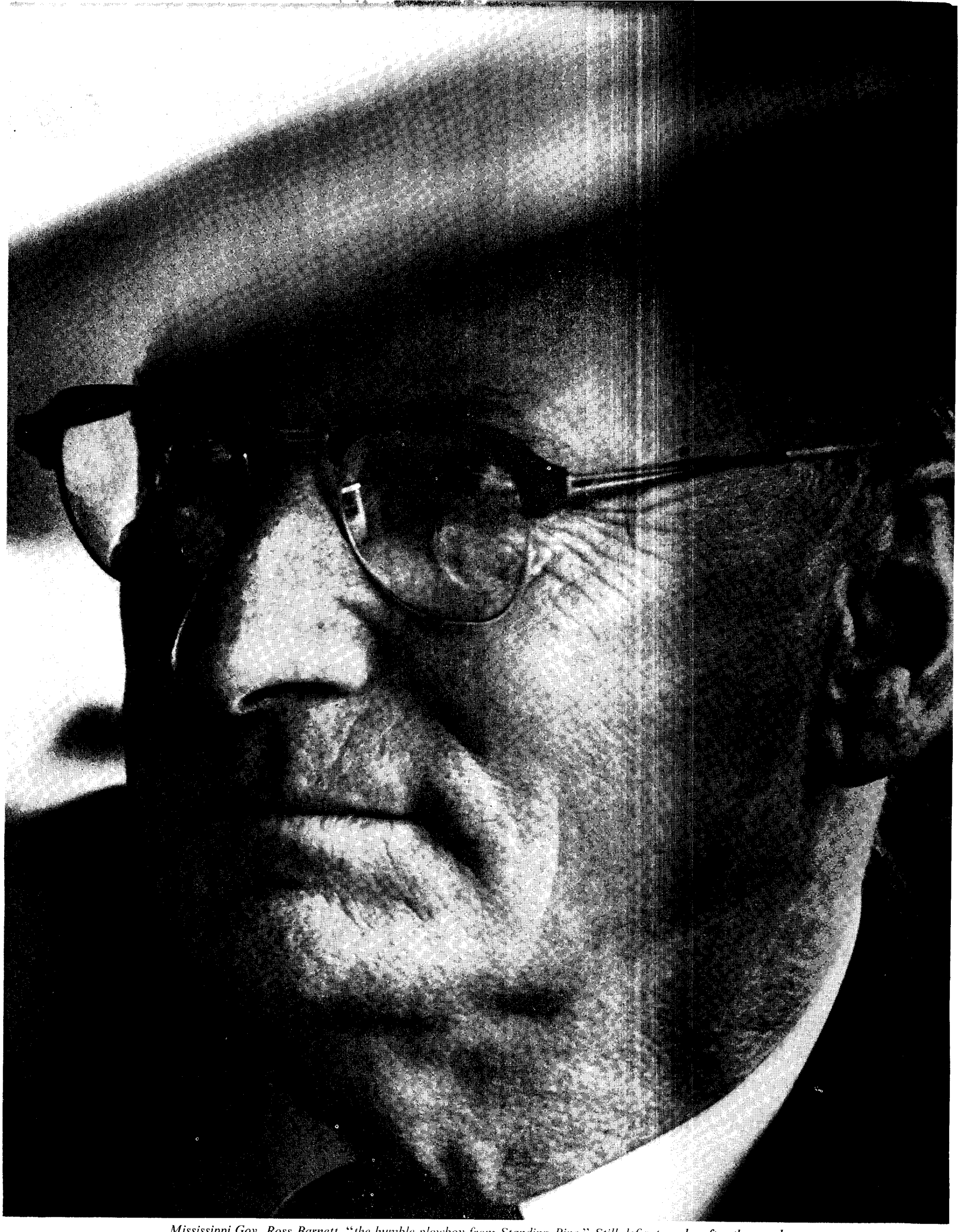

Mississippi Gov. Ross Barnett, "the humble plowboy from Standing Pine." Still defiant weeks after the murderous campus riot, Barnett has declined to repudiate his actions in the Meredith case. "My conscience is clear," he said.

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John Faulkner on the Ole Miss campus. "Two giant politicians, a President and a governor, stoked a fire on our campus."

"How Much Hate There Is Now!"

By JOHN FAULKNER

William Faulkner's brother, a lifelong Oxford resident, tells how his town reacted.

Oxford is a small town. We occupy a square mile in the middle of Lafayette County. We call it LaFAYet. The university has the square mile to our west. Our lines adjoin, but a railroad runs between us.

Oxford is an old town. Our history goes back almost to the beginning of the white man's progress across the Western world. Four hundred and twenty-one years ago DeSoto went into winter camp just 30 miles to the east. Spanish spurs of that period have been found near Wilson's Millpond, 10 miles from our courthouse.

Our cemetery, St. Peter's, is filled with names and dates that could be taken straight from history books. There's the Jacob Thompson Circle, ringed in ancient cedars, where lies buried a boy who died of "congestive chills" on his way to the war with Mexico in 1846. Two students from the university's first class are out there, buried in Ole Miss's first Winter. The rainy season had started, and they could not be taken home because of muddy roads. That was 1848.

A boy who was wounded at Murfreesboro on the last day of 1862 was brought to Oxford and died here and was buried in St. Peter's. Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, Interior Secretary and U.S. Supreme Court Justice, who sought to reconcile both sides after the Civil War, lies there, along with William Delay, who fought in the War of 1812. And there's my brother, whose death was noted far beyond our tiny limits.

By our university golf course is the Confederate Cemetery. About 600 men from Shiloh who died in our University Chapel, made over into a hospital, are buried in its walled enclosure. Some are our own men; some, Yankees. We know 130 of their names; the rest sleep in anonymous comradeship.

Impressive Scroll on the Square

The Lyceum, our university's centerpiece, was a convalescent ward in 1862. A century later—on the night of September 30, 1962—the riot took place before its columned front.

In our courthouse square we have a marker and on it a scroll of our dead from World War II. An MP sergeant stood there a day or two after the rioting and read the double column of names. "That's quite an impressive record," he said.

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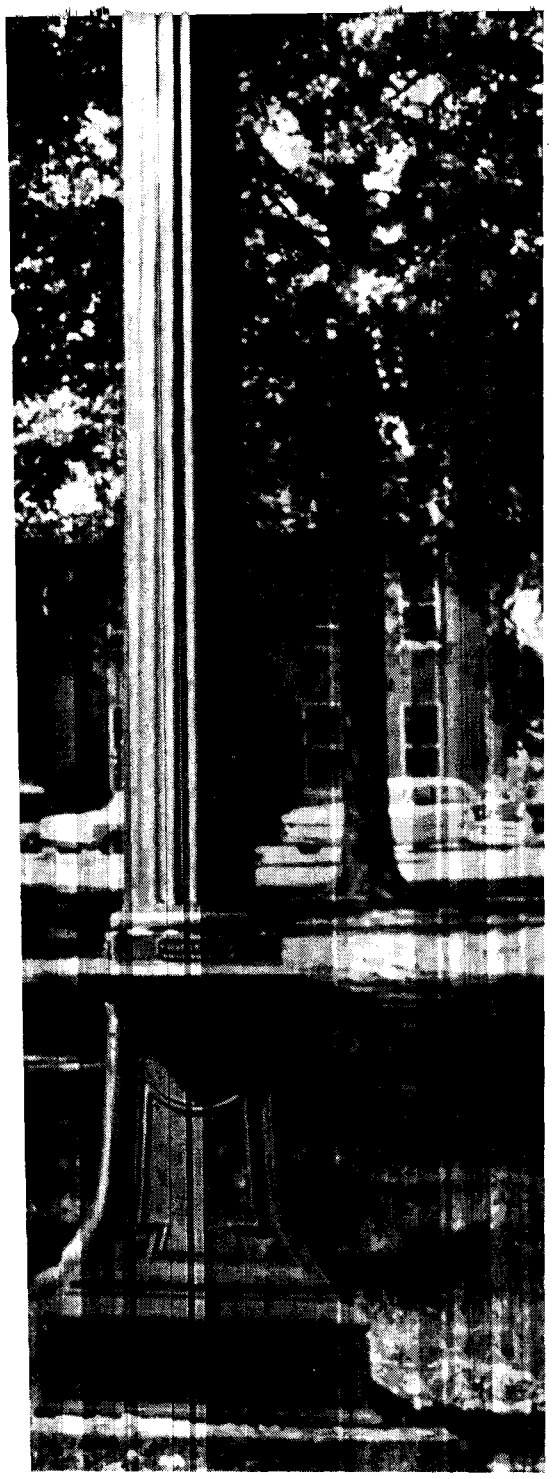

Like most small towns, we have our gossip exchanges. We meet for coffee break at our drugstores and lunch counters and discuss ourselves and the national situation and our golf scores and China and Cuba and tell our latest jokes and talk politics

Morning Meeting at Leslie's

My hangout is John Leslie's, our Walgreen store. A cross-section of the town meets there every morning—almost everyone from our side of the square, and others too. There are merchants and farmers and doctors and lawyers, our own Federal marshals, men from the Government bureaus—the Soil Conservation Service and such—folks from over to the courthouse, students and coaches and a sprinkling of professors from the university. I guess you could call these the responsible citizens of Oxford. Of the riffraff who actually engaged in the riot, Oxford supplied its few, as did the towns around, but these are not the men who meet every morning at Leslie's.

We took vocal interest in the Meredith case from the start. We argued States' Rights against Federal power and nobody ever won because everybody stuck to his own point. Then someone would say, "States' Rights? We lost that fight a hundred years ago." We would all laugh and begin getting up. It was our tag line. It meant coffee break was over, and it was time to be getting back to work.

During the week when they tried four times to enroll Meredith, we could still joke about it. One of us said, "If they are bound and determined to integrate us, they ought to let us have some say-so about who they do it with. I vote for Lenny Moore. We need a good running back to take to the Sugar Bowl with us."

Expecting a Peaceful Sunday

We watched that week while Meredith was turned away by the reading of a piece of paper, and we thought our troubles were over, that the Federal government was through and that our differences would be settled in a legal battle over constitutional law. Some of us remembered Little Rock, but that was supposed, by now, to have been a mistake. It would not happen again. True, Federal troops had been moved into Memphis, but they were just a housekeeping outfit for the marshals who surrounded Meredith. We were in the hands of our topmost political leaders, our President and our governor. They would take care of us. The welfare of the people was their principal responsibility. We had nothing to worry about. We went off to Jackson for the Kentucky-Ole Miss football game.

I talked to a reporter Sunday, after the National Guard had been federalized. "How much violence do you expect?" he asked. "Violence?" I said. "This is all maneuvering to get this thing on a courtroom floor and settle it once and for all." "What about the Guard being mobilized?" he asked. "That's campaign stuff for next election," I answered. "The President can claim he did it so the governor couldn't get his hands on the Guard and so he forestalled violence." "Then you don't think there might be violence?" the reporter asked again. "No. And neither does the President. It's a grandstand play. This is headed for court."

A few still shook their heads, but most of us went our peaceful way that Sunday—to church and to the golf course at the country club. None of us foresaw what would happen that night. We did not think it possible. We believed laws to be so constructed as to constitute a shield behind which we could go our daily ways and live at peace with our neighbors.

About an hour after dark we knew we were wrong. Cars had been streaming back from the football weekend in Jackson, but I noticed how many of them had out-of-state licenses.

Yelling began on campus. It was not much different from a pep rally except it was the wrong time for that and there were no organized cheers. The university property line runs right in front of my yard. Between the campus and my property there's a bridge. A few of us had gathered in my yard—a banker, an oil distributor, a high-school principal, a Catholic priest and myself—and now we walked up toward the bridge.

We were only about 1,000 feet from the rioting. We could see and hear it all—the yelling, the tear gas floating against the light. We couldn't believe it. The Highway Patrol was there. They were checking students in and turning away the rest. Cars were soon parked against the curbs on both sides of the street as far back as we could see. Teen-age boys, with an older man here and there, came walking fast up toward the bridge. We asked each other, "Who are these people?" They were young, but they were the kind you would hate to come on after dark. They looked like they needed a square meal and a bath. They had on tight pants with their shirttails out. There were some ducktail haircuts among them, like teen-age gangs in the movies. The Highway Patrol stopped them, but then they slipped down a side street and crossed over the railroad tracks in the dark.

We were watching when the showdown came. The marshals were pinned down with only 20 minutes' tear gas left, and the only men available to save them were the 63 men of the Oxford National Guard unit who had been back at the armory, two miles away, under orders since eight o'clock that morning. They did it. They had 23 casualties, but they broke through 200 yards of mob and got to the pinned-down marshals. They have been decorated with a combat unit citation by the Secretary of the Army for that. All of them call Oxford home.

Next day our square was closed at noon, and we were advised to stay home. One hundred and fifty rioters had been identified by then. Some of these 150 came from as far as 500 miles away. None came from Oxford.

"What Hate There Is Here Now!"

Things are quieter now, and we are back at Leslie's every morning, but we'll be arguing this for 100 years. Everybody's talking like they're infected with talk. I think most of us feel that the law of the land brought the Negro to the campus and set off the riot, so there must be something wrong with the law of the land.

It's true the Guardsmen saved our university, the very buildings on it, and the Army saved our town. But the stench of what happened here will remain with us whose home it is as long as we shall live. Two giant politicians, a President and a governor, stoked a fire on our campus that boiled a pot of tar, and the tar flowed across the railroad tracks to stain everybody in town. What tension, what hate there is here now! And then for days over the radio we listened to them plead with us before the nation to cease rioting, return to reason, come to law and order; this to us, the responsible people of Oxford, who raised no finger against any man.

Now our preachers have gotten in on the show. We have been called to our churches for penitence meetings. We are to ask forgiveness for our parts in bringing on the riots. I shan't go. If all the sin I have to answer for is my part in bringing on what happened here that Sunday and Monday, then I relinquish my place to someone more needful of forgiveness than I.

When we gather at Leslie's drugstore now, everybody is saying, "To hell with both of them, the governor and the President, who let this happen to us." And we have a new tag line: "Lord have mercy on us all." **THE END**

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The Ups of Hugh Downs

The unruffled host of *Today* has blazed to the top in television without the help of the usual "great man" quirks. • By PETER MAAS

No less likely a star has ever turned up on television than NBC's Hugh Malcolm Downs, a 41-year-old ex-announcer from Akron, Ohio, who adorns the TV screen a record 12½ hours each week. The host of *Today* and the daytime quiz *Concentration*, Downs does not engage in public feuds, regard his subordinates as chattel, erupt in titanic tantrums, possess any notable eccentricities, prance about at the head of a personal entourage or otherwise exhibit the traditional traits of the "great man."

On camera he does not sing, dance, juggle or rattle off jokes. Yet he is now the highest-priced talent on the NBC payroll. For a guaranteed three-year run on *Today*, plus his *Concentration* chores, Downs will receive $1,200,000. That amount is further swelled by revenue from sundry endorsements, any "specials" he does for NBC, the operations of his own commercial film company, and occasional appearances in summer stock at $15,000 per week.

Unruffled by success, Downs plows placidly through a daily schedule that would have most mortals gulping pep pills and barbiturates. As an NBC cameraman told me, "This guy makes Perry Como look like a nervous wreck."

On one recent Thursday, for example, *Today* originated from a bowling alley on Long Island and devoted its entire two hours to the sport. For that program Downs arose at 2:30 A.M. in the eight-room apartment on Manhattan's West Side he shares with his wife Ruth and their two children, Hugh Raymond, 16, and Deirdre Linda, 13. He dressed quickly in clothes laid out for him the night before by his wife. (Downs is color-blind. When his wife isn't around to help, he avoids horrendous combinations with the aid of numbers sewn in all his garments; the numbers tell which clothes go well together.) By three A.M. he was en route to the set in a chauffeured limousine supplied by NBC. "After all," he said, "I'm supposed to be a star. Besides, have you ever tried to get a cab at this hour?"

Calm in the Midst of Frenzy

About 50 minutes later he took his place with typical diffidence at the end of a line where breakfast was being served cafeteria-style to the *Today* crew. Just as he got to the ham and eggs, the last of it went, and he waited patiently for five minutes while another order was prepared. He ate in a quiet corner, cheerfully obliged a dozen or so autograph requests from the bowling-alley staff (Sample: "Make this one out to Helen; she'll just die") and then reached into his briefcase to fish out a book he was reading, Nehru's *Discovery of India*. Also in the briefcase: a biography of the Indian philosopher Tagore, *The Journal of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada*, and the scripts for three commercials.

As the pre-show frenzy mounted around him, Downs remained calmly in place. "The more this thing can run without me hovering over it the better," he observed. "The moment you begin worrying about details, you become a candidate for a psychiatric ward. I was never a scrambler, but I used to push harder than I do now. Then I formulated the idea not to take everything so seriously. In this business everything is urgent. When I get a memo marked 'urgent,' I put it under my desk. I find a couple of weeks later that it isn't so urgent anymore."

At seven o'clock a red light on the camera in front of him signaled the presence of *Today's* 12,000,000 viewers. During the next two hours Downs chatted casually with his guests, a bowling star and a manufacturer of bowling equipment;

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"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

What if we took one out?

The soup wouldn't be as good without all 15 of them

There are as many as 15 different vegetables in some of our soups.

Since this is more than most home cooks would even think of using, it might seem that we could leave out one or two of the more minor vegetables, and no harm done.

But our chefs don't see it that way.

These are men who are masters of the flavors that make soup one of the world's best-loved dishes. Every single ingredient in their recipes makes its own unique contribution to—and improvement in—the total blend of flavors. So with even the least important vegetable missing, the soup just wouldn't be the same. It might still be delicious—but not quite as delicious as we know it can be.

This same kind of thinking applies not just to the ingredients we use in our foods, but also to every single step we take in bringing those foods to you.

You see, we know there are no short cuts to Campbell Quality. And keeping that fact always in mind is one of the ways we live up to our creed:

"*To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care.*"

CAMPBELL'S
SWANSON
V-8
FRANCO-AMERICAN
RED KETTLE
... all made by Campbell

We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation.

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From a friend: "The only person Hugh ever competes against is himself. He measures himself constantly."

Downs credits much of his rise to fame to his nights with mercurial Jack Paar (left), with whom he worked for five years as announcer, intellectual-in-residence and sometime whipping boy.

Before a show, Downs warms up an audience for his daytime quiz, Concentration, *part of the record 12½ hours a week (10 of them on* Today*) he spends on the nation's television screens.*

Downs commented briefly on some news items that aroused his interest, and delivered a series of commercials.

Their day done, his three colleagues on the show—Jack Lescoulie, Frank Blair and Pat Fontaine—went their separate ways. Downs headed back to NBC, where he was due for an 11-o'clock taping of *Concentration*, the 30-minute quiz which he has emceed since its debut four years ago. He was early and promptly sat down at his desk, cradled his head in his arms and slept soundly for 15 minutes. At noon, after the taping, he walked five blocks to the offices of his two-year-old commercial-film company to join his wife, who is the firm's president, for a business lunch with a prospective client interested in an industrial documentary.

He was back at NBC at three o'clock to tape a second *Concentration.* (Downs doubles up on Thursdays to give himself long weekends. He likes to sail, skin-dive, study astronomy, play the guitar and go horseback riding.) He next huddled with Al Morgan, the producer of *Today*, about the following day's show. At five he took a cab home and napped for an hour before taping a guest appearance on *Tonight*, the show he worked for five years as Jack Paar's announcer, intellectual-in-residence and sometime whipping boy. At 10 P.M., about 19 hours after his day had started, Downs supped lightly on a salad and some tea and went off to bed.

As Downs is the first to concede, his notable rise to fame and fortune is due largely to his nights with Paar. Prior to his hitch with Paar, Downs had managed a steady, if not precisely noteworthy, climb up the career ladder. Discharged from the Army, Downs worked as a radio announcer, disk jockey and interviewer for an NBC station in Chicago. In 1954 he graduated to NBC-TV in New York as co-host with Arlene Francis on the *Home* show. He worked the 1956–57 season as announcer on *Caesar's Hour* and in July, 1957, he joined Paar. Downs's equable demeanor contrasted ideally with Paar's mercurial ways. And Paar's free-wheeling exchanges with assorted guests gave Downs a chance to wow the country with authoritative tidbits on such diverse subjects as the solar system, Zen Buddhism, the development of federal forms of government and the non-sex life of the capon.

Popularity as "Paar's Plato"

In short order he began to attract a following all his own as "Paar's Plato." Once, after Downs had detailed the hydrodynamics of water skis, Paar noted, "Hugh, when you drown, you'll know the reason why." And Red Skelton, the comedian, remarked, "Ask Hugh what time it is and he'll tell you how to build a watch."

His erudition is not explained by his formal education. He attended Bluffton College in Ohio, then transferred to Wayne State University in Detroit. But lack of money forced him to quit before graduating. However, he is an enthusiastic reader and has waded through a 141-volume list of great books prepared by St. John's College.

Off camera Downs rarely saw Paar. He can recall only three social evenings with him, twice at Paar's house and once in a New York restaurant. "Half my mail then," he says, "was from people

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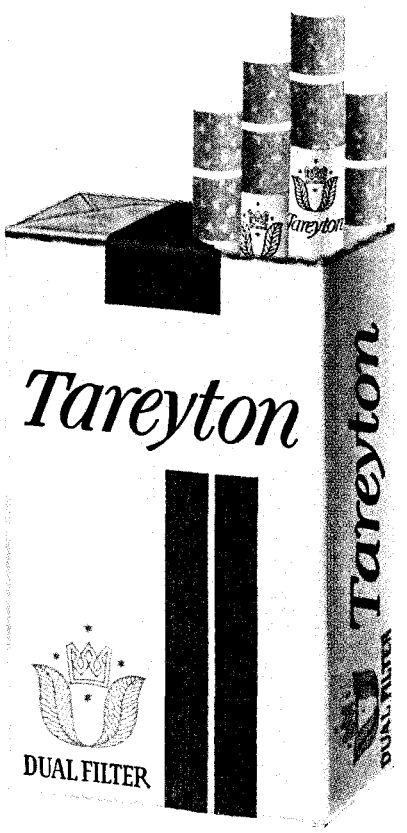
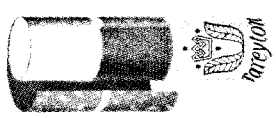


Flavor you never thought you'd get from any filter cigarette!

You'll never know how satisfying filter smoking can be until you try Tareytons. Fine, flavor-rich tobaccos go *into* Tareyton. Then the famous Dual Filter *brings out* the best taste of these choice tobaccos. Sound too good to be true? Get a couple of packs of Tareytons today and see for yourself.

Dual Filter makes the difference



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In their eight-room Manhattan apartment Downs enjoys a snack with his daughter Deirdre, son Hugh and wife Ruth.

From actress Shelley Winters: "He has the grown-up, mature sexiness of the man who is sure of himself."

Downs who wanted me to cut this smart aleck down to size. The others wanted to know how a schnook like me dared be on the same show with him."

Downs had to be diplomatic with Paar, but he often displayed considerable independence. When Paar was once feeling sorry for himself on the air, he asked Downs, "Hugh, I don't embarrass people, do I?" Downs replied, "Yes, Jack, you do." Similarly, during Paar's emotional final *Tonight* show last spring, Downs inserted a rational note in the proceedings by observing that it was "not the end of the world or the end of television."

There were frequent moments, however, when he could do little more than squirm. One night Paar described him as "my faithful Tonto." Another time, as the camera shifted to Downs for a wine commercial, Paar interjected, "You don't have to be a connoisseur to appreciate this wine. You just have to be a wino." Downs went ahead as if nothing had happened.

"Paar was insecure and at times childish," he said. "But it was his show, and you simply have to be stoic about such things."

Ben Parks, a former NBC producer and close friend of Downs, comments, "It's important to understand this about Hugh. The only person he ever competes against is himself. He measures himself constantly. About a year ago he suddenly got annoyed at what he considered was a dependence on cigarettes and liquor. So he decided to give them up except when he was outside the country. I was with him this summer on a trip to the Middle East. He smoked cigarettes all day long, and a couple of times we both drank a snootful. But as soon as he got back to New York he quit again. Not many people can pull that off."

Parks adds, "He is so much of a person in his own right that it's difficult for him to conceive of being a star or acting like one. If it weren't for his wife I don't think it would ever occur to him to buy a new suit or a pair of shoes. She even has to remind him to get his hair cut."

Downs has been married for 18 years. He met his wife, a dark-eyed, energetic Lebanese named Ruth Shaheen, in 1944 when she was working as a director at the same Chicago radio station that took Downs on as a fledgling announcer. Their first year together was tempestuous.

"I Confessed I Belted My Wife"

"A good deal of marriage is a matter of adjustment," he says, "and I hadn't learned how to handle myself. During one squabble—neither Ruth nor I can remember what it was about—I slapped her. Then when Paar brought up the problem of marital stresses on the *Tonight* show, I confessed that I had once belted my wife. I've never gotten so much mail in my life. Belting your wife in this country is apparently worse than being a Communist."

Despite this transgression, Downs remains the housewife's delight. One of his fans, actress Shelley Winters, says, "He has the grown-up, mature sexiness of a man who is sure of himself and doesn't have to make a big fuss about it." He receives about 1,500 letters a week, well over half of them from women simply expressing their pleasure that he is on the air. A more impressive yardstick for NBC is that since Downs became quizmaster on *Concentration* four years ago, the show has had one of the highest ratings on daytime network television.

Now, as top man on *Today*, he has moved all the way into the big time. Says producer Al Morgan, "What Downs brings to the show is the ability to handle easily and knowledgeably a broad range of subjects, from bowling to politics, skin diving to nuclear physics. He also has a real sense of proportion about himself. Suppose you were at a party and a Gleason or a Paar or a Godfrey walked in. They'd make a big splash and you'd be impressed. But after twenty minutes you would have enough. Downs, on the other hand, would slip in quietly. Then, if you happened to bump into him, you'd probably wind up spending the whole evening talking to him. It's the same with *Today*. We're on the air two hours a morning, five days a week. The thing about Downs is that he wears well."

With candor, Downs agrees. "I'm a personality, not a talent," he says. "Talent can be easily overexposed. It almost seems that the more talent you have, the greater the danger you run. Take Frank Sinatra, for instance. He has had tremendous success in nightclubs, records, movies, and so on, but he's had a lot of trouble on television. At the other end of the spectrum there's somebody like me who is on every day. When I first went on the Paar show, people would advise me to push in more. What they didn't understand was the importance of pacing yourself. I was on that show for five years, not just one night. As a result, I think people know me better than, say, a Sinatra. They know Sinatra, the talent. But they don't know a Sinatra as well as they know *me*." **THE END**

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Chevy II Nova Super Sport Coupe

EXCITING! GO '63 CHEVY II

[Lively new looks—and easier to look after!]

Here's the kind of car that makes thrift something to be proud of. But—make no mistake—this '63 Chevy II was never meant to get by on its looks alone. Matter of fact, most of what's new only a road can show you—over the miles and years ahead. Brakes, for instance, are now self-adjusting. A new Delcotron generator boosts electrical reserve power, lengthens battery life. The muffler and exhaust system are longer lasting. Even the beauty of the quieter riding Body by Fisher is better protected—thanks to a new flush-and-dry ventilating system that removes moisture and corrosive elements from the lower body panels. You've got a choice of 10 models, plus new Super Sport equipment (available as an extra-cost option on sport coupe and convertible) that includes front bucket seats, special instrument cluster and sports-accented interior and exterior trim. Thing to do is drop down to your dealer's and see this one first-hand. And, remember, most of what's new doesn't even meet the eye! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

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Dodson's Goddess

by Jacob Hay

Her figure was superb. And after all, Dodson was only human. . . .

Dodson was in love with the girl on the White Rock label. Or if not her, certainly her double. It was unnerving.

The trouble was that it was simply not a good idea to consult a psychiatrist. Not, that is, if you were a rising young account executive with the firm of H.B. Stoker, Inc., and wanted to keep on rising. H. B. Stoker held very firm views concerning the necessity of psychiatric treatment. "I want my associates to *be* psychiatrists, not to run to them," H.B. was fond of saying. "I regard the whole art and science of public relations as the understanding in depth of the human mind."

Not for nothing was H.B. known to the fellow practitioners of his arcane discipline as "The Father of Modern P.R."

And around the main New York offices there still crept the now middle-aged Jones, who wrote articles about a minor client's miracle laying mash for the poultry journals. Once, Jones had been in line to take over the giant Amalgamated Mining Industrial Council account. Then he had discovered that he could converse intelligently with the birds and had, in consequence, undergone a course of therapeutic conversations with a certain Doctor von Huegler. Word had got back to H.B. Stoker, and no one knew what would become of Jones once the laying mash had gained acceptance. He undoubtedly had started to retrogress, and it was believed that he had purchased a parakeet, which he kept in his bleak and lonely rooms.

So Dodson took to getting more sleep, eating healthier meals and reducing his preluncheon Martini consumption. But he could not stay away from the spring in the woods behind the tiny guest house he was renting on the grounds of an enormous estate near Darien. That was where he had met Phyllis.

He had gone for a Sunday-morning stroll through the woods, the better to mull over a tricky problem which threatened to tarnish the public image of the Trixie-Cola Corporation ("Try the pixie flavor of Trixie," to the tune of *The Yellow Rose of Texas*—you've undoubtedly heard it), and suddenly, there she was, kneeling on a rock and gazing down, her expression rapt, at the crystal pool which bubbled merrily up from the spring beneath. Her raiment, what there was of it, was diaphanous and, above the waist, nonexistent. Dodson had frozen, one foot in midair.

His first thought was that he had been giving the whole soft-drink situation entirely too much intensive study; concentrated too hard on comparative production and per capita annual intake. Doubtless if he held his breath and narrowed his eyes, the girl on the rock would dissolve, to be replaced by the Cliquot Club Eskimo, or Commander Whitehead. He held his breath and narrowed his eyes.

Nothing happened. She was still there.

Then it occurred to him that he had bumbled in upon the scene of a modeling session being conducted by a photographer whose specialty was pinups. These things went on, he knew, and very likely the girl's picture would eventually turn up in the pages of one of the glossier men's magazines, archly captioned, with statistics included. Dodson was only human. Why not take advantage of a good deal? With no difficulty whatsoever he overcame the gentlemanly instinct which bade him discreetly to withdraw. Instead he carefully lowered his poised foot. She did not appear to have spotted him.

He waited for the voice of the unseen photographer, bidding the young and nubile female on the rock to ho-old it, and the subsequent snick of the camera's mechanism. But no voice came, nor any snick. Instead the girl looked up from her contemplation of the pool and gazed at him with a pleasant smile. "Hi," she said amiably.

"Gurk-ik," Dodson replied, his tone strangled. He shambled forward, hideously embarrassed. "Gurk," he said again, by way of feeble explanation for his Susanna-and-the-Elders bit.

"I heard you barging through the trees," the girl observed, seemingly undisturbed by the extent of her dishabille. "Figured you might be heading for the spring. Wonderful place to think, isn't it?"

"Yurmph," Dodson croaked. "Er—that is to say, yes. Yes, it is," he added as the vocal cords got back into the swing of it.

"Do you come here often?" the girl wanted to know.

"As a matter of fact, this is the first time."

The girl nodded. "I didn't think I'd seen you before." She patted the surface of the rock beside her. "Make yourself at home." She held out her hand. "I'm Phyllis Naiads."

"Hugh Dodson." Climbing onto the rock, Dodson introduced himself with what he hoped was the aplomb of a man who met bare-bosomed young women every day of the week. Her hand was small and soft and delicately formed. He kept his eyes manfully focused on the girl's face, which was lovely and framed with golden hair, cut in the current European fashion. Her eyes, he perceived, were of a crystalline blue, and all in all, her appearance did not seem to fit the Hellenic name.

"It's your bottle-return policy," Miss Naiads remarked calmly. Dodson leaped as leaps the arrow-flicked stag, but the girl appeared not to notice. "Put the stuff in throw-away bottles and eliminate the bother of hauling them back to the store," she continued, her voice thoughtful. "It'll mean having to give up the distinctive shape, I suppose, but then, that's the price of progress."

"Good heavens," said Dodson, staggered. "How on earth did you know what I was brooding over?"

"Born with it. Runs in the family. D'you mind if I slip a sweater over my shoulders? It's getting just a bit nippy." And, reaching behind her, she produced a pale blue Brooks Brothers cardigan which she draped casually around her undeniably superb torso. "You'll have to agree that the no-return bottle is the answer, though, won't you?"

Hugh Dodson nodded, dumb with bewilderment. He felt that more than anything else in the world he needed a cigarette, and he fumbled swiftly in the pockets of his jacket for surcease. Producing his pack, he offered one to the girl, who declined. Then he thumbed his lighter into flame and applied it to the end of his cigarette. When he looked up, she had vanished.

Simply vanished.

Now take it easy, Dodson; let's not panic, he warned himself. *We'll sit here and finish our cigarette.*

By the end of his cigarette he had decided that he had probably been smoking far too many of the damned things and working far too late into the night. Man could wreck his health that way. Odd, though, how the mind worked sometimes—dreaming up an offbeat fantasy to produce an idea as basic as a no-return policy on Trixie-Cola

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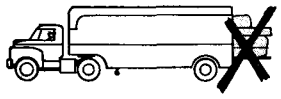

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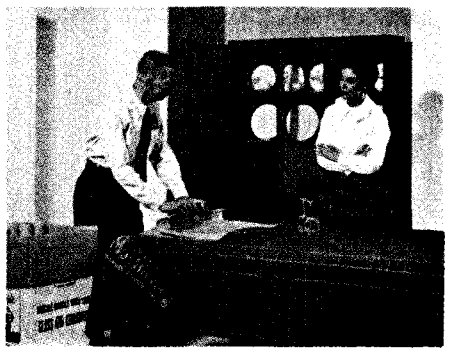

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Dodson's Goddess

bottles. Which, of course, was the solution; no question about it.

It was, too, and Dodson received a letter of congratulation from H. B. Stoker himself, which was roughly equivalent to the Knight's Cross with Swords, Oak Leaves and Diamonds. He kept returning to the spring, but of Miss Naiads there was no sign.

Then, on the strength of his success with the new Trixie "Be Gay, Throw Me Away" bottle, he was assigned the additional duty of improving the public concept of J. Bascomb Bulver, chairman of the board of the Trixie-Cola Corporation and a man who wanted to be loved. There was nothing really wrong with Mr. Bulver, but people find it emotionally exhausting to love multimillionaires.

Miss Naiads was there when Hugh took the official corporate biography of J. Bascomb into the woods the following Sunday to study. Pose and costume were as before, and this time, without looking up from the pool, she said: "To begin with, tell him to get rid of his paunch. He *looks* rich, like a multimillionaire shouldn't, if you follow me."

This time Hugh felt more in command. "You'll catch your death of cold," he told her firmly. Whereat she shrugged and once more tossed a sweater, this one a pale pink, about her slender shoulders. "Now you tell me what this is all about," he commanded with the assurance of one who feels that his mental and digestive processes are functioning at peak performance. "Who are you and what are you up to? And no nonsense about it."

"I could vanish, you know," returned Miss Naiads with spirit.

"And I could call the cops and ask if some neighboring laughing academy is missing a girl-type inmate."

"You would, too, wouldn't you?"

Hugh nodded righteously. "Yep."

"OK, so it happens I'm a nymph. Damn you, Hugh Dodson, not *that* kind of a nymph! Stop leering. Where did you go to college? Didn't they teach you anything about the Naiads? We're in charge of springs, rivers, lakes artificial and natural; brooks and fresh-water canals."

The poor kid, Dodson thought, instantly contrite. An authentic nut. He cursed himself for having been beastly. "Sure you are, Phyll," he said a trifle too heartily. Her lips quivered and she appeared to be on the verge of tears. "Now you just relax and everything's going to be fine," he added gently. The main thing was to keep her calm; talk her into returning with him to his house and waiting there for the men to come with the nets.

"You watch," Phyll said unsteadily. "You just watch." She pointed a shapely finger at the pool beneath the rock and muttered something. Whereupon the pool, below Dodson's numb gaze, sank promptly into the sand, leaving a large damp spot and a thoroughly irritated frog. Upon this small, green, confused amphibian, Miss Naiads looked with compassion; another brief mutter and the pool rose swiftly from the depths. "Now do you see?" she asked Hugh, who was having trouble breathing. He nodded, unwilling to utter the squeak he knew would emerge if he opened his mouth. So she told him how it was with her family and her more distant kin.

"It's not really so different with us than with the old imperial Russian bunch," she declared, "except that we've been out of power for so much longer. Of course, we've had to adjust too. Take me, for example: I can only get away to preside over this spring on weekends; the rest of the time I have to make my living, so I do fashion copy for Higgens, Geohagen and Company."

"I know the outfit," Hugh said, nodding absently. And then it hit him. "Higgens, Geohagen! But they're right in the same building—you mean to say you actually—I mean to say, do Higgens and Geohagen know who you ——" He stopped, at a loss for words.

"He calls himself Geohagen now," Phyll said complacently, "but his real name's Pluto. Haven't you ever noticed his eyebrows?"

"This whole thing is crazy."

"That's a nice way to talk after I've tried to explain things. Now I'm sorry I ever decided to make myself visible to you in the first place. I didn't *have* to, you know, Hugh Dodson."

"But dammit, Phyll!" Hugh exploded, and she did it again.

Phhhttt! Gone.

Hugh knew now that he was cracking up if he were not, in fact, already around the bend. But after his second highball upon his return to his comfortable little home he was able, he felt, to take the properly detached view. Either he had imagined the entire affair, or he had encountered a young woman who, for reasons

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Beatrice, now that I've given up smoking and drinking, I'm afraid you're next."

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of her own, enjoyed sitting in a seminude condition on a rock above a spring and who was, moreover, an accomplished hypnotist. There were, on the other hand, relatively few such young women in any average population group, and this realization led him to the conclusion that his mind was playing tricks on him. The sensible course would be to place his case in the hands of a qualified headshrinker. At the same time, there was the example of Poor Old Jonesey to be considered.

For a while he thought of telephoning a friend who was a theatrical agent and making guarded inquiry as to whether his friend might know of a stripteaser who did a mind-reading act on the side.

"It sounds like a great little routine," the friend said enthusiastically when Hugh finally made the call. "Only I never seen it done. You find me the girl, though, and you got yourself a cut of the commission, Doddy old buddy-boy."

"Thanks a whole heap, Irving," Hugh said. "I'll let you know if one turns up."

Here's how it is, Doc: I keep bumping into this mythical Greek nymph, see? Hugh rejected this line of approach at once. He would have to explain the circumstances fully before the Doc rang for his nurse and plenty of wet sheets for the patient.

Hugh shuddered and mixed himself another highball.

No doubt about it, Phyll was lovely, even if she were a hallucination. A damned fine figure of a figment.

Knock it off, Dodson, he commanded himself; get a grip on yourself, man. Real loonies don't know, which is what makes them real loonies.

Of course! It was so simple that Hugh felt more than ever positive that he had been straining his brain; otherwise he would have thought of it sooner and spared himself a lot of worry.

The next morning, Monday, he stopped by the elegantly furnished offices of Higgens, Geohagen & Company, Advertising, and asked if he might speak to a Miss Naiads, who wrote fashion copy.

"Miss Naiads?" the receptionist asked. "In copy?"

"That's correct," Hugh told her, smiling pleasantly. There would be no Miss Naiads nor anyone who bore the slightest resemblance to Phyll, and he would apologize and say that he had undoubtedly been given the wrong name and address and was sorry to have been so much bother. After which he would leave quietly and ring up Dr. von Huegler, or whatever the man's name was. He sat down upon one of the luxurious sofas, picked a magazine from a tidy stack, and paged idly through it as he waited to have his suspicions confirmed. He chuckled involuntarily as he recalled Phyll's allegations concerning Harrison Geohagen—Pluto, forsooth! What did that make Higgens, he wondered; Apollo?

"Will you take your call on this phone?" the receptionist asked. Hugh lurched to his feet, his face what used to be called a study.

"Phyll?" he husked into the mouthpiece. "This is Hugh. You remember? At the spring?" Dodson became suddenly and unhappily aware that the receptionist was staring at him in ironic speculation. "Suppose I pick you up for lunch this noon, if you're not tied up, and we can—ah—discuss the situation."

"You promise not to be horrible?" Phyll insisted.

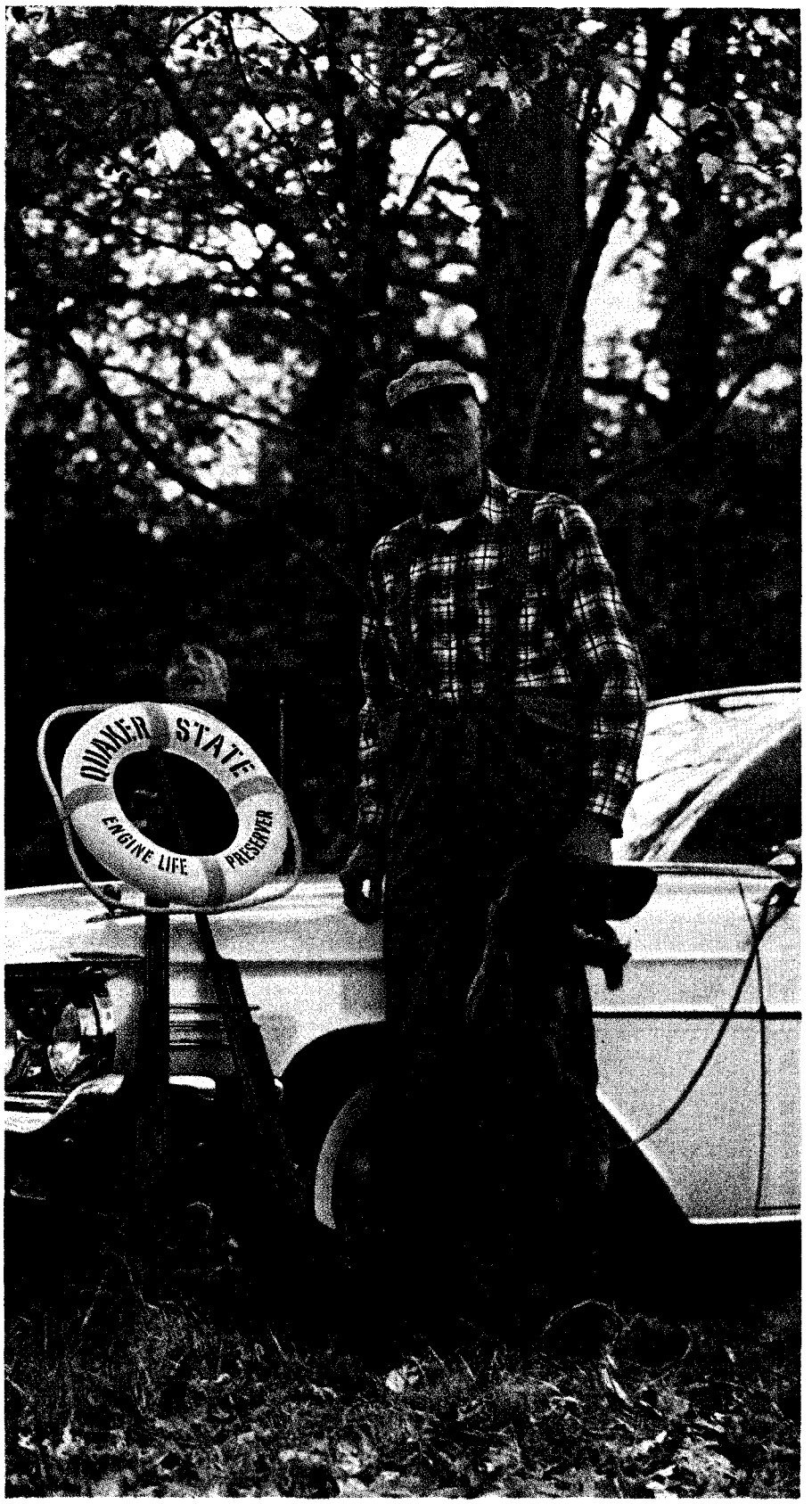
"Word of hon——" Hugh began and stopped, conscious that this was not the nicest choice of words for the receptionist's pearly little ears. "Yes," he said.

"In that case, make it 12:30."

It was a badly bemused Hugh Dodson who made his way upward a dozen floors to the main offices of H.B. Stoker, Inc., past Miss Filmore, the Stoker receptionist, and down the corridor to his own suite. He did not hear Miss Filmore's cheery "Good morning," and found himself utterly unable to recall the name of his own secretary. "Paunch," he said absently as he passed her to enter his inner office.

It was essential to forget that he was having lunch with a girl who claimed to be a Grecian nymph. The principal business at hand was to discover some tactful system of indicating to J. Bascomb Bulver that his corpulence must be diminished. Subtle indirection seemed indicated; perhaps a suggestion that employees increase sales impact by wearing small badges emblazoned I DRINK LOW-CALORIE TRIXIE-COLA TO KEEP SLIM AND FIT. The wording could be worked out later, of course, but J. Bascomb might get the idea. Unconsciously Hugh found himself deciding to ask Phyll's advice over lunch.

But what about the mortality thing? Suppose she was really a nymph—weren't nymphs immortal? He'd be ancient and gouty one day, and Phyll would still be hanging around springs, getting a full 50 percent tan and looking 18 years old. And this trick of vanishing: What guarantee was there that at the first hint



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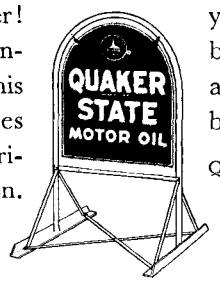

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Dodson's Goddess

of gray at the Dodson temples she might not up and fade?

This way lay madness.

"Confidential to Mr. Bulver," he said, picking up the microphone of his recorder, "colon, paragraph, the following suggestion is offered comma ——"

The memorandum outlining the badge scheme in all its ramifications and beauty took him the remainder of the morning, during which he succeeded in remembering his secretary's name. Goodspeed—that was it. She had a message for him when he emerged from his labors: Phyll would meet him under the clock at the Sherry-Plaza rather than at her office. "Will you be coming back this afternoon?" Miss Goodspeed asked.

"I think so," Hugh said and laughed shortly. "But these days, Miss Goodspeed, who can say?" And Miss Goodspeed made a mental note to drop a hint to the personnel manager's secretary; it was high time Mr. Dodson had a decent vacation, the way the man was working himself right into a breakdown.

Hugh was not prepared to find Phyll in company beneath the Sherry-Plaza's fabled clock. As she sat there, demure in a smart black suit, there stood beside her the imposing figure of Harrison Geohagen, the man responsible for the fantastic success of Lexingtons, the bourbon-flavored filter-tip, to name only one of his many triumphs. Tall, steel-gray of hair and moustached like a Guards officer, he was often called the Machiavelli of Madison Avenue, and there were those who believed that his Lexington commercials concealed subliminal messages of terrible power and penetration.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's eating solids now. Crayons, pencils . . ."

"Good to meet you, Dodson," Harrison Geohagen said crisply when Phyll had introduced them. "I was impressed by the job you did for the National Federation of Licensed Embalmers. Word gets around, you know."

"Thanks very much, sir," Hugh replied with that courtesy so becoming in a young man. "They're a grand bunch."

"I trust," Geohagen went on smoothly, "that you will not regard my presence here as an intrusion, my dear Dodson, but the fact is that I'm hoping you and Phyllis will be my guests at lunch. I believe we have a matter of some importance to discuss."

Hugh stared. It wasn't possible that Geohagen was really, actually what Phyll had ——

They were moving toward the Gold Room, and Michel, the captain of that magnificent chamber, was bowing like a medieval serf as he ushered Geohagen and his guests past the cattle at the outer tables to the inner circle reserved for heads of state and princes of the blood.

"Thank you, Michel," Geohagen said casually, as waiters leaped to assist his party to their chairs.

"Thank *you*, Your High——" Michel started to say, but fell abruptly silent at an imperious raising of the Geohagen eyebrows. Hugh gaped at the Gold Room's captain. Was he, too ——

The luncheon was magnificent, but Hugh was never able later to recall the details. Throughout, Geohagen maintained a flow of pleasant conversation, now twitting Phyll for her preference for the lighter Rhenish bottlings, now asking Hugh if he did not feel that there was much to be said for certain less authoritative Beaunes. It was not until the wine steward had poured the ancient cognac forth from its dusty flagon that Geohagen got down to brass tacks.

"Perhaps," he said gravely, "I ought to begin by stating that I disapprove of Phyllis's action in disclosing her identity to you, Dodson, not to mention my own. Not, mind you, that I think anybody would believe your story, should you divulge it. No matter; the damage is done. We've had this sort of trouble with nymphs for as long as I can remember. They insist on falling in love, confound it!"

"In love!" Hugh gasped as Phyll dropped her eyes and blushed.

"In love," Geohagen repeated. "I could name you scores of instances. It can lead to all sorts of difficulties—for example, there was that child in charge of the fountain at Salmacis, near Halicarnassus, the one who fell for Hermaphroditus."

"Uncle!" cried Phyll, shocked.

"Well, dammit, Phyllis, it's all been sheer confusion ever since. And it's even more complicated when the male is mortal." He turned to Hugh. "Do you know I haven't had a case like this since I took over the Western Hemisphere? Not one. For a while there I thought Phyll's cousin, Phaedra, who's in charge of the Hudson above tidewater, was going overboard for

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an actor, but he took off for the Coast and we heard no more about it. I just don't know what gets into the Naiad girls, and the European branch of the family is worse." He sighed and took a sip of his brandy. "But they, thank Heaven, aren't my responsibility."

Hugh took a grip on what was left of his sanity. This might still be some weird and enormous gag—he had heard tales of Harrison Geohagen's lunatic wit. "Tell me," he said firmly, "if you and Phyll are who you say you are——"

"No names, please," Geohagen cautioned, holding up a hand.

"As I say, if you are what you claim to be," Hugh persisted, "how come you haven't thrown your weight around? Theoretically sir, you could make a billion on the stock market. Or turn me into a toad. Or anything."

"My dear chap," Geohagen said, "as Phyll has told you, we are currently out of power. A god can only operate if people believe in him. Mind you, among ourselves we manage to get along quite nicely, but the old days of unlimited metamorphosis and thunderbolt-hurling are gone—at least for the nonce. We can still do a bit of personal vanishing, of course; a certain amount of divination; the odd minor miracle. But nothing big, you understand; nothing spectacular, no vulgar displays." A speculative gleam shone in Geohagen's eyes.

"Although," he added thoughtfully, "the way things are going, we may find ourselves back in the saddle soon. Half a dozen of these megaton efforts, and who knows? We do best in fairly primitive societies, I'm afraid." Geohagen shook himself. "But now to the point: What's to be done about you two?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The only answer he gets to his mating call is ducks."

"I love him; it's as simple as that," said Phyll, looking Hugh in the eye.

"And I love her," Hugh heard himself saying with a decision he had not known himself to possess. Until that instant he had not been positive he was in love. Smitten, yes; even a little frightened. But now there was no question about it.

"There was a time I'd have turned you into a flower for that kind of talk," Geohagen told Phyll, but his tone was kindly. "However, that's neither here nor there. You'll have to resign and sign the mortality-acceptance clause, you know."

Phyll nodded, her chin proud. "I'll fill out the forms when we get back to the office."

"They'll take a couple of days to clear," Geohagen murmured, "but I'll red-tab it for you, my dear, and maybe we can get a priority handling. Brother Zeus usually understands these affairs of the heart." Geohagen chuckled, and Phyll smiled at the family jest. "As a matter of fact, Phyll, he might let you keep your spring as a memento. If you'd like, I can add an endorsement suggesting it."

"Oh, yes, please," Phyll urged prettily. "I promise not to misuse it, uncle."

"No foretelling, mind," warned Geohagen sternly.

"Just inspiration. Nymph's honor."

"I can't promise, but we'll see. And now, another brandy to toast your health and happiness, children. Herm—— Dammit, I mean, Michel! The wine steward, if you please."

"Don't you think," Phyll inquired softly, "I could do just a little foretelling, uncle, provided we kept it in the family? You know, only if I did it for Hugh?"

"Well, provided it's only for Hugh."

"I mean he really ought to know the Whoopsy-Cola people are planning to expand in the Middle East, shouldn't he?"

"It won't do them any good. And as you say, perhaps Hugh should have some idea of what the competition's up to. But mind you keep it in the family, Phyll. Or there'll be hell to pay. That's me, by the way," Geohagen said happily.

"Your health, uncle," said Hugh, reaching out for Phyll's hand.

Which fairly well wraps up the details. The Dodsons have done famously; so famously, in fact, that before a corporate change of name made it Stoker & Dodson, Inc., Hugh and Phyll were able to purchase the huge estate near Darien, and erect a small marble pergola over the spring in the woods behind the guest house, where Phyll now spends much of her leisure. The public image of the Trixie-Cola Corporation is the envy of the soft-drink world, and the public-relations world is still marveling over Hugh's coup in presenting the Sultan of Qibam with a solid-marble soda fountain with golden fixtures shortly before His Highness declined to allow the Whoopsy-Cola people to put up a bottling plant in his dusty capital. "The boy has real foresight," is how H. B. Stoker puts it. But we know better, don't we? **THE END**

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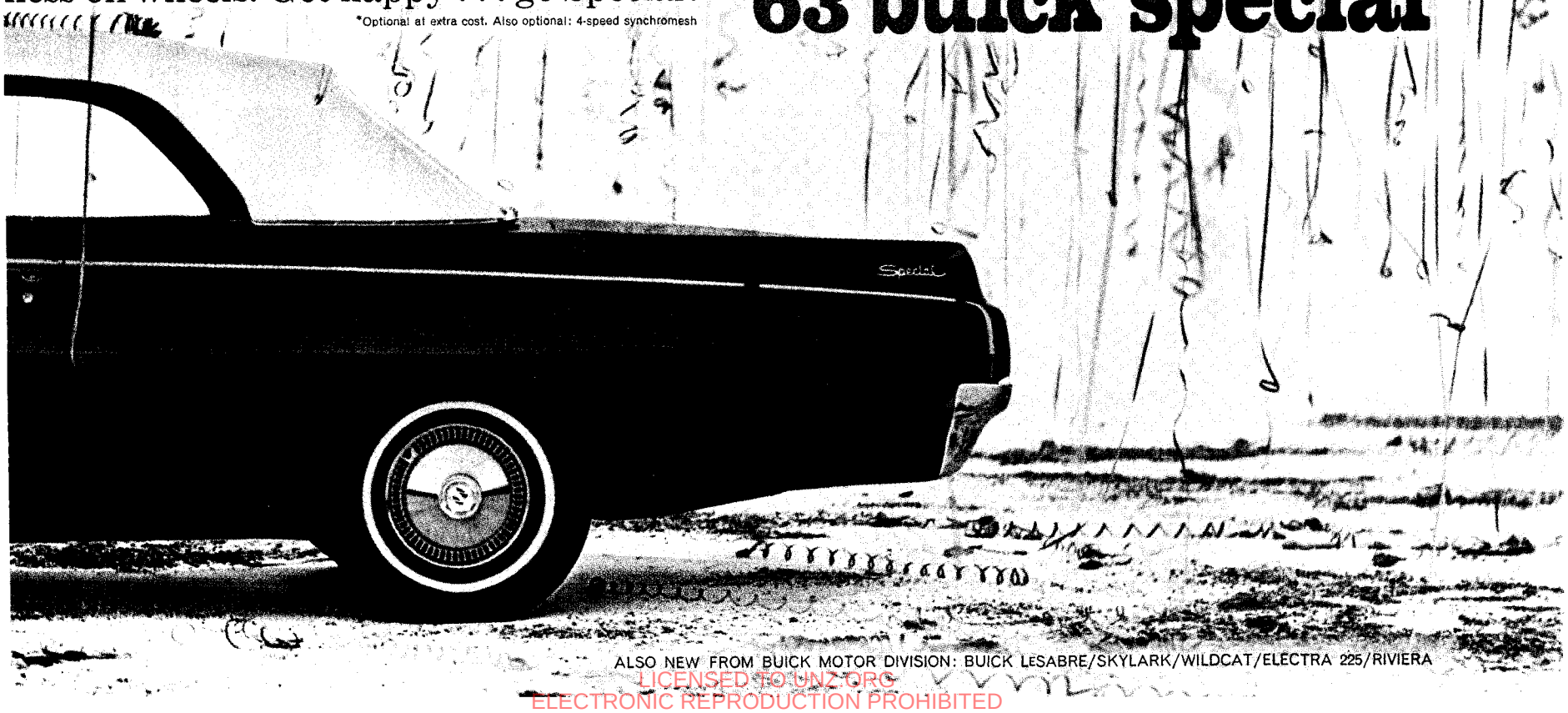

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SOMETHING MISSING

By Duvan Polk

The mountain rises from the high, dry plains of central New Mexico, where distances are vast and sometimes discouraging. Its rough, forested slopes and its immense and grassy, treeless summit form a pleasing sight, even when viewed from afar, to eyes that hunger for green in a land where the predominant colors are the grays and browns of the near-desert, the reds of the mesas, and the black of long-cooled lava beds. This one is called *the mountain* by the natives of the region, and rightly so, for in that particular range it alone reaches up and up past the 11,000-foot mark.

In 1934, as in years past, Julian Coryell moved to the mountain in the month of May to look after the cattle that Sterling Mitchell had chosen to send to that portion of his summer grazing range. He would stay there with the cattle until the first autumn storm forced man and beast to seek the lower elevation of the plains. The ancient, weathered line shack where he lived was located at the head of a canyon less than 1000 feet below the summit. It was the loneliest of all in a string of camps belonging to Sterling Mitchell, but Julian liked it there, and the other men said that he was welcome to it.

A medium-sized man, Julian had had the look of middle age when he was thirty, but he looked no older at forty. Those who knew him well said that he was steady and dependable. Because they liked and admired him—and because he never let anyone or anything other than himself suffer for his lapses—they made allowances for the rare, terribly solitary drinking spells that took him and held him in their sway for several days at a time.

The year 1934 was one of the really tough ones of the great depression, another in a series during which Sterling Mitchell found himself the possessor of many mortgaged cattle and a long list of creditors. His cattle were hardly worth the cost of looking after them, but a man does not give up a way of life without a fight—not if that way of life is dear to him.

In '32, for instance, when Mitchell—crusty old man—found out there would be no more financial help from the banks and therefore no money to meet his payroll, he called his men together and made them a speech. It was brief and to the point.

The men who wanted to leave were free to do so. Those who wanted to stay were welcome if they were willing to work in the hope of being paid on some brighter day in the future and were content to settle for room and board for the present, along with tobacco and other necessities which could be charged to their accounts at *the store* in the distant village. And if they needed a little cash from time to time, he said, he would try to raise it for them.

A man called Sol Evans ran *the store*. Sol was a wise man who had managed well during the prosperous years of the '20's, a wise man who turned haggard during the '30's, unable to deny credit to his old friends who now needed him as he had once needed them. He carried in his stock everything from groceries to clothes to hardware.

Julian Coryell stayed with Mitchell, as did most of the others. Where could they have gone to do better? Julian knew that each day he worked was carefully entered to his credit in a big ledger, each day representing a sum to be received if ever the hellish depression eased. If the marks in the ledger seemed unreal and a little fantastic, neither Julian nor Mitchell ever mentioned the matter.

It is nearly always cold of a morning at an elevation of 10,000 feet or so, and that July morning in '34 was not exceptional. When he waked on that morning, Julian decided to make the long-delayed pilgrimage to the store for badly needed supplies. Once decided, he immediately threw back the covers and rose to meet the cold.

Shivering, he went about building a fire in the monstrosity of a wood-burning range. When the short and splintery lengths of kindling had crackled into flame, he put a kettle of water on the stove and dressed quickly.

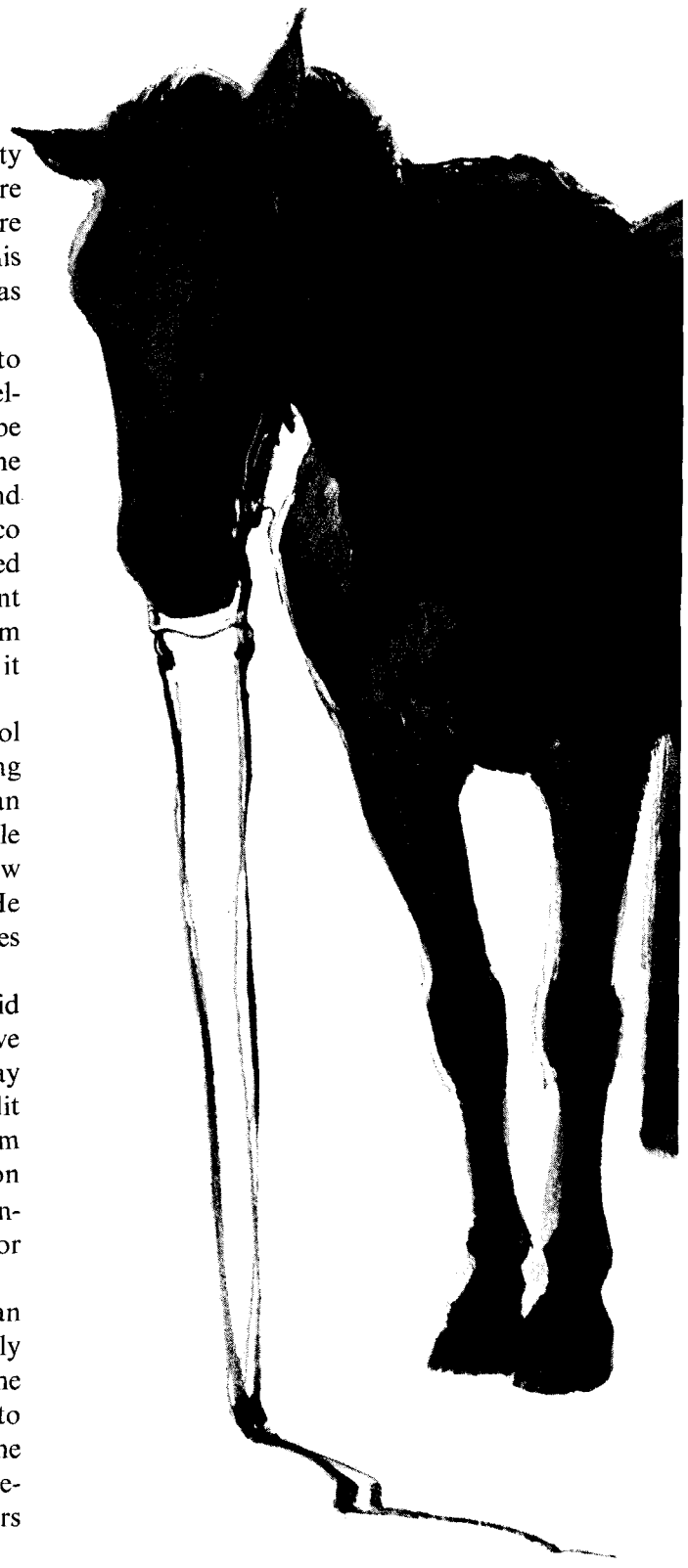

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE BLOSSOM

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The happy shout of a boy can fill a man's empty heart.

He was a poor cook; as usual, his breakfast rested uneasily in his stomach. But coffee hot and black was as good an antidote as any. Cup in hand, he moved to the door and threw it open wide. The day, he judged at once, was going to be one of the truly good ones.

He looked out upon a world of stately pines and graceful aspens. He could look over the canyon's rear wall and see the gentle-looking summit of the mountain. He heard the sound of running water as it overflowed from the spring at the foot of the cliff and trickled down a moss-lined ditch to the pens. The horses stood huddled there, humped against the cold. One of them stamped against the earth, the sound carrying cleanly in the crisp air.

But as Julian stood there, watching, listening, every nerve tuned to the fineness of the morning, a vague sensation of being somehow less than whole—of some essential quality missing either in himself or the world about him—coiled itself about his mood and slowly choked the goodness from it.

It was a sensation which had come to trouble him often during recent years, leaving him restless and irritable as he tried to pinpoint its cause. Having pondered much on the matter, he knew that it was not a mere biological loneliness. For, in his experience, companionship with women had never dispelled the feeling when it was on him.

He had beauty about him—having looked for it, he could see this quality in most things and most people—and time to enjoy it. He had all he wanted to eat, and he had work which he enjoyed. What, then?

On this morning, as on certain other rare mornings, the feeling of discontent which he could not catalogue persisted, and gradually it turned his mood sour and somber.

I will get me a bottle or three when I reach the store, he thought, *and I will come back here and drink enough to clear everything but this one thing from my mind, and then I will drink a little more so that it will come into sharp focus and let me see what it is.*

Sighing, he sloshed the dregs of his coffee to the ground and turned back into the cabin. Now that he had committed himself, he felt the need to hurry. Shortly, household chores done, he angled down the slope toward the pens.

As though in mortal terror of him, the horses threw up their heads and went snorting, pounding, pitching and twisting in a pell-mell rush of foolishness to the far end of the pen. He opened the gate that led into a fenced-in pasture. "Run, you fools!" he shouted. "Take a holiday!"

As he walked away, he looked back to see them galloping madly out the gate to disappear among the trees. But one—the sorrel he called Maybe, a gentle, human-loving creature that acted wild just to remain part of the crowd—whirled about uncertainly. "Go on!" Julian shouted, knowing he could catch this one whenever he wanted. "Get!"

The worn and wired-together old Ford was parked before the cabin. He looked it over, made certain the water can in back was full. Grunting morosely to himself, he let it out of gear; then, engaging the clutch, he nursed the elderly engine into sputtering life as the car gained momentum down the slope.

Down the mountain he went, over the tortuous road, first through the pines and aspens, then past the piñons and junipers, finally to reach the dry, brown plain. Coming at last to the graveled surface of the highway, he recklessly increased his speed.

Within the twenty miles from that intersection to Sol Evans's store Julian passed no fewer than five plodding men. They were refugees from the depression and a common

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SOMETHING MISSING

sight along that highway in '34; there seemed no end to their marching, hopeless line. Tired and discouraged-looking, they had come from some vague place and were going to one as nebulous, all in the hope of *somewhere* finding work. No longer really believing in their quest, but unable to surrender, they merely walked along, hardly expecting a ride, their minds beset with worries about the families they had left behind. The weak men broke quickly, but the strong ones held on and on, and most of them made it through.

On any other morning Julian would have stopped and offered those men a ride, and he would have been touched by their miseries. But on this rare morning he could not bear the prospect of listening to their weary, dull comments on the evil times, and he passed them by.

Sol Evans argued with himself for quite a while before he finally went to the telephone. He turned the crank and waited patiently until he had Sterling Mitchell on the line. "Mitch," he said, "Julian just now left the store and headed back for the mountain."

The wire hummed vacantly. "Did he get some liquor?"

"Yes."

"How long has it been since the last one, Sol?"

"I was trying to remember. About six months, I guess."

"This one ought to be a dandy, then," Mitch said heavily. "I'll run up there and see about him tomorrow or the next day. Anything could happen to him, all by himself that way."

"Mitch," Sol said, "I didn't call to tattle on him."

"I know you better than that, Sol—and so does Julian. I thank you for calling."

"Yes," Sol said, hooking the receiver back. He still wasn't certain that he'd done the right thing, but he felt easier in his mind.

The woman, the boy and the old car with the ruined tire were waiting under the hot sun, not far from where the side road turned off the highway to the mountain. Holding the boy by the hand, the woman stepped onto the highway and signaled for attention. Cursing to himself, Julian swerved his Ford across the highway and pulled it to an impatient stop, the engine idling. Hunched over the steering wheel, he stared gloomily at the woman. Finally, sourly, he asked, "You've got troubles?"

"Yes," she said. "We've got a flat tire."

The woman had been crying, and she looked pale even beneath the smudges of travel. As Julian stared at her, she self-consciously freed her hand from that of the boy and smoothed at the wrinkles in her dress, tentatively touched the wind-blown hair at the back of her neck. The boy stood quietly, looking at Julian with solemn expectancy.

Sighing, Julian switched off the Ford's engine and stepped down. Men he could pass by; a woman and small child he could not—no matter his mood. He noted the Missouri license plate as he walked around the strange car, then saw with one glance that the woman had misstated the tire's condition. "The tire's ruined," he said. "You must have driven on it quite a distance."

"We did," she said, uncomfortable under his accusing gaze. "The traffic's been so terribly light today, and I—I kept thinking we'd come to a town soon. But it finally got too hard to steer."

"Well," Julian said impatiently, "I'll mount your spare. It's about twenty miles to the next town. You can get a new tire there."

The woman looked away to the south, across the brown-grassed emptiness of the plains. "We don't have a spare," she said quietly.

"Lady," Julian said, "what in the *hell* are you doing way out here without a spare tire?"

"We're on our way to California to live with my folks," she said, lifting her chin.

"Did you expect to go that far without having a flat?" It was exasperating; he would have to take the woman's wheel into town and have a tire mounted on it.

"We *had* a spare when we started out."

The boy sensed Julian's irritation, and rose quickly to his mother's defense. "We sold the spare," he said shrilly. . . . "We sold it a long time ago, didn't we, mamma?"

The woman looked as though she were going to reprimand the child. But it was too late for that, and she merely shrugged when she turned again to Julian. "Yes," she said. "We sold it a long time ago—back in Oklahoma, I think."

"You can't buy another tire?" Julian asked wearily.

"No," she said. "I'm broke."

"Then how in God's name," Julian asked, "do you expect to get to California? Can you wire your folks for money?"

"No. They'll be doing good just to help feed us when we get there. But I'll make it!" she said fiercely, dangerously close to tears. "I'll get us there the same way I've got us this far!"

"Oh," Julian said, looking at her sharply.

"Not *that!*" she said furiously, knowing what he thought. "Since we ran out of things to sell—like spares—we've been traveling on people's willingness to help!"

"On what?" Julian said.

"I'm not proud of it," she said, "but we've been pretending that we ran out of gas through carelessness. Sooner or later somebody always stops and siphons us out a gallon or two, and we just drive until the engine stops again. We're not moving very fast," she said, "but we've come a long way on the kindness of strangers."

He did not want it to, but the desperateness of her plight began to trouble him. With reluctant admiration he said, "You've got nerve."

"It's not a matter of nerve," she said bitterly, "but necessity."

"Tires are a little more of a problem than gas," Julian said, wondering what he was going to do about her. "Not many people are apt to have an extra one they can afford to give away."

"If I have to," she said, "I'll beg a raggedy one from a filling-station man, and I'll beg another when that one goes out. Would you lend us your spare just long enough to get us to the next town?"

"Wrong tire size," Julian said, "and my wheel won't fit your car."

"Mamma," the boy said in loud, sudden urgency, "I'm *hungry!*"

"Hush now," she said sternly. She sat down on the running board and pulled the boy to her, pressing his face against her breast. She patted him gently on the back; her hand seemed to forget what it was doing. Julian saw the truth in her face, and it was too much for him.

"You don't have anything to feed him, do you?" he asked bluntly.

"No," she said, not looking up. "Not since this morning."

The boy pulled away from his mother. "I've still got my appetite," he said proudly. "Mamma says the heat got hers!"

Julian understood now the paleness of the woman's face. Sighing, he asked, "How long since you've eaten?"

"It doesn't matter about me," she said, looking up in helpless anger. "It just matters about him!"

"You've been sleeping in the car? Being afraid at night?"

"Yes." And then again. "Yes."

Julian's stomach fairly itched for the feel of the whiskey. He wanted it badly, but not enough that he could drive away and leave the woman helpless. The whiskey, he decided heavily, would keep for another day. "Lady," he said, "you're about to come unwound. You know that, don't you?"

"I could cry my eyes out," she said, "but it wouldn't help."

"You're not going to make it to California, the shape you're in," he said carefully. "The way you're traveling, there's no telling how long it'll take you to get there. You need to rest for a day or two, eat good and get some strength back."

"Are you offering me money?" Suspicion edged her voice.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Actually, he wasn't very happy here!"

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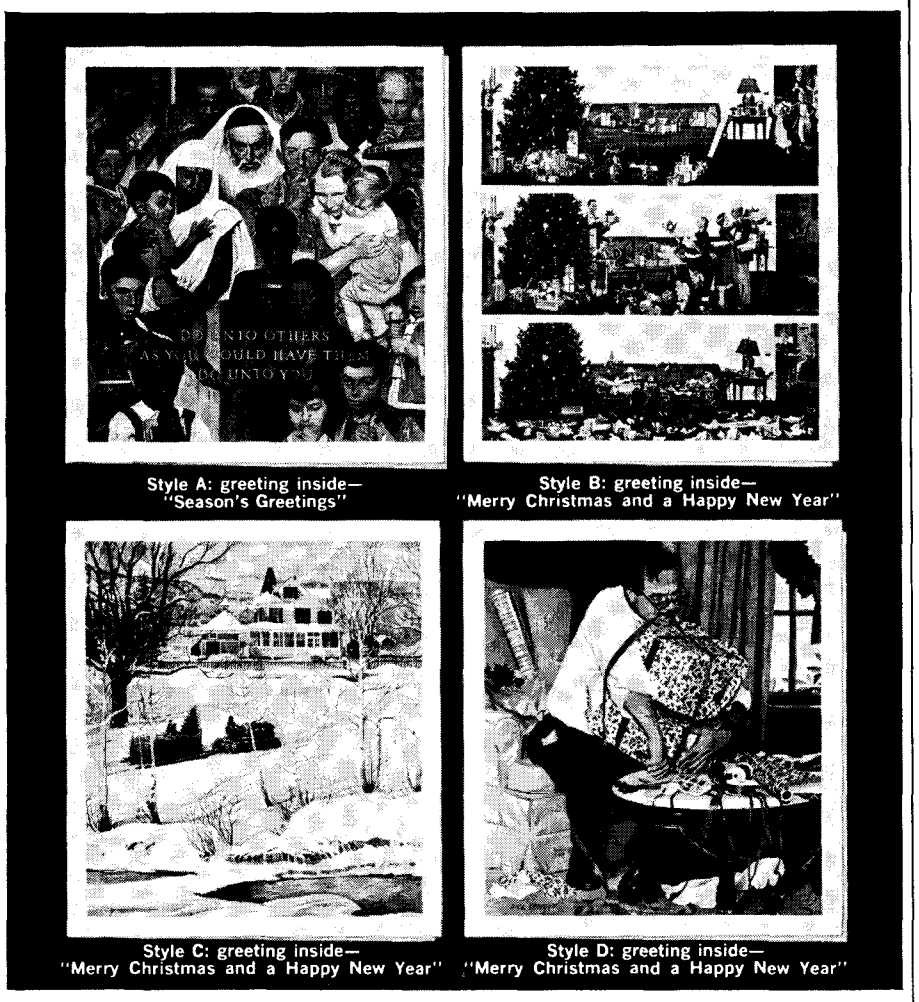

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SOMETHING MISSING

"Money I haven't got," Julian said. "I'm just offering you a place to rest and eat for a day or two. I'll put my mind to it, too, and try to figure a way of getting you a tire."

"Where?" she said. "And why?"

"I guess the why of it is pretty obvious," Julian said matter-of-factly. "I feel sorry for you, and sorrier for the boy."

"I see," she said, her proud look coming back.

"The where," he said irritably, "is in a cabin right near the top of that mountain and, no, there wouldn't be a soul to hear you if you screamed for help. It's just a line camp, and it's crude as hell, but you're welcome if you want to take the chance."

"You said you might be able to get us a tire."

"I said I'd try. It'll take me a while to figure how."

"If we just had the tire ——"

"If you get a tire," Julian said, "what happens to the boy when you keel over? And you're close! But I'm not going to beg you. I'm not exactly dying for company anyhow."

"Mamma," the boy said again, frettishly this time, "I'm *hungry!*"

The woman touched her palm to the boy's cheek. "We'll go with you," she said evenly, squaring her shoulders, "and be grateful for the opportunity."

He saw the fear in her eyes. He'd seen a fox in a trap one time, and the look in the fox's eyes was no different from the one he now saw in the woman's. He knew of no way to ease her fear. Not really.

"Can you steer your car long enough to get over that rise in the side road yonder?" he asked. "It will be safe enough there."

"Yes," she said. "I can steer it that far."

"We'd best be going then. It's no road to travel in the dark."

"You don't even know our names," she said with a brightly nervous smile. "This is Don, and I'm Mrs. Laura Borden."

"I'm Julian Coryell," he said gently, removing his hat, "and I'm pleased to know you."

Darkness came as Julian turned the old Ford about and faced it down the slope before the cabin. Murmuring polite excuses as they moved about each other, Julian and the woman worked together to prepare a hasty meal. They had to wake the boy to give him his supper, and in his sleepiness he failed to show proof of his hunger. The woman ate with shyness, but twice Julian saw her close her eyes as she chewed her food, and he could only guess the last time she had eaten.

"I'll do the dishes," Julian said with firmness, pouring warm water into a basin and handing it to her, "while you bathe the boy off a bit; he'll sleep all the better for it."

These things done, they stood at last in idleness, the great awkwardness of their situation looming between them. Able to speak only in fitful words, finding it difficult to speak at all when by chance their eyes met, they became ever more conscious of being man and woman—of being strangers in a cramped and isolated cabin.

Seeking relief from the strain, Julian backed closer to the stove, his hands spread behind him, palms to the heat. There on a shelf, tauntingly within reach, stood the whiskey bottles. He felt his hands tremble and clenched them into fists.

"Mr. Coryell," the woman said, having looked where his eyes looked, "if you're used to having an evening drink, please don't hesitate on my account. I understand a man's comfort in such things."

"Not tonight," he said, the dry pain of refusal made bearable by the tension that eased from her shoulders. Then: "You'll sleep better too, Mrs. Borden, if you take a warm bath. I'll bring in the tub and fetch some water from the spring."

When the water stood in buckets atop the stove, he turned about to see the darkness of her eyes silently questioning him. "The water will be warm in a bit," he said. "Just leave the tub be, and I'll empty it for you in the morning."

He went to one corner of the room and fished his canvas-covered bedroll from a pile of gear. "I will sleep outside," he said, lifting one hand to indicate the bunk. "You and the boy will be comfortable enough there, I think."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"OK, it's a rat race, but how many rats make 19 grand a year?"

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"Yes," she said, her question answered. "I hate putting you out."

"I'll be all right," he said, pausing in the doorway. "There's a latch here, Mrs. Borden. Feel free to use it."

"Thank you," she said quietly, "but I don't believe I'll need it."

"All right," he said, nodding in acceptance of her trust. "I'll rise early, then, and start the fire."

When his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he moved out a few feet from the cabin and unrolled his bed. For a long time he lay listening to the small sounds the woman made, finding pleasure in their very creation. His thoughts then dwelt on the whisky, moved on, returned, his desire for it now strangely weak and vagrant. Marveling, he lost himself amongst the stars and finally went to sleep.

Julian waited until the day was well born before he rose and went into the cabin. He tried to move quietly as he built the fire, but the woman made a small, stretching movement. "Good morning," she said, her face lighting with a warm, sleepy smile.

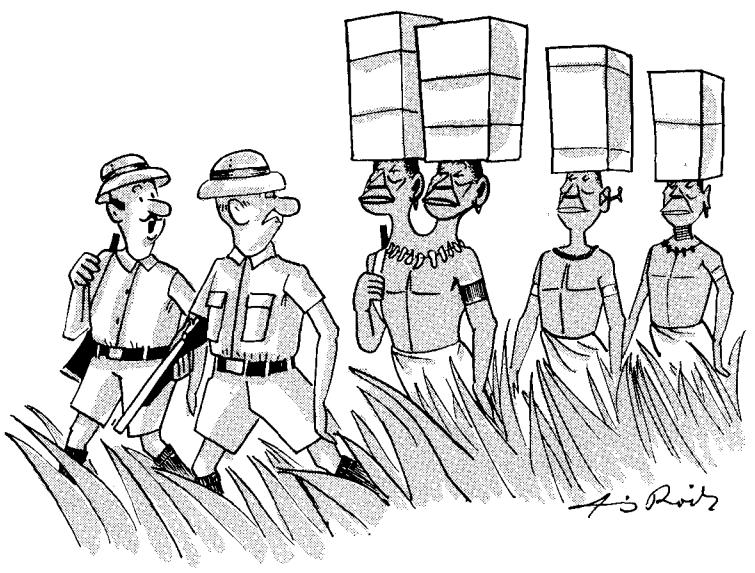
"Did you sleep well?" he asked.

"Wonderfully. And you?"

"Fine," Julian said, his eyes lingering on her face. He lifted a bridle from its peg and said, "I'm going after the horses. I'll be back in about an hour."

"I'll have your breakfast ready," she said, smiling again.

Moving through the pines, now up, now down, he found the horses in their usual, favorite haunt. The older ones—the incorrigibles—crashed away through the trees, but the horse called Maybe stood his ground, fascinated by the possibilities of the burlap bag Julian shook so enticingly. "Sucker," Julian said lovingly,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He draws double pay and quadruple for Saturday or Sunday."

and before the oats were gone he had the bridle in place.

The other horses surrendered to the mounted man, knowing they must, and Julian pushed them recklessly down the mountain. He yelled exuberantly as he sent them clattering into the pen, yelled in triumph as he slid off the snorting sorrel to close the gate.

Julian heard an answering cry—a clear, sweet, childish voice—and the sound caused his heart to leap unreasonably. He whirled about to see the boy leave the cabin in a headlong run.

Quickly, then, Julian took up the sorrel's reins and led the animal from the pen. The boy awaited him there, panting from the exertion of his run, his face one imploring, easily read question mark. Julian squatted before the child and took him by the shoulders. "If you will yell like that once more," he said earnestly, "I will put you on Maybe's back and let you ride him to the cabin."

The boy looked strangely at Julian, but he did as he was asked. It was a good loud yell. Julian turned his head sideways, listening first to the near sound of the small, high voice, and then to the distant echo. "Ah," Julian sighed, hugging the boy to him. And then, in answer to some dim feeling, the boy put his slender arms about Julian's neck and hugged in return.

So this is what has been missing, Julian thought wonderingly, thunderstruck with sudden knowledge. Nothing big and complicated; just a small voice crying out in welcome, offering love and giving meaning to the future.

The woman was standing in the doorway. Feeling as though his chest would burst, Julian rose and lifted the boy to the sorrel's back. He took the small hands and placed them in the horse's mane; he saw the brave, tense smile and understood. "There, now," Julian said. "You're safe enough. You couldn't fall off if you wanted to!"

"You've likely started something," the woman murmured as they came to a halt before her, the words alive with pleasure. "Look at him sitting there so big!"

"He's a fine boy," Julian said.

"Yes."

"I brought Maybe in especially for him to ride. Do you mind?"

"No. It's kind of you. Maybe seems a strange name for a horse."

"I call him that," Julian said, turning to stroke the sorrel's neck, "because maybe he'll make a cow pony and maybe he'll never be anything but a riding pony. He's awfully gentle."

"Yes," the woman said, her eyes upon the man.

Breakfast was a far different affair from the strained, hurried meal of the night before. There was quiet laughter in the room as the boy described the ride to the cabin. Neither the man nor the woman seemed to notice when their hands touched as they passed a dish.

"Would you like to look after Don," the woman said, "while I do the dishes?"

"Yes," Julian said. "I'll teach him to ride."

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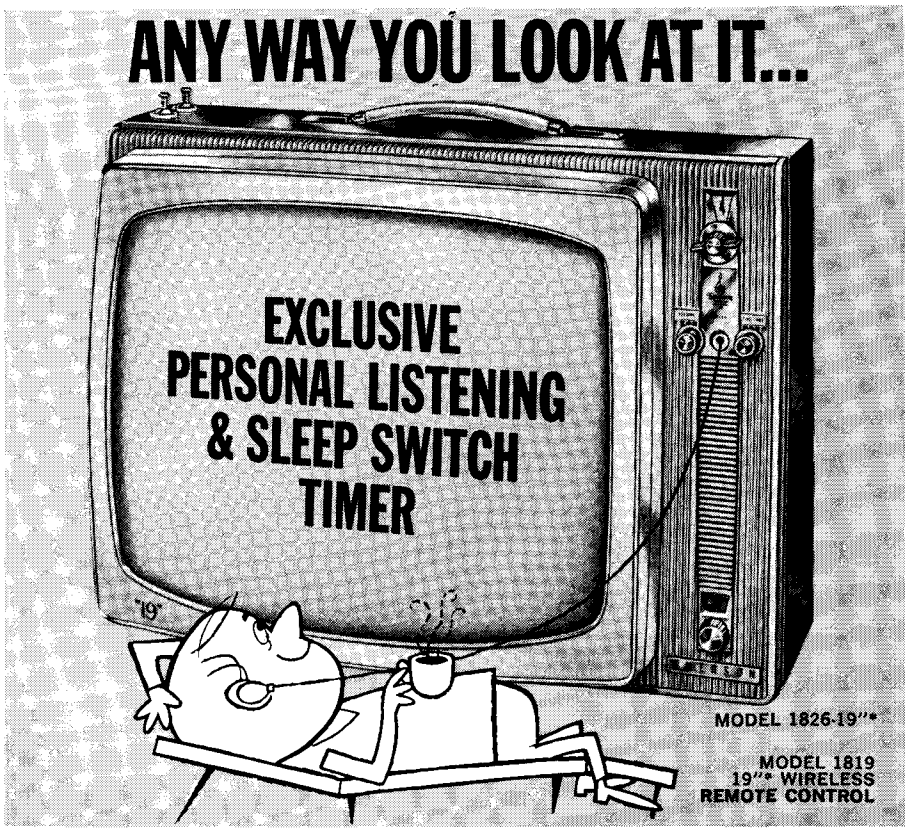
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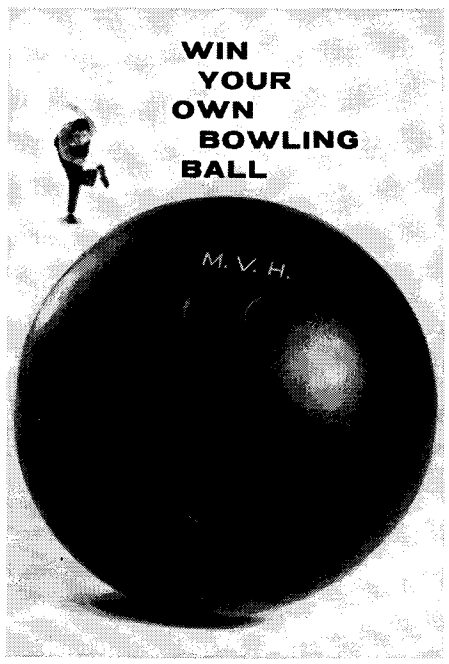

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SOMETHING MISSING

Shortly, wiping her hands absentmindedly on a makeshift towel, the woman stepped into the yard. "Will he be all right, you think?"

"He's fine," Julian said. "I told him to stay in the clearing."

She sat down on the rock which served as a doorstep. "I feel—completely relaxed and very good. This is such a nice place!"

"You needed to relax," Julian said, placing himself beside her. He picked up a stick and began to draw aimless designs in the dirt. "The boy hugged me this morning. It made me feel very strange."

"You have a fine way with children," she said.

"Perhaps," he said. "They've been extremely rare in my life."

She leaned back against the cabin wall, her eyes upon the mountain's summit. "You're wondering about my husband, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"He's a year dead now," she said, "and buried in St. Louis."

"I see." Julian broke the stick cleanly between his hands.

"He died broke, leaving us with good memories and one old car."

"I can understand that," Julian said.

"We stayed there as long as we could," she said, "but it finally reached the point to where I couldn't make it alone. When daddy said for us to come and stay with them, I tried to sell the car for enough to buy his tickets. But I couldn't sell it, and we just started out."

"I'm glad I stopped for you," Julian said. "I almost didn't."

"I don't know what I would've done if you hadn't," she said.

"Do you plan to leave in the morning?" he asked carefully.

She hesitated. "It would be best, I think. I'm strong again now, but another day of this"—she made a small gesture—"would soften me and take away my nerve to do the things I have to do."

"I'll take you to town in the morning then," Julian said heavily. "But I'll get you a spare wheel and a couple of good tires, and I'll get you some money too. Not much, but enough so that I won't have to worry about you."

She did not protest, fearing that protests would anger him. "How will you do this?"

"I'll trade my whisky for the tires," he said knowingly. "The money will come from Sterling Mitchell. He won't have it to spare, but he'll get it for me."

"I hate to think of you borrowing for my sake," she said.

"It will be just a small part of what he owes me," Julian said. And then, because he found pleasure in talking to her, he began to talk of Sterling Mitchell, of the times, and—in small ways—of his own life.

Finally, sitting there in the sun, warm and content, bothered only by thoughts of the morrow, he said musingly, "I've wasted a great many years, but I'll have a good amount of money coming once times are better and Mitch is back on his feet. I think I'll take it and try to do a little something for myself. Mitch would likely help me too, if he saw that I was really trying. He's that way, Mitch is."

"I would like to leave here believing that," she said softly.

Julian suddenly leaned forward. "I see you looking at the mountaintop," he said. "Would you like to walk up there? It isn't really a hard climb, and it's worth the effort ten times over!"

"I would love to go," the woman said, her face lighting. But then: "Oh! I've got to wash our clothes and get them ironed if we're to get away early in the morning."

"If we leave now," he said, "we can be back early in the afternoon. And I'll help you with the washing!"

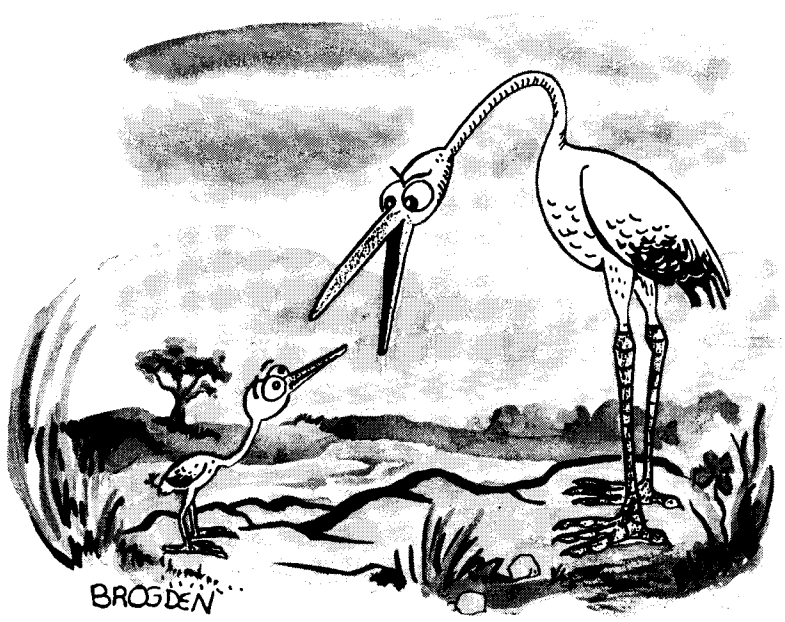
"Can Don hold up to the walk, you think?" She was eager again.

"If he can't," Julian said, "I'll carry him."

Julian did carry the boy back down the mountain—the biggest part of the way, at least. Walking along, the slight burden clamped against his back, the small arms resting about his neck, Julian had never been happier. He walked beside the woman when he could, led the way in the places where the trail narrowed. Occasionally, when their eyes met, he and the woman would exchange smiles for no reason other than the very goodness of the moment.

There was the washing to be done, once they were back. Julian built a fire under the old washpot in the yard, then stretched a wire from one tree to another for a clothesline. He wrung the clothes for her as she took them from the rinse water, and he held the meager pile as she took them, garment by garment, and hung them to dry. And he felt good doing these things for her and with her.

After a short nap the boy again rode the sorrel called Maybe. At last, as the day's light faded, Julian took him from the horse's back. "We have to turn him



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A man brought you!"

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loose now," Julian said, sadness heavy upon him. "The others too. We won't be here tomorrow to look after them."

They remained by the pen until the last horse had drifted through the open gate. There went Scooter and Tom Thumb; then Fritz loafed by, and there, at last, went Maybe. Quietly the man and the boy walked through the gathering dusk to the cabin.

Julian Coryell went to his bed that night a disturbed and melancholy man. The awkward strangeness had returned to stand between himself and the woman. The damnable sense of embarrassment had come once the boy had been bathed and put to bed; it had been there when he had straightened from a long, searching look into the child's face. He had turned about to see the woman staring at him, her hands poised above the improvised ironing board, her expression darkly unreadable, and it was then that their comfortable closeness of the day had become too-powerful intimacy with the night.

He tried to smile, determined not to let his menace intrude upon the richness of the day, but his face felt stiff and foolish. "I'll empty the tub," he said, "and bring you in some fresh water."

"Thank you," she said, her smile uncertain in the lamp's yellow light. "I'll soon be finished with this."

This deed completed, he sat in a chair beside the table and watched her at her work. His mind raced wildly in search of small bits of safe, neutral conversation and found but few. There was much he wanted to say, but he could say nothing—nothing mattered. When she finished the last piece and placed the irons at the back of the stove, he got cheerlessly to his feet and took his bedroll from its place in the corner. Facing her, he made one final try—and failed.

"Good night," he said.

"Yes," she said. "Sleep well." She watched him until the door shut them apart.

Lying in his bedroll, wanting desperately to find a way of speaking his thoughts with dignity to the woman, Julian Coryell saw the light in the cabin window blink into darkness. *Ah*, he thought dully, knowing that he could never tell her of his dreams in the cold and critical light of morning, *I've waited so long*. Choking on the bitterness of his despair, he turned his face skyward.

He heard the cabin door open. Turning his head, he saw the dim shape of the woman move from the cabin and take a hesitative step toward him. "Yes?" he said, his heart leaping.

She knelt beside him, the fresh, clean odor of her body a fragrant reality. She was trembling, perhaps from the cold blue of the night's breath.

"Mr. Coryell," she said, her words coming slowly and unevenly, "I have tried all night to find a way of telling you how much this day—this day and your goodness have meant to me. I can't stand the thought of leaving and not having you now."

"I know," he whispered, and he felt the touch of her finger against his lips.

"A woman with few words is at a great loss in trying to tell a man what she feels," she said quietly. She leaned over him and touched her lips to his. "This is a poor way," she whispered, "but it's the only way I have."

She was gone as quickly as she had come, her skirt a swirl of movement in the darkness. Julian Coryell lay unmoving, feeling that he had been touched by the hand of God.

Haggard and drawn after a sleepless night, he threw back his covers with the first burst of light in the eastern sky. Ignoring the coldness of the morning, he went to the spring and bathed his face and hands in the iciness of the water. He trudged into the house then, not hoping, knowing only that he must speak at once or forever lose the chance.

The woman turned in her bed when he pushed against the door, her face solemn and wakeful. He nodded wordlessly to her, felt her eyes follow him in his movements about the stove. When he turned about, he saw the gravity of her mouth soften into something less than a smile.

Moving close beside the bed, he removed his hat and looked down upon her. Quietly, mindful of the small figure beside her, he said, "I would like to ask you to stay."

"Are you certain of this?" she asked evenly, lying very still.

"Yes," he said.

"I would like to stay," she said.

"I can promise you nothing," he said, "except I will be good to you and the boy."

"I believe you," she said, "and that is enough."

"There is this cabin during the summer months," he said, "and a small house on the headquarters place that we can have. Someday ——"

"It is enough," she said.

He rubbed one hand slowly against his leg. "I'll chop some more wood," he said. "We'll need it for the breakfast fire." He touched her face, just lightly, and went to chop the wood. **THE END**

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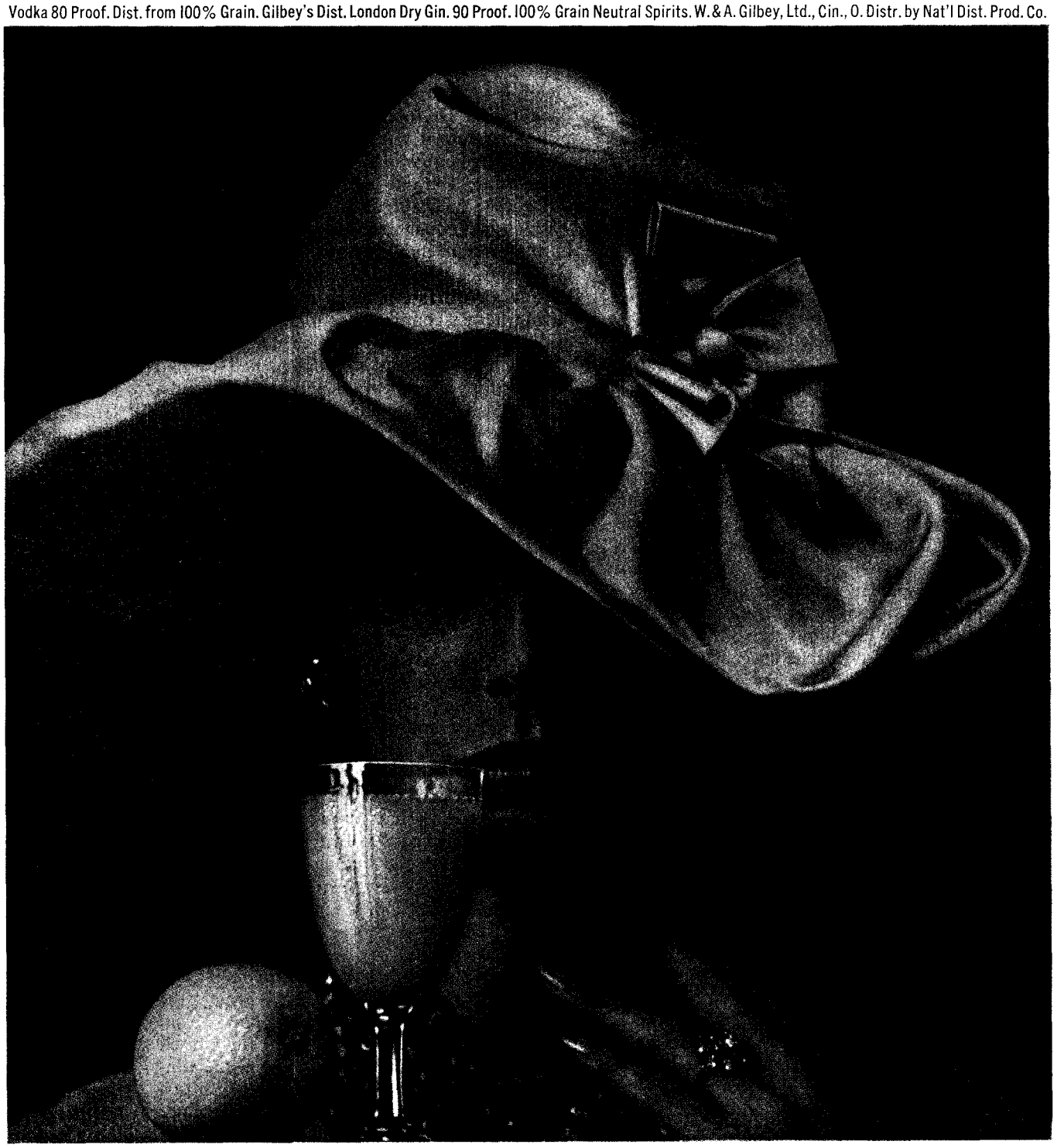

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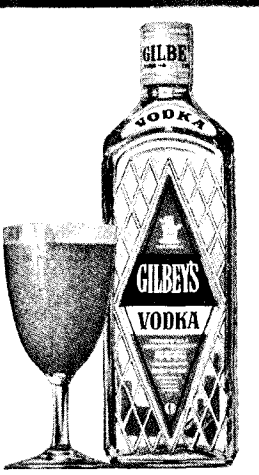

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***SCREWDRIVER**—Mix together 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka and 3 ozs. well-chilled orange juice. Pour into sour glass. Add garnish of orange slice or cherry if desired.*

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A SHADE ILLEGAL

At high noon on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of May, the ghost of Mr. Carnetti materialized on the sidewalk in front of the suburban house of a young man named Geoffrey Thomas MacCue. Geoffrey was having his troubles that day, but Mr. Carnetti wasn't aware of it and wouldn't have cared anyhow, for he didn't know Geoffrey and had troubles of his own. He had been a gangster during his life in an era when being a gangster was a violent, chancy and profitable affair; and although these lively days were long gone, he had left behind him a bit of unfinished business and couldn't bear to depart for good until he had taken care of it. His immaterial state had its advantages, but it also had its drawbacks; he needed a mortal to help him, and in innumerable materializations (like this one) had been unable to find a mortal who suited his purpose and his fancy.

As his spirit took on the semblance of the gnomelike little man he had been, with the long, pale line of the scar down the left side of his face, Mr. Carnetti looked around rather gloomily. He had never liked suburbs, and now, somehow, he had got into one. He was sure that nothing good would come of such a dreary place and was about to move on when Geoffrey came out of his back door, stared morosely at the burgeoning grass in his yard and went into his garage. To another suburbanite there would have been nothing unusual in this; suburbanites were always staring morosely at their lawns and going into their garages; but Mr. Carnetti was a foreigner in this milieu and saw nuances unobserved by the natives; he suddenly had a feeling that something was about to happen. He waited, and presently Geoffrey emerged from the garage holding a newspaper and pushing his power lawnmower. He pushed the mower down to the end of the lawn where he burned the trash, arranged the newspaper around it and lighted the paper with a match. When the paper was burning well, he walked back to the house and went in.

Mr. Carnetti watched with fascination while the mower caught fire, and he jumped when the gasoline tank exploded. When the smoke blew away and the pieces stopped falling, Mr. Carnetti could see that what was left of the mower was burning splendidly, and he was sure that it would never cut any more grass. It had been a fine sight, reminding him rather nostalgically of the old days and what had happened to the cars of his rivals when they made nuisances of themselves. It also excited him; for he was a man who loved gestures and had long been searching for a mortal who could make a satisfactory gesture to help him in a final one of his own. Geoffrey's act delighted him; Geoffrey was his boy. He set about to move intangibly into Geoffrey's mind, to see what memories were in it and how best to exploit them. It would be a lot of work, but it would be worth it.

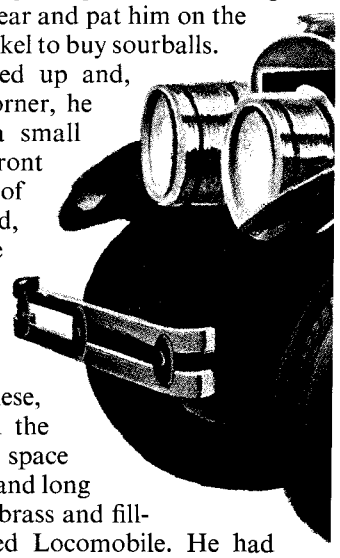
First he wanted to know what had brought Geoffrey to the burning of the mower, so he went back a little. He found Geoffrey lonely and dispirited because it was a fine Saturday morning and his wife Bette was at her mother's bedside 200 miles away. The old lady was very ill and, although she had a small income of her own, it wasn't large enough to pay for the long, expensive hospitalization that was undoubtedly coming. Geoffrey was going to have to find the money for that. With this hanging over him and not having Bette's companionship and conversation to distract and entertain him, he had got to feeling very lonesome; and although he had just had his breakfast, he had got the bottle out and had a drink. It had warmed him so well and generously that presently he had had another, and then he put the bottle away.

Geoffrey wandered for a while around the empty house, somewhat bemused by the pleasant sensation that his feet were just a little above the floor, and thought about doing a bit of work in the garden. He looked out the window. Golden sunlight lay over everything, and the birds were industriously singing, but the grass was long. When Geoffrey saw this, he came down to earth again. Bette usually trimmed around the edges while he mowed, and he would miss her; besides, the mower was approaching its state of planned obsolescence, and he needed a new one which he didn't have the money to buy. He didn't have the money to buy anything. He was hocked to the ears, what with the mortgage and the payments on this and that and the other, the taxes and the insurance and the outstanding bills; and the account in the bank, with $514.60 in it, was earmarked, handcuffed and, in a manner of speaking, in trust. And then there was his mother-in-law's hospitalization.

It had been then that the spirit of revolt, the need to make a gesture of defiance against the encompassing gloom, took hold of him; it had been then that he had marched forth and burned the mower. Now, as Geoffrey stood at the window watching the results of his handiwork, Mr. Carnetti went back further into Geoffrey's mind, into his youth, and discovered the Locomobile. It was exactly what he needed; and as he withdrew to arrange matters, he thoughtfully got the bottle out of the kitchen cabinet and left it on the drainboard, for he had learned long ago that matters approaching unreality went more smoothly when lubricated with alcohol.

Presently, when the mower had finished burning, it seemed to Geoffrey that there was a whispering inside his head telling him that he would enjoy a walk. He got his hat and, as he went through the kitchen, he saw the bottle sitting there. This confused him, for he was sure that he had put it away. He paused and stared at it, then decided to have one for the road. He had it and, feeling lighter of foot again, went out of the house and down the street.

He had walked a little around home but had no favorite route to follow and, as his feet felt vaguely impelled in a certain direction, he let them take it. Presently he was in a neighborhood that he didn't recognize; he was sure that he had never seen it before. The houses were on larger lots, with old trees, and looked rather old-fashioned, higher than his own split-level and more ornate; some were decorated with wooden fretwork, and one or two had cupolas. Dappled with sun and shadow, they had an air of untroubled and spacious leisure and calm. They charmed him, reminding him of the neighborhood he had lived in as a boy. He drifted slowly along, having a fine time and half expecting one of his long-departed uncles to appear and pat him on the head and give him a nickel to buy sourballs.



But no uncle showed up and, when he turned the corner, he was startled to see a small secondhand-car lot in front of him. It had a string of electric lights overhead, a small, square house for the proprietor and a minor complement of Fords, Plymouths and Mercurys. Geoffrey didn't even see these, however, for sitting in the middle of them with a space on each side of it, huge and long and high, shining with brass and filling the eye, was a red Locomobile. He had forgotten that there was such a car, but he remembered it now.

He stopped, transfixed, and an ineffable joy took hold of him, for this was better than an uncle. It *was* an uncle, it was Uncle Adrian; Uncle Adrian with his eyes sparkling and his great moustache blowing back in the wind, riding wildly on the great surge of power and daring them to try to catch him. Geoffrey remembered as though it were yesterday the wonderful rides through the park, with the Locomobile thundering along and the police whistles blowing and the several times (when the car was new) that arrogant taxi drivers tried to crowd Uncle Adrian and learned their lesson. For when a taxi tried to push Uncle Adrian around, he grinned and pushed back; the Locomobile, having boiler-plate fenders, emerged unwrinkled from these encounters while the taxis were left in rumpled disarray.

Recalling these delights, Geoffrey walked smiling up to the Locomobile and laid one hand on a fender. When he touched the metal, there was a sudden feeling born in him that he had come

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Can a benevolent spirit turn dreams to gold? by Robert Murphy

home after a long, hard and frustrating journey, and for a long moment he stood in a dreamlike quietness savoring the feeling.

"You like it?" a voice said beside him and, looking around, he saw a little gnome of a man who was evidently the owner of the lot. "You like it?" the gnome said again. "You are a fortunate man."

"My uncle had one," Geoffrey said, bemused.

"Ah," the gnome said. "This one belonged to a man named Carnetti. Quite a famous man."

"I used to ride in my uncle's when I was a boy."

"It is too bad that this one was not your uncle's," the gnome said. "But it is the same. You can ride in it again." The little man gave him a charming, whimsical smile and cocked his head to one side. "Just think of what it would be like to have one of the best parts of your youth back again."

Geoffrey stared at him and suddenly, like stout Cortez upon a peak in Darien, was filled with a wild surmise. It would be wonderful to have it, even if he didn't use it very often. It shouldn't be used very often, for that matter; only when things got too much for him, when there were more bills and emergencies, when the committed bank balance grew even more inadequate than it was now and the state of the world, once so unthreatening and calm, took another lurching tack toward disaster and dissolution. It would be a retreat, temporary to be sure, but as refreshing as a vacation. It would be a safety valve, for he would never come home from a ride in it and set fire to a lawnmower. "Ah," he said. "I'd love to have it, but it wouldn't be very practical for a man as poor as I am."

The little man smiled again, and Geoffrey saw for the first time that there was a long pale line of a scar down the left side of his face. "It is in wonderful condition. The gentleman who owned it for a time, after Mr. Carnetti, modernized it. It has an electrical system, a self-starter and hydraulic brakes. It has an inspection sticker and a historical license, which does not need renewing. There is nothing left to spend money on except the transfer of title."

Geoffrey looked longingly at the noble outline of the Locomobile and, enthralled by these inducements (which, indeed, he was almost convinced, made the car eminently practical), struggled woefully within himself. He wanted it more than he had ever wanted anything except Bette; and as he thought of her, he could see, in his mind's willing eye, the two of them roaring splendidly along with the top down, all cares forgotten. He put his hand on the fender again, and a thrilling and delightful current ran up his arm. He let his hand rest on the metal for a long moment and recalled

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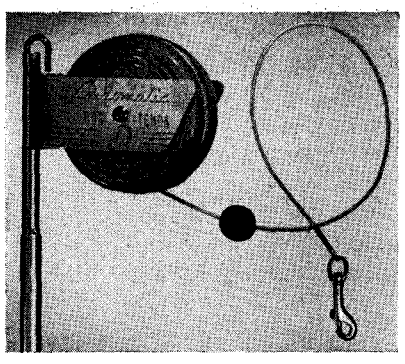

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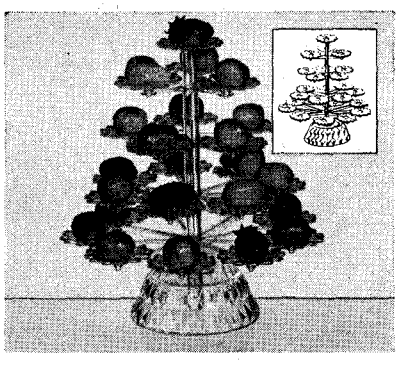

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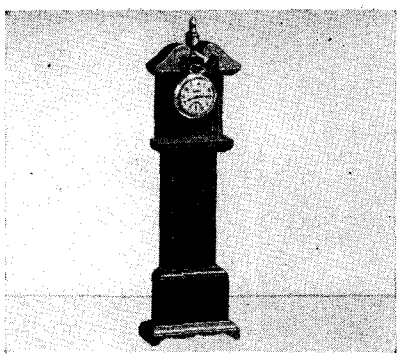

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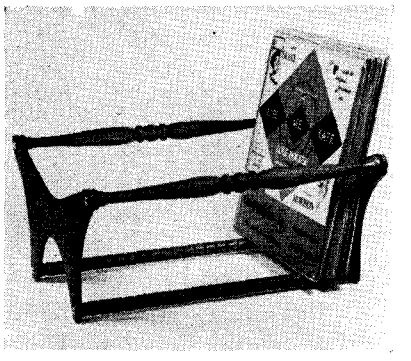

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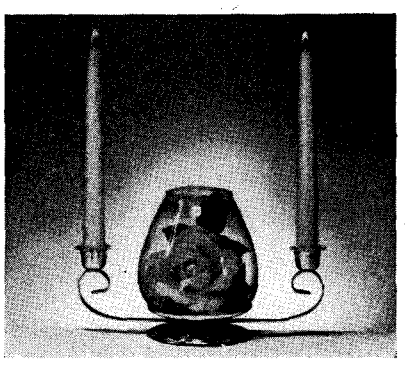

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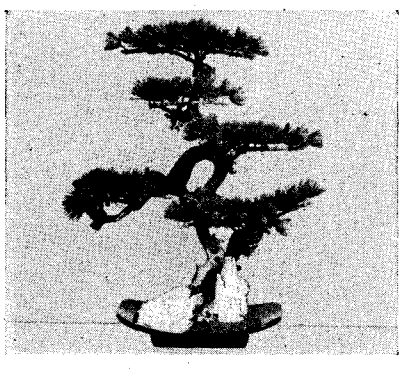

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A SHADE ILLEGAL

the bank balance and the bills and then took his hand sadly away. "I can't," he said. "I can't do it."

"This isn't the usual car lot," the little man said, "and ordinarily this car wouldn't be for sale. But I have a responsibility, one might say, to the memory of Mr. Carnetti, who admired amusing gestures. You are a man of amusing gestures yourself, as I have observed. Mr. Carnetti would be pleased with you. He would want you to have his car and—believe me—you will never regret buying it." The little man reached into his pocket and brought forth a gleaming key. "Gold," he said. "Mr. Carnetti's golden key. Take it. Go home, get your car and bring it to me with a check for five hundred fourteen dollars and sixty cents and Mr. Carnetti's car is yours. I will have the transfer of title and bill of sale ready when you get back."

Geoffrey tried to move back, to refuse, to bring up his hands in a gesture of thrusting the little man and the golden key away; but the little man suddenly seemed to grow several inches, to become a commanding presence, and it was impossible to deny him.

"Take it," the little man said again, extending the key. "You will never have another chance like this."

Geoffrey's hands refused to obey him, and he took the key. When he touched it, he was filled with an unworldly feeling, like a man in a dream; all doubts left him, and he smiled at the little man and turned toward home.

When he returned with his old car and the check, the little man drove him home in the Locomobile and stopped it in his driveway. They both got out and walked out to the sidewalk; the Locomobile was immediately surrounded by the neighborhood's small boys, who appeared from nowhere.

"It was kind of you to let me drive it once more," the little man said. "Well, all's well that I'm sure will end well, and I will say good-bye." He suddenly began to grin. "If the Feds ever knew what a trick was played on —— But never mind that. I will walk back. Good fortune to you." He thrust out his hand; Geoffrey shook it, and the little man moved away.

Still moving as a man in a dream, Geoffrey eased through the shoal of small boys and got into the Locomobile. The big engine came vibrantly alive at a touch on the starter; the little boys scrambled back out of the way when he put his hand on the horn button and was rewarded by a long, well-remembered *ooogah*, and he rolled magnificently into the street.

He went through the gears, almost looking around to see if Uncle Adrian were beside him, cheering him on. There was not the smooth, decadent, liquid flow of power of modern cars; each big cylinder made itself felt, and the wind came around the windshield, blew off his hat and rumpled his hair. He blew the horn several times more; cars got out of his way, and people stopped to stare. The steering wheel vibrated slightly in his hands, the ground whirled past and the speedometer needle climbed, and he felt like Jove riding the thunder. It was wonderful.

He came to a park and turned into it as he and Uncle Adrian used to do and stepped down on the accelerator. The Locomobile responded nobly, muttering happily to itself, and picked up speed. He went flying along, leaving a faint blue haze of smoke, staring nursemaids and immobilized pedestrians behind him. A block ahead a police car turned into the park, the driver leaning out the window to stare. Although Geoffrey's hand was nowhere near the button, the horn gave a long *ooogah* like a triumphant view halloo, and the car seemed to leap forward. It turned toward the police car, and Geoffrey couldn't turn it away. It had taken over, it had the bit in its teeth, and he sat there powerless as they bore down on the police car. The officer driving realized now that he was a target; he pulled in his head, paled, gripped his wheel and stepped on the gas, but the Locomobile pulled up beside him, then a little ahead and eased him inexorably toward the curb. Geoffrey had been tugging at his own wheel and trying desperately to push on his brake pedal; it had availed him nothing; but as the police car, neatly boxed, stopped three feet from a tree, control suddenly came back to him again.

The brakes worked, the Locomobile stopped, the engine fell at once to a contented grumble, and the two policemen boiled out of their car. They were visibly shaken and had their guns out; they surrounded him. For a long moment nobody said anything. They glared at Geoffrey as though they were going to make a meal of him, and he shrank into himself and looked first at one and then at the other.

Finally the policeman nearer him, who was much older than the other and turning gray, closed his eyes, blew out a long breath and then opened his eyes again. They both holstered their guns. "Ah, now," the old policeman said, and Geoffrey could see that he restrained himself by a truly heroic effort, "and what would be the meaning of this caper?"

"I don't know, so help me," Geoffrey said in a small voice. "It got away from me. When you came around the corner, the horn blew itself, and the car took out after you. I couldn't stop it, and I couldn't steer it."

The old policeman looked at the young one and back to Geoffrey again. "So it got away from you," he said. "Well, now. Are you sure you were driving it yourself? And where did you get this—this thing that got away from you?"

"It belonged to a gentleman named Carnetti," Geoffrey said, "and I got ——"

The old policeman gave a great start. "Carnetti?" he yelped. "Scarface Carnetti? The little guy I put the pinch on for the Feds, and them wantin' him for runnin' the hooch and income-tax evasion?" He stared at Geoffrey, with his mouth open. "Holy Mother!" he said and crossed himself. "How did he know that I was in the cruiser, and him destroyed by a sawed-off shotgun these fifteen years?" He moved quickly around the long hood of the Locomobile and grabbed the young policeman with both hands. "He's after me," he said. "Mike, boy, get me out of here, for the love of the saints."

"How about this lunatic that was ——"

"The hell with him. Get me to Donovan's Bar. Let's go."

The young policeman shrugged; they both got into the cruiser and roared off. Geoffrey, a little shaken himself by the events of the last hour or so, sat looking after them. For a short space he didn't know what to think, confused by the talk about Scarface, the Feds, the strange performance of the Locomobile and his narrow escape from the law. His head was whirling, and then suddenly there was a fine peace in it, and he realized he was listening to the contented rumbling of the idling engine and thinking of his Uncle Adrian. He had done better than his uncle had ever managed to do; he had run a couple of cops into the curb and almost into a tree, and for some complicated reason was still at liberty. He began to grin and, raising his eyes to heaven, where Uncle Adrian was supposed to be, he sketched a greeting and a salute.

This done, he decided that he had had enough for one day, and there were some things he wanted to think about. He gingerly shifted into low and let out the clutch. The Locomobile started as demurely as a Locomobile had ever started, and he headed for home.

There was no difficulty; the car behaved itself. There were few people on the streets now, for it was almost dinnertime, and his progress was majestic but uneventful. He came to his drive and turned in and, as he approached the garage, the little man from the car lot was suddenly standing right in front of him. The little man was smiling; Geoffrey could see the white line of his teeth and the pale line of the scar with dreadful clarity over the radiator cap.

There was no time to stop. Geoffrey wrestled desperately with the wheel and, as the Locomobile swung, he had the strange illusion that the little man was fading like smoke, and he could see the garage wall through him. Then he vanished completely, the right-front fender hit the wall with a crash, and the car stopped.

Geoffrey undraped himself from the steering wheel and scrambled out. He ran around the car and looked under it, but the little man wasn't anywhere. He had indeed vanished, if he had ever been there; and for a space Geoffrey stood massaging his ribs, wondering whether the events of the day had actually happened or whether they had been as unsubstantial as the vision he had just seen and he had imagined it all.

He shook his head and walked around the Locomobile again to assay the damage. The fender that had hit the wall was bent up about a foot from the tip; the underside of it was painted black, but at the place where the bend came and for several inches on each side of it the paint had flaked away and left the soft gleam of gold.

Geoffrey stared at it and forgot to breathe. An intimation, outrageous and unbelievable, of what had happened to him began to take form in his mind. He started to shake. He ran to the tool bench, picked up a heavy screwdriver, ran back to the fender and began to scrape. As the thick black paint scaled off, the gold appeared, soft enough to dent and seeming to be a tenth of an inch thick. The fender was plated underneath with gold; probably all of them were.

Geoffrey's legs gave way beneath him, and he sat down upon the ground. Inside his head the intimation clarified itself and took form, and he realized that for some reason the little man had bestowed upon him the profits of someone's wicked life of bootlegging and ducking taxes. To say that he was grateful would be putting it mildly; he was also quite baffled as to why the little man had picked him out.

Geoffrey would never know. As he sat there on the ground, facing his new-found wealth in rather dumfounded fascination, the ghost of Mr. Carnetti—invisible now—hovered above him for a moment. Mr. Carnetti was smiling quite happily; he was well content and prepared to depart. It had been great fun to chisel the Feds and put his ill-gotten gains where they couldn't find them, no matter how many of his surviving relatives they followed about or how many safe-deposit boxes they opened up. But the gold hadn't been doing any good. Now it would be back in circulation again, and the Feds wouldn't get their hands on it this time either. Mr. Carnetti was sure of that. He had great faith that Geoffrey could evade them. For wasn't Geoffrey the right sort, a man who burned up his lawnmower just for the hell of it? **THE END**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Show-off."

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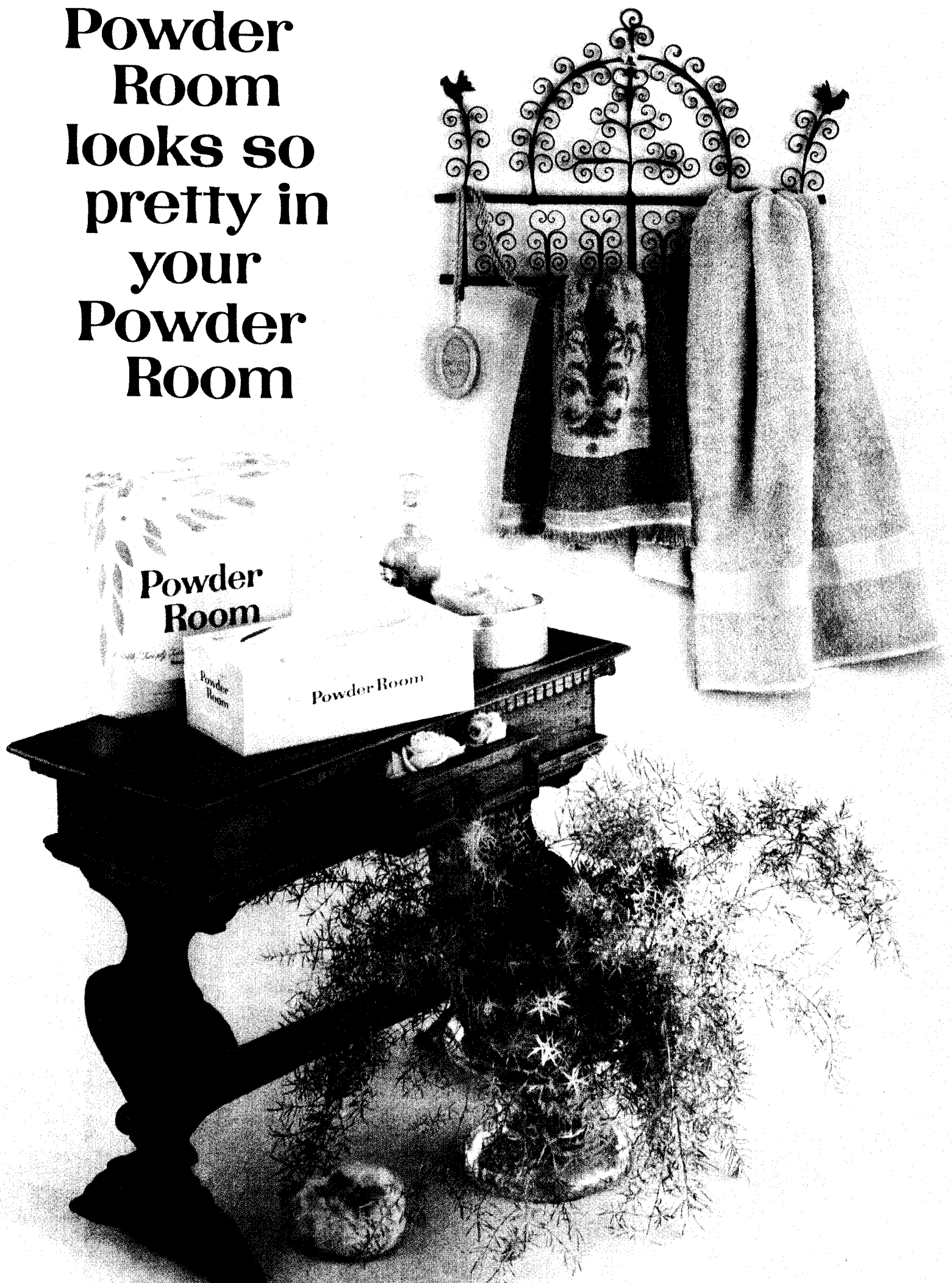

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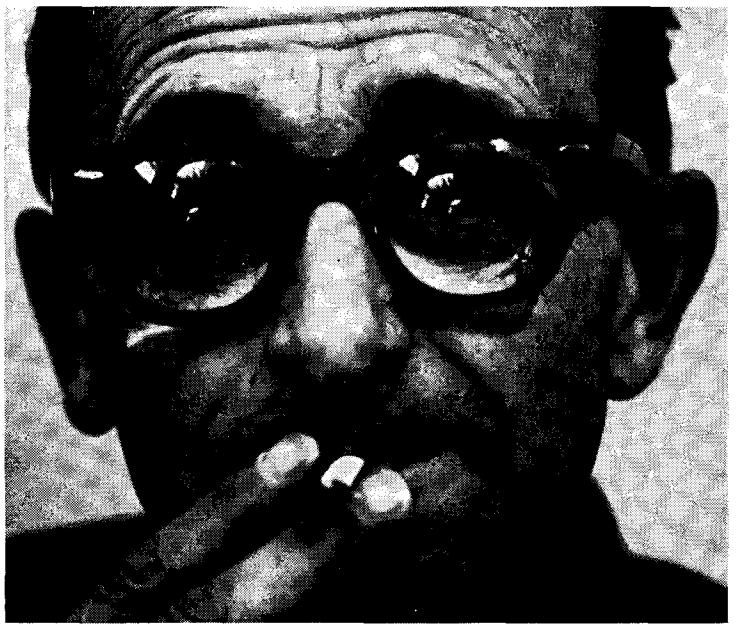

EICHMANN And His Trial

By Gideon Hausner, Attorney General of Israel

There were 113 witnesses with 113 grisly stories, all combining to damn the Nazi who executed over a third of the world's Jews.

PART II

Mrs. Rivka Yosselevska's testimony shattered the courtroom. She was one of the early witnesses in the trial of Adolf Eichmann, the man who murdered a third of the world's Jews, and her words made the hundreds who heard her recoil in horror. They caused almost as strong a reaction among the millions around the globe who followed her testimony on radio or television or who read it in the newspapers.

She told how it started one autumn day in 1941. She and her family were living in the little town of Zagrodski in eastern Poland. Her father had just returned from a prayer meeting in a friend's cellar. The occupying Germans forbade Jews to get together even for prayer, but people prayed anyway, secretly. On this particular day, the prayers were scarcely over before pandemonium broke loose. The Jewish quarter in which Mrs. Yosselevska lived was suddenly surrounded by hundreds of SS men who, amid shouts and lashing of whips, ordered all Jews out of their homes. They were chased like animals to the central square of the town where they were kept until the next morning, without food and water.

Then, when they were exhausted by fear and fatigue, all were marched miles outside of town. When they reached a huge ditch, they were told to stop and undress.

"Even when I saw the naked people who'd arrived before us, I still couldn't believe they would kill us," said Mrs. Yosselevska. "I still hoped this would just be torture." Taking her clothes off, she stood there, clinging to her six-year-old daughter, Malka. Her mother and father, her grandmother, and her sister were not far away.

Not a Trace of Mercy

Her hopes were in vain. The SS men started shooting the Jews one by one, firing point-blank into the back of each victim's head. Then they'd kick the body into the open ditch. Mrs. Yosselevska saw her mother and father killed in this way. Then the Germans approached her grandmother, who was holding two small youngsters in her arms, trying to comfort them. In a moment, all three were shot. Her sister embraced a girl friend, and the two of them, trying to cover their nakedness with each other's bodies, pleaded with a uniformed SS man to spare their lives. Instantly they were both shot down.

"As I stood there paralyzed with horror," continued Mrs. Yosselevska, "my little daughter, Malka, was wrung from my arms and killed."

At that particular moment, she said, she felt nothing more. Actually, the German who shot her did not aim well, and the bullet just grazed her head. She was kicked into the ditch to bleed to death or die of suffocation.

Sometime later Mrs. Yosselevska regained consciousness. "I felt I was choking and desperately needed air," she said. "And so I lifted myself from among the bodies, many of which were still alive and were biting at me and pulling me down. I do not know how I managed to get to the top, but finally I did."

As she stood up, she immediately fell down again. She scratched her nails into the thin layer of earth covering the bodies, and begged, as she put it, to be "admitted back to my family." Blood was oozing from the mass grave, and for a long time Mrs. Yosselevska did not notice that the "action" was over and that the Germans had left. The sky was like lead over her head, and underneath was an endless grave.

She sat there in a daze for three days, waiting for death to come. People passing by thought she was either a ghost or a madwoman, and hurried on. Finally a farmer, more courageous than the rest, approached her, gave her clothing and food, and led her away into the forest. There she was looked after by a farm family until her wounds healed. Eventually she met some partisan fighters and in this way managed to survive the war, making her way later to Israel.

A stony silence fell upon the courtroom when I turned Mrs. Yosselevska over to the defense counsel for cross-examination. He rose to announce he had no questions.

Reluctance of Witnesses

Few people, hearing or reading Mrs. Yosselevska's words at the Eichmann trial, realized the many difficulties that lay behind getting this woman to tell her story. For one thing, she had had a heart attack two days before she was scheduled to appear. Like most of the 113 witnesses which we produced in court, she was extremely reluctant to relate her experiences. In fact, her first reaction was, "Can't you find somebody else? I don't know that I am up to it." Like most extermination-camp victims, she was trying to forget. The nightmare came back often enough without trying to recall it.

But behind Mrs. Yosselevska's reticence, and the reticence of most such witnesses, lay a deeper reason than trying to forget: They feared people would not believe them. One witness told me, "When I was hiding out in Warsaw after the ghetto revolt, I thought I was the only Jew who remained alive out of the millions of Jews in Poland. I knew I had to live to tell the world what happened, after Hitler's defeat." And as this witness and the other emaciated survivors emerged finally from the forests and from the camps and from the hideouts, they felt a great urge to tell their stories. But as they started to pour out their hearts and told tales so staggering that they were beyond human comprehension, a listener would occasionally express in word or gesture some doubt. More often than not, this doubt was imagined by the narrator. Yet, for these deeply wounded and sensitive people, this was enough to shut them up completely. They buried their awful knowledge deep in their hearts and never brought it up again.

The trial offered a unique opportunity to put on record all the events of the Jewish tragedy, and to do this, we had to present the *extent* of the holocaust—the almost successful attempt to destroy an entire nation of people. This was possible because Eichmann, as head of the department in charge of the "final solution" of the Jews, was deeply responsible for all the atrocities. He was later described in a statement submitted by the defense and given by a Dutch lawyer, van Thollingen-Dolls, as "the highest chief in the complex of Jewish affairs for

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the whole of Europe." But his attitude, as the witnesses unfolded their tale, was that, although these things took place, he was merely carrying out orders. He listened intently as though he had had very little to do with such shocking things.

In bringing the epic story of the camps to the courtroom, of course, we faced many difficulties. First of all, there was the time element. At the beginning I thought we would need three months to present the case of the prosecution alone. But then I felt people would not be able to stand the strain for long; it would be like opening old wounds. Therefore, I again checked all blueprints and decided to make an effort to cut the time to two months. Actually, I finished the case for the prosecution in 56 days, although the trial itself ran for four months.

Another difficulty we faced was the matter of evidence. The Gestapo—Hitler's security police—whose Jewish-affairs section was headed by Eichmann, had destroyed all its files. We had to rely on other, less helpful sources. One of these was the records of the German foreign office with whom Eichmann often had correspondence. These were captured intact by the American Army, and the whole file—340 tons of paper going back to 1870—is now in the U.S. Military Archives. Another source of information for us was documents from other countries—France, Belgium, Poland, Yugoslavia, Holland, etc.—where Eichmann was active. These were extremely helpful to us.

Re-creating a Tapestry

By far the most useful thing we possessed in telling the grim story of the holocaust and Eichmann's part in it, naturally, was the testimony of the survivors. And in order to present this in the most effective way, we decided on a spotlight technique which meant shifting the description of events from place to place, stopping at particular points which called for attention. Obviously, everybody couldn't tell the complete story of what happened everywhere, but each could tell bits and pieces that would make up the whole tragic tapestry. We wanted to tell what happened in every area under the Nazis, and we wanted it told by a broad cross-section of Jews—professors, housewives, judges, artisans, writers, farmers, merchants, doctors, officials and laborers.

Right here we ran into another difficulty. Most people, if they agreed to tell their story at all, didn't want to be limited. "I can tell you all about it—from beginning to end," was a typical reaction when we'd finally persuaded some person to give evidence. They were concerned at having to limit their testimony to an hour. "How can I possibly tell you what happened in so short a time?" they'd ask.

Basically people wanted to help, of course, and eventually I managed to get them to tell their stories in the fragmented way we wanted. But this was not until I'd experienced some agonizing doubts myself as to my own ability to convey to the court events so remote from my own experience. Although I had been born in Poland and lived there until I was 12, my family had left for Israel in 1927. I had had no personal experience with the Nazi horrors.

Consequently I decided shortly before the trial to pay a visit to a *kibbutz*—a communal settlement—north of Haifa where many survivors of the ghettos had settled. There I talked with Zivia Lubetkin Zukerman and Izhak Zukerman, the leaders of the heroic Warsaw ghetto revolt. For hours we discussed the coming trial and I told them how I planned to present the testimony.

Finally, long after midnight, Zivia suddenly remarked, "You know, you talk as if you were there." I knew then that I had passed the test. From then on, I felt I would be able to handle those unusual witnesses—the survivors of the extermination camps.

One of the things we wished to bring out at the trial was the reason why there were not more Jewish revolts. Many of the young, native-born Israelis—whom we call Sabras—fought fiercely against tremendous odds in the liberation war of 1948. They took on five Arab armies and won. The question they often asked was, "Since the Jews so far outnumbered their captors in the camps, why didn't they fight back?"

The answer, of course, was that the Nazis not only conducted a reign of terror among Jews but submitted them to months of humiliation, starvation and treatment worse than that accorded animals. In the end the Jews were reduced almost to exhausted robots. The real wonder is that the Jews did put up as much organized and widespread resistance as they in fact did.

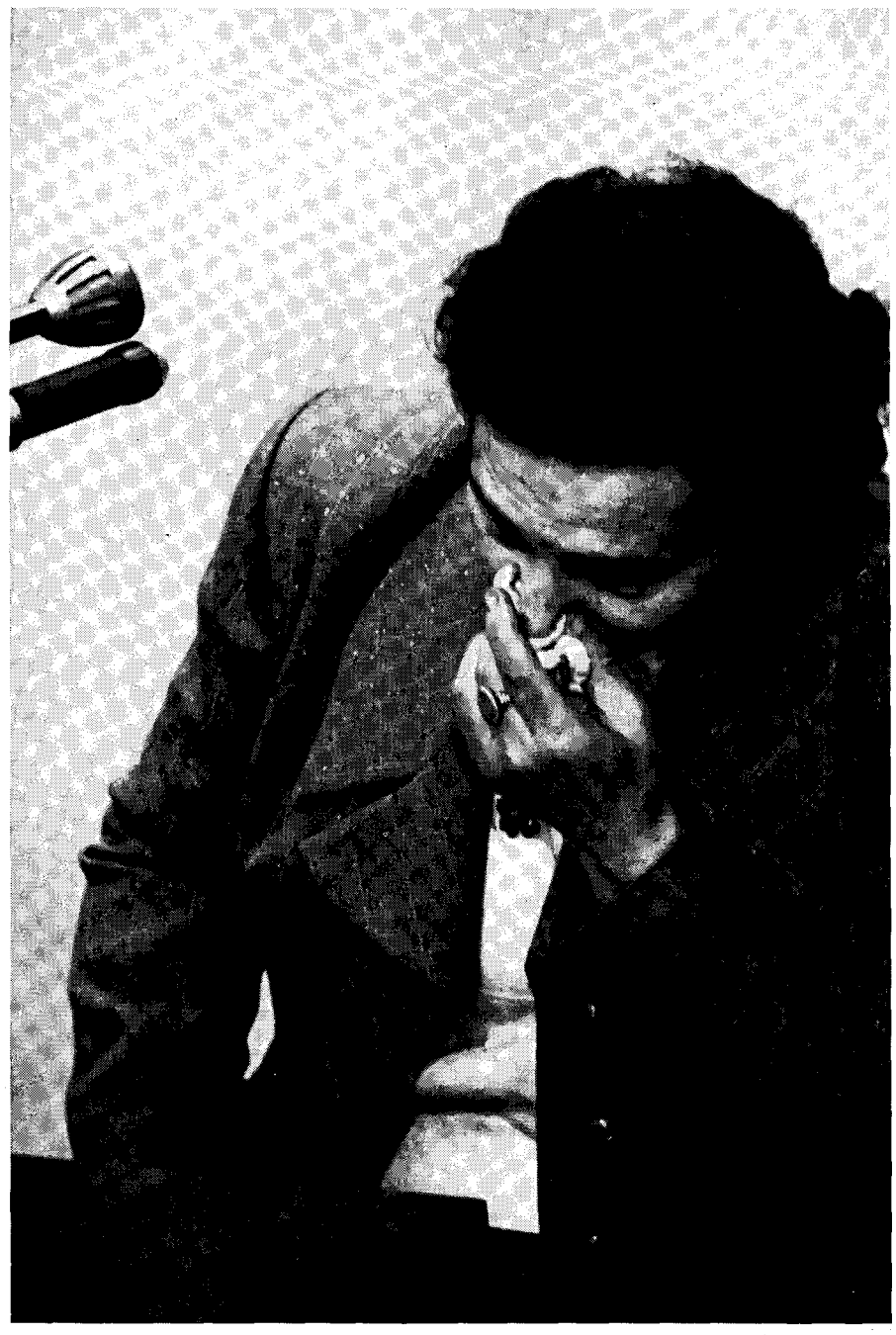
Witness Leona Neumann told how this could happen. In January, 1942, she was deported from her native Vienna to Riga in a sealed railroad van, a journey which lasted for six days and nights without food or water. Of the 1,500 Jews who started out, 200 died on the way. Their bodies, of course, could not be removed until the destination was reached. In Riga 300 more were found unfit for work and were shot on the spot. The others were put to work sorting, cleaning and pressing the clothes of the dead and making them fit to send to Germany.

A Cry of Recognition

"It happened many times," said Miss Neumann, "that a man would take up a dress or coat and recognize it as belonging to his wife or child. He would cry out, but usually a whip's lash would make him go on with his work."

Although the Nazis employed many ways to strip a human being of his dignity and to wipe away the image of a man from his face, the most important was to instigate a rule of numbing terror. "I am in no position to describe this fear fully," testified Dr. Moshe Bejski, "because it cannot be transmitted into words, and I don't feel it anymore."

He told how a 15-year-old Jewish boy was publicly hanged in the presence of 20,000 prisoners of the so-called labor camp, Plaszow. The hangman's rope broke, and so the boy was hanged again, with everybody forced to look. "He who lowered his eyes was shot on the spot by the SS guards," he said. And when a prisoner escaped, the consequences were equally dire. "Usually all the members of



Mrs. Rivka Yosselevska testified how she escaped from the grave that held her parents, grandparents, sister, daughter.

The testimony stunned the audience in the Jerusalem court. Some witnesses had feared nobody would believe them.

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"Shoot only me!" the woman begged the SS . . .

his family would be tortured and finally hanged by their feet with their heads down," he related. "And very often all members of the working group to which the escaped prisoner belonged were also executed."

Sometimes the terror was almost impossible to believe. Noah Zabludovitz said, "Once I saw an SS officer in Cieszanow politely asking a Jewish mother in the street to let him try to appease her crying baby. With incredulity in her eyes and with trembling hands, the woman delivered the infant. Whereupon the Nazi smashed the baby's small head on the sharp edge of the curbstone. The mother didn't even have time to cry out. At that moment I thought God had hidden his face from the human race."

Last but not least among the methods the Nazis used to handle the Jews was deceit and treachery. After every wave of executions a rumor would be floated that the survivors would be left in peace. Eichmann was a master at this kind of deception and transmitted his methods to all his henchmen. Early in his career he spread the word that he was born in the German colony of the Templars, Sarona, near Tel Aviv, and that he could speak fluent Hebrew and Yiddish. These things were not true, of course, but he did know a few words of Hebrew and Yiddish which he interpolated in his conversations with Jews.

In order to make the Jews of Slovakia go quietly to the death camps, Eichmann had a journalist by the name of Fritz Fialla hired to write articles describing the wonderful conditions at Auschwitz, the major concentration camp. Orders were also given to force Jews in the camps to send their relatives and friends beautiful postcards saying how happy they were. Often the postcards were mailed long after the writers were dead. In this way the Nazis kept Jews quiet until the next "action."

Tricked to Their Deaths

Such practices of deception were carried into the camps themselves. End-of-the-line railway stations were camouflaged with signs of fictitious offices and with pointers to nonexistent places, as if they were transfer points. All this was calculated to make the victims descend peacefully from the trains, offer no resistance, and permit the Nazis to reduce their maintenance forces to a minimum. As for the gas chambers, Jews were told they were merely going through a disinfection process before being sent on for "resettlement." In some camps, cakes of soap were distributed at the gas-chamber door to make the deception complete.

From time to time rebellious transports of Jews arrived at the camps. "Half the people were already dead, and the others refused to descend," recalled Dov Freiburg, a witness who had been a prisoner at the Sobibor camp. "The SS men started to shoot into the cars, but their captain, Hermann Michel, ordered his troops to stop damaging government property. He went up to the half-dead victims and silenced them with the words: "I know you prefer death, but it won't help you. You have to live and work for us. Now get out, undress and take a shower. It will do you good.' All came down out of the car and were immediately marched into the gas chambers."

One of the most diabolical things about the Nazi methods was the way in which they forced Jews to carry the bodies to the pits or the crematoria. Another job given Jews was to pull out the gold teeth from the mouths of the gassed bodies. These workers were called "dentists."

Avraham Lindwasser, a witness who had been a "dentist," testified that on his first day at Treblinka camp he was given this job, but he was so horrified by it that he tried to hang himself with his belt. "A religious, bearded Jew cut me down," he said, "and told me to go on with the job. He told me I should try to survive to tell the world what happened to us." Treblinka used to supply Germany each week with two neatly packed bags of gold teeth, weighing 20 to 25 pounds, according to Lindwasser.

It was a traumatic experience for most witnesses to relive these horrors, and I suppose it was inevitable that sooner or later we'd have a breakdown. It occurred about halfway through the trial

Yehiel Di-Nur was an ex-inmate of Auschwitz and an outstanding writer, using the pseudonym, K. Zetnik. At our first meeting I realized I had found a man with a photographic memory, a man who, unlike most witnesses, deliberately refused to forget a single detail of everything he'd gone through at the Auschwitz death factory. I had some doubts about his physical ability to stand the strain of giving testimony, but I decided to put him on the stand anyway.

Early in the war Di-Nur had succeeded in getting a South American passport and had applied for permission to leave Poland. When he went to the Gestapo, in upper Silesia, Eichmann happened to be there on a visit. The latter asked for his passport, tore it up and threw the pieces into the wastebasket, saying, "Are you still a foreigner?" At that moment, Di-Nur told me he felt as if Eichmann's eyes were blazing at him through the skull on his cap.

Di-Nur wanted to tell all this at the trial, but when he showed up at my chambers on the morning he was to testify, he was pale and shaking. Nevertheless, he assured me he would be all right. However, when he started to tell his story about Auschwitz, which he called a "planet of ashes," he got out only a few sentences before his voice broke and he collapsed on the floor. He was carried to the hospital, where he recovered from the shock in a few days. Nevertheless, I did not dare put him on the stand again.

The Courageous Pastor

We called several witnesses who had seen Eichmann in action. One of them was the Lutheran pastor, Dr. Heinrich Karl Grueber, of West Berlin. He was one of the few Germans who had the courage to help Jews under Hitler. He hid them, organized an underground movement to smuggle them out of Germany, and provided food and medicine which saved their lives. He showed that it was possible to have enough faith, humanity and courage to remain righteous even in Hitlerian Sodom. Eventually, of course, he was jailed and sent to concentration camps where his teeth were knocked out and he developed a heart disease. But he survived well enough to come to Jerusalem and look Eichmann straight in the eyes in our courtroom.

"Whenever I came to plead with the accused on behalf of a Jew or a Jewish cause," said Doctor Grueber, facing Eichmann in the witness box, "the answer was always negative. I never got a positive reply. He [Eichmann] sat there in his office like a piece of marble or ice. Nothing ever touched his heart. He never showed any compassion for the suffering of others. Once he tried to persuade me from my endeavors for the Jews, saying it wouldn't do me any good." The elderly pastor also described the horrors of Dachau, where Jews were ordered to roll for hours in the snow until they either froze to death or died of pneumonia soon afterward. "In this way, it was unnecessary to send them to the gas chambers," said Doctor Grueber.

One Who Did Survive

Sometimes there was a happy ending to all the brutality, but not often. Dr. Jacob Buzminsky, now a Tel Aviv doctor, testified that once he saw an SS man whipping a Jewish boy, giving him 80 lashes. Usually 50 were enough to kill a child, but the boy was still alive. The SS man then told him that if he were able to run, he would spare his life. The youngster got up and ran away.

"Do you see this boy now in the courtroom?" I asked the witness.

"Yes," he replied.

Everybody craned his neck toward the entrance or the gallery where this boy might appear, but the witness pointed to the man sitting right next to me at the prosecution desk—Capt. Michael Goldman, of the Israeli police. Goldman, after his escape from his tormentor, had later been sent to Auschwitz, survived the war and joined the police, where he assisted me in collecting evidence for the trial.

Witness Buzminsky had other stories to tell too. In fact, some of them were among the most terrible to be heard at the trial. On one occasion he remembered seeing an SS officer accost a woman who had come too near a fence separating the ghetto from the non-Jewish part of town. (It was forbidden to come near the fence.) The woman was carrying an infant about a year and a half old, and when the SS officer drew his pistol to shoot her, the woman fell on her knees and pleaded with him to spare the child.

"Shoot only me!" she begged.

The officer snatched the infant away, shot at the woman twice, and then put the child's leg under his boot and tore the baby in two, like a rag. The bleeding mother crawled to her baby and, as her blood mingled with the child's, she died.

Other witnesses told about orchestras of Jewish musicians who were compelled to play gay music during executions and while people were being led to the death chambers. Others told about how ferocious dogs were trained to assault people, and even tear their limbs off, at the sound of the word "Jew!"

Alfred Oppenheimer related that once he and another prisoner were peeling potatoes in an Auschwitz kitchen and were so hungry that they stole some. The next day his co-worker was found with six potatoes on him, and was immediately hanged for "sabotage." Oppenheimer said that because he had stolen only one potato, his sentence was merely to be hung for two hours by the armpits.

"Nature is more merciful than people," he declared, "because almost immediately I lost consciousness. And when I was later taken down by the other prisoners, they forced my arms back into the joints. I had to go to work the next day—otherwise the Germans certainly would have killed me."

Jewish feasts and holidays were especially selected for cruelties and tortures. The pastor, Doctor Grueber, said that "every Jewish holiday was a renewed nightmare. Together with our Jewish friends we trembled on the eve of such days, asking ourselves what new disaster was in store."

One of the strangest yet grimmest things the witnesses brought out at the Eichmann trial was the job that Jews had in the so-called "death brigade." This task force was organized in the middle of 1943 when the tides of war began to turn against the Nazis. The Soviets had triumphed over the German army at Stalingrad, and all other Hitler offensives were blocked. Later in the year the Allies invaded Italy and knocked her out of the war. It began to occur to the Nazis that their crimes might become exposed when the huge mass graves in eastern Europe fell into the hands of their enemies.

Destroying the Evidence

With this in mind, the Nazis took 40 Jews out of a camp in Lvov, among them Dr. Leon Wells, a distinguished scientist in optometrics, now living in New Jersey.

Doctor Wells, a witness at the trial, described his job as follows: "We had to open up the graves of people killed during the preceding three years, pile up the bodies and burn them. The bones we pulverized in a grinding machine. We dispersed the ashes and covered up the graves so as not to leave a trace. We even planted saplings on the spot. While we were doing this, the Germans still brought living people there who were ordered to undress and then were shot in front of the flames. These, too, had to be burned."

The Nazis, of course, had exact records of each grave's location and how many people were in it. On one occasion Doctor Wells took part in a gruesome masquerade. He reached a grave where, 13 months earlier, his working group had been shot and buried. However, Doctor Wells had not died. In fact, he'd managed to escape. Caught once more, he was now forced to open the grave where only 181 bodies were found, instead of the 182 which the records indicated. "We dug for three days in search of my own body," said Doctor Wells, "before we were ordered to give up and move on." If Doctor Wells had indicated that his was the body they were searching for, he would have been shot on the spot—if only to make the records tally.

The Jews naturally were not the only victims of the Nazi terror. Often, in the graves, the upper layer of bodies would be those of the Ukrainian militia who had

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but her baby was torn apart before her eyes.

shot the Jews for the Germans and who were killed after the shooting so that the secret would not leak out. And on one occasion Doctor Wells's death brigade found 38 people in evening clothes, among them Professor Casimir Bartel, the famous mathematician and ex-prime minister of Poland, as well as the writers Boy-Zielinski and Ostrowski. These Polish celebrities had been invited to a reception and then treacherously taken away and shot. The whole deed was carried out in line with Hitler's policy that Poland needed no intellectuals. Under the "new order," the Poles were assigned the role of peasants and manual laborers.

Nobody Survived Belzec

At one point, I myself became in a sense a witness at the trial. It came about in the following way: There was a camp in Poland—Belzec—that had no survivors, at least none we could locate. However, we knew that 600,000 Jews had been put to death there, and to complete the story of what Eichmann and his department had accomplished, we needed to prove how it was done. Fortunately, during the war a hygiene officer of the SS—Dr. Kurt Gerstein—had been so shocked by what he saw at the camps to which he'd been ordered to supply poison gas that he told everything to a Swedish diplomat in Berlin, Baron von Otter. Later Doctor Gerstein, captured by the advancing Allies, gave them several statements before he committed suicide in a Paris prison. The statements to the Allies were important to us, but it was not easy to get them admitted as evidence. First we had to get Gerstein's widow to identify his handwriting and signature. Then we had to locate and get affidavits from the American and British intelligence officers who interrogated Gerstein. Then we had to get official confirmation from the Swedish government that Baron von Otter had indeed had his conversation with Gerstein during the war. Finally, the Israeli court was satisfied that the documents could be accepted in evidence, and the statement of what Gerstein saw in Belzec became a part of the Eichmann trial.

Gerstein's words gave a vivid description of what life in survivorless Belzec was like: "The doors of the wagons are opened and, to the lashing of whips, the people are ordered to get out," he said in part. "The instructions are relayed over loudspeakers. Everyone is ordered to hand over clothes and belongings—crutches and eyeglasses as well. After this, the march begins—men, women, girls, children, babies, one-legged people, all of them naked as the day they were born. At the entrance to the building stands a smiling SS man who declares in an ingratiating voice: 'No harm will befall you. All you have to do is breathe deeply. This strengthens the lungs; inhaling is necessary as a means of disinfection.' For a number of people, there still flickers a lingering hope, sufficient to make them march without resistance to the death chambers. But the majority know with certainty what is to be their fate, for the horrible, all-pervasive stench reveals the truth.

"A woman of about forty curses the officer in charge, crying that the blood of her children will be on his head. The officer strikes her across the face with five lashes of the whip, and she disappears into the gas chambers. 'Fill them up well!' orders the officer. The naked people stand on each other's feet. Seven or eight hundred people are crowded into an area of one hundred square yards. The doors close. The rest of the wagonload stand waiting, naked. But the Diesel engine that controls the gas is not functioning. Fifty minutes pass, then seventy. The people in the death chambers remain standing. Their weeping is heard through the doors. 'Just like in a synagogue,' remarks SS officer Doctor Pfannenstiel, who in civilian life is a lecturer at the University of Marburg.

"Only after two hours and forty-nine minutes does the Diesel engine finally begin to work. Twenty-five minutes more pass. Many have already died, as can be seen through the small window. Twenty-eight minutes later a few are still alive. After thirty-two minutes all are dead. Jewish workers open the doors on the other side. The dead, having nowhere to fall, stand like pillars of basalt. Even in death, families may be seen standing pressed together, clutching hands. It is only with difficulty that the bodies are separated in order to clear the place for the next load."

The statement was read by me in court, and it thus fell to me, while performing my duty, to tell the story of a place that I had never seen but which nonetheless figured in my life. For it was Belzec which became the burial ground for my uncles, aunts, cousins and boyhood friends who had lived in Lvov, the town where I was born and spent my early days.

One of the last of the witnesses to round out the story was a Tel Aviv lawyer, Aharon Hoter-Ishai. He served as a member of the Jewish Brigade which fought with the British Army during the war. Fittingly Hoter-Ishai was among the first to enter the extermination camps at the end of the war. He witnessed an unbelievable scene.

David's Shield Returns

"We found a group of living people who were not unlike the dead bodies lying all around," he testified. "They had no power to live or resist. Many weighed only seventy pounds. In Bergen-Belsen there were 52,000 liberated prisoners, of whom 27,000 died in the first few weeks after liberation despite all the medical efforts to save them. But when our cars entered, there was an awful rush. The prisoners fought with the little power they had left to be able to touch and kiss the Shield of David painted on our cars. Those who could not get close enough kissed the soldiers' boots."

Of those who did survive—literally snatched from their graves—many eventually found their way home, to Israel. It was in fact exactly as the prophet Ezekiel had foreseen many centuries before. "Behold, O my people," he had said, "I will open your graves and cause you to come out of your graves and bring you into the land of Israel." After thousands of years and untold suffering, it had finally come true.

In the next and last section of the story of the Eichmann trial Attorney General Hausner tells how the trial unfolded, the problems he faced in presenting the case and how Eichmann was convicted.—The Editors.

Dr. Leon Wells, who now lives in the U.S., was forced to open up mass graves, burn corpses, scatter the ashes.

Yehiel Di-Nur, a noted writer, collapsed after beginning to describe conditions in Auschwitz, the "planet of ashes."

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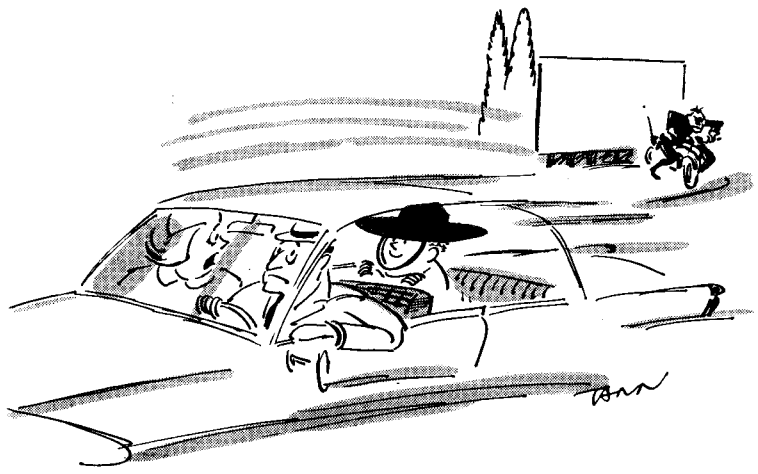
post scripts

"Mr. Johnson checked out this morning."

"I mean, I can't just like this stuff because Khrushchev doesn't."

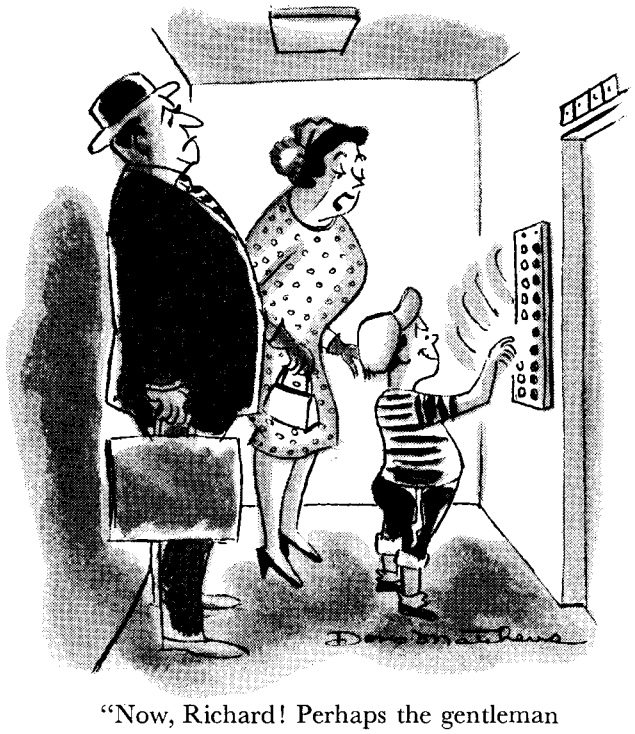


"You grabbed that hat when we passed a who?"

PARKING PROBLEM

Since my sons began driving this year,
One fact I'm becoming aware of:
If my car stands in front of our home,
There's something it's needing repair of.

LEONARD K. SCHIFF



"Now, Richard! Perhaps the gentleman doesn't want to stop at every floor."

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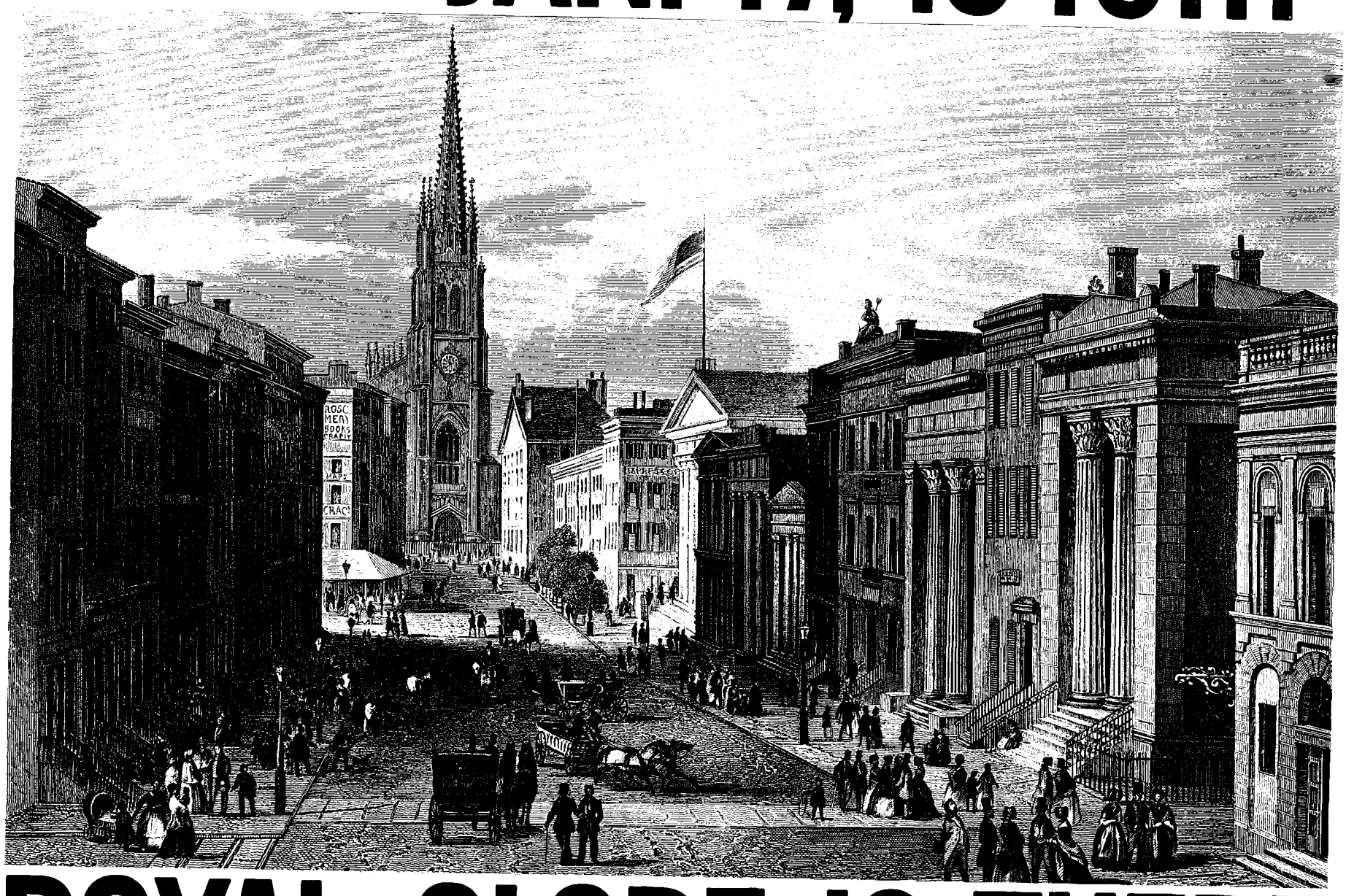
JAN. 17, 1848...



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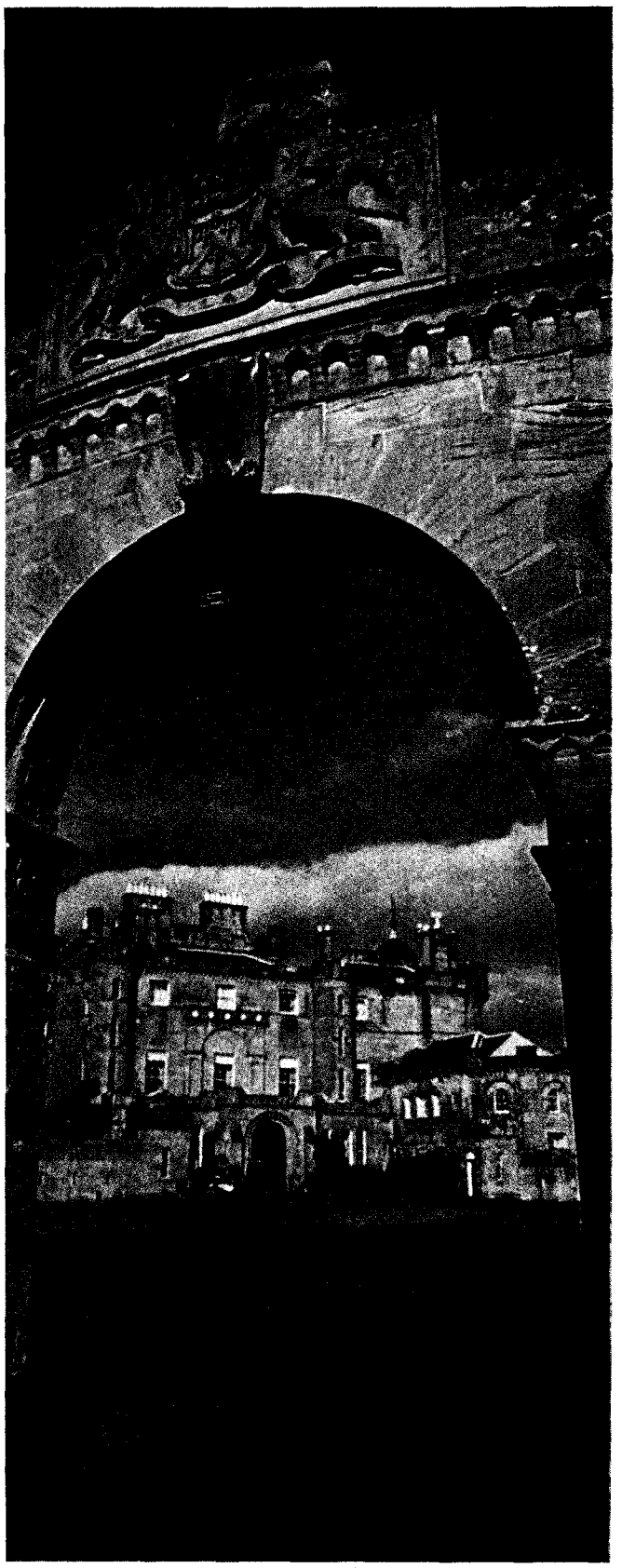
Where Ike Is Laird

A visit with the Eisenhowers at Culzean Castle, his gift from Scotland—and ancient seat of the Kennedy clan. • By JOHN KOBLER



Entrance to the castle courtyard is an arch bearing the Kennedy motto and coat of arms.

Pipe Major John Boyd, brilliant as a cockatoo in his full red kilt and feather-crested Highland bonnet, swung up the great staircase of Culzean Castle, hugging bagpipes under his arm. On the circular gallery above, outside the dining room, he halted with a soldierly one-two stamp, raised the mouthpiece, and in tones to tingle the spine of any true Scot piped *Highland Laddie.* Then, piping *Scotland the Brave,* he marched into the dining room, his sporran bobbing at his tartan belt, a dirk gleaming in his hose.

At the head of the long mahogany table sat Dwight D. Eisenhower, replete with Scotch salmon and grouse. At the far end Mamie Eisenhower nodded in rhythm to the rousing skirl of the pipes. The other diners, with whom they had been touring Europe, included their grandchildren, Dwight David II, 14, and Barbara Anne, 13; Freeman Gosden, a favorite companion, golf partner and jester of Ike's; his wife Jane and their 13-year-old son Craig. Gosden, a spry, jaunty man with a quip for every occasion, was known to millions of radio fans as the Amos of Amos 'n' Andy.

The piper marched around the table and, with his last note, came to a dead stop behind Ike's chair. He stood expectantly, eying the bottle of whiskey and the silver quaich, a ceremonial two-handled drinking cup, within Ike's reach.

For the General, A Rare Delight

Only twice before had the former President found time to stay in this sumptuous, 11-room castle apartment which the Scots gave him 16 years ago as a token of gratitude for his war leadership. Of all the gifts bestowed on him by foreign countries, he prizes none more highly.

"They figured," he told me when I visited him there last August, "that the nice thing to do for the old general would be to let him have a Scottish home for life."

Culzean Castle (pronounced, with the "z" silent, Cullane), an immense, three-story structure dating from the eighteenth century, stands on the austere west coast of Scotland high above the Firth of Clyde. The view is stirring. The sandstone bastions, eroded by raging salt winds, skirt a cliff that plunges sheer to the firth's dark waters. Roses entwine the courtyard walls, and wood doves coo in the branches of hoary cedars. On three sides acres of lawn, smooth as green baize, roll away to the edge of dense forest. Gaelic words carved in a flagstone which Ike must cross whenever he enters the castle exemplify Scottish hospitality—*Ceud mille gailte* (a hundred thousand welcomes).

Being steeped in local tradition, Ike knew what the pipe major expected. The general himself is an honorary member of the Ayrshire Pipe Band. He poured a stiff dram of whiskey into the quaich and, rising, proffered it to the pipe major.

The latter raised it in a toast: "Good health to our noble guest. It is the wish of Scotland that the friendship which binds together our two countries will be as lasting as Ailsa Craig." Ike could see Ailsa Craig from the castle windows, a granite hump thrusting 1100 ft. out of the firth like a clenched fist.

As ritual requires, the pipe major drained the quaich at a single gulp. "Whew!" he said. He took up his bagpipes again, circled the table, piping, and so piped himself down the stairs.

Culzean Castle belonged originally to one of Scotland's oldest and most powerful clans—the Kennedys. Some genealogists feel there may be a connection between these Scottish Protestant Kennedys and the Irish Catholic forebears of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy. During the religious strife that rent sixteenth-century Scotland, they point out, many a Catholic member of the clan fled to Ireland. Ike scoffs at the notion. "If there's any connection," says he, "it must be through Adam."

For the Guest, A Source of Banter

But the hypothetical clanship afforded friend Gosden an endless source of banter. "Mistah President," he announced, drawling like Amos, as they set out one afternoon to shop for souvenirs, "Ah'm gonna have me a golf shirt and maybe a kilt made outta that Kennedy tartan (red, yellow, blue and green). I'll whisper to the salesgirl—'Slip it to me. I'm with Eisenhower.'"

The Gaelic form of the name of one of the earliest known Kennedys was MacUalraig Ceannaideach, meaning "Ugly Chief." For their prowess as warriors and their enterprise as landowners they won the title, Earl of Cassillis—Cassillis House, five miles north of Culzean, remains the principal family seat—and, in 1831, Marquess of Ailsa.

Or for Culzean the rout is ta'en
Beneath the moon's pale beams;
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove
Amang the rocks an' streams. . . .

So rhymed Robbie Burns, whose Ayrshire cottage Ike delights to revisit. It was Thomas, ninth Earl of Cassillis, who undertook, shortly before his death in 1775, to remodel a relatively modest family pleasance on a scale he deemed worthy of its majestic site. His brother and successor, David, commissioned the great architect Robert Adam to continue the project.

In 1945 the fifth Marquess of Ailsa presented Culzean to the National Trust for Scotland. The following year, in behalf of the Scottish people, the trust gave Ike the upper-floors apartment.

It took a year to refurbish the rooms. An elevator was installed to spare Ike the climb up the celebrated oval staircase. With its gilt-balustered,

With grandson David (right) and guest Craig Gosden tagging along, Ike strolls in the gar

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The Scots show their affection in many ways, but Ike finds the local golf course downright hostile.

To Comedian Freeman Gosden (left), Craig and David, the general explains the castle's defenses.

Mamie and Ike in the drawing room of their 11-room apartment on Culzean's upper floors.

cantilevered first flight rising from the shadows of Greek arches and fanning out into a double flight, it is perhaps the loveliest staircase architect Adam ever designed.

Next to the warmth of the Scot's affection for him and the charm of their traditions, the supreme pleasure of Ike's sojourn was golf. Turnberry, the nearest town, boasts a tough 18-hole course. "You lose three strokes before you can turn around," Ike told me. "I always get at least two unplayable lies and I don't know how many balls I've lost in those clumps of heather."

Immediately after an early breakfast that included porridge—"In Scotland you have to have porridge," he informed me somewhat grimly—a Daimler limousine sped Ike and Gosden to the links. Waiting to play them were Mr. James T. Gray, the castle's factor (manager), and another Scot, Sir James Gault, who was Ike's military assistant throughout most of World War II. It was cold, windy and drizzling, but any weather less harsh than a downpour the Scots ignore. "It's going to be a fine day," Sir James predicted. "Is it really?" said Ike, shivering despite two sweaters and a heavy jacket. "Brother!"

Sir James had procured from London a fire-red motor cart to carry Ike from hole to hole. "The Scots wouldn't use such a thing themselves," Ike explained, "but they know I've had a heart attack, so they make allowances." Unruffled by the admiring crowd of townsfolk and reporters, he smacked a long, flat drive down the fairway.

He came off the links three hours later, chilled but jubilant. The Americans had won, and Ike had scored 97. He was still holding a tee. "Most remarkable thing I ever did," he exulted. "You know, if I get a good shot, I hate to lose the tee. It's a superstition of mine. Well, I played the whole game with the same tee and the same ball."

The Guns Napoleon Never Faced

Ike had promised his grandchildren a personally conducted tour of the castle, and he invited me to join them. Walking at a smart clip, he led us first through a terraced orchard. The grounds, Ike noted, totaled about 500 acres, and the castle's former owner had given him shooting privileges on 1000 adjacent acres full of hare, plover, partridge, snipe and pheasant.

We passed under an archway emblazoned with the Kennedy arms and motto—*Avise La Fin* (Consider the End). Beyond it, pointing out to sea, was a battery of cannon which held a professional interest for General Eisenhower. Like Hitler, Napoleon threatened to invade Britain; and like their embattled descendants, the British could not be sure where landings might be attempted. The remote Scottish ports accepted responsibility for their own defense. The twelfth Earl of Cassillis raised a militia 500 strong, the West Lowland Fencible Regiment. The cannon, chiefly 12-pounders, are relics of the Fencibles' armament, which they never used, because Napoleon never came.

On the way back we came to a hillock known as Pipers' Brae. No Scottish family can claim high pedigree without at least one ghost, and here walks the Ghost of Culzean. Not long after the castle was built, a Kennedy of Culzean married a Kennedy of Bargany, thereby ending a blood feud between those two branches of the family.

The bagpiper chosen to play at the wedding, a Kennedy retainer, was briefly glimpsed approaching the hillock—and never seen again. According to the prevailing suspicion, a Bargany bagpiper murdered him out of professional jealousy and buried the body on the brae. And at every Kennedy wedding since, so the legend goes, a plaintive piping sounds from deep underground.

The last Kennedy to marry, eight years ago, was the seventh Marquess of Ailsa, a veteran of the Korean War who declined an officer's commission in order to fight as a private. An ardent traditionalist, he wears a philabeg, or small kilt, and sideburns. "Nobody heard the piper at my wedding," he said when I visited him at Cassillis House, "but nobody went to the right spot."

Trophies Trace the Family Line

Inside the castle we followed Ike through stately chambers embellished with ancient weapons and battle trophies, nautical relics, Chippendale furniture, Italian-marble fireplaces, Grecian columns, and oil paintings of illustrious Kennedys. Portraits of the eleventh Earl of Cassillis and his American wife, Ann Watts of New York, dominate the Adam library. As Captain Kennedy, Royal Navy, he served for years in America and acquired a New York mansion at No. 1 Broadway. Sympathetic to the rebellious colonists, he walked off his ship during the Boston Tea Party. But his pro-Americanism failed to save his property from being confiscated when the Revolution broke out and he sailed for home.

Outside the Eisenhowers' apartment hangs a portrait of Susannah, Countess of Eglinton (1690-1780), daughter of the Catholic eighth Earl of Cassillis, "Archibald the Wicked," so called because he savagely persecuted the Protestants. Reputed to be Scotland's most beautiful woman, mother of seven beautiful daughters, she entertained Samuel Johnson when he toured the Hebrides, and her charm did much to soften the old codger's aversion to Scots.

My visit ended in the Eisenhowers' circular drawing room. Mamie Eisenhower and Jane Gosden were back from a 100-mile swing around the countryside in quest of native woolens.

"Anybody want tea?" Ike asked, and added for my benefit, "I got the habit during the war. My British staff would begin to look pale and I knew it was time for tea."

The sky had cleared, and the wind had fallen. Every window of the vast room framed a spectacular scene—towering Ailsa Craig stained pink by the setting sun, the reef-strewn sea lapping the base of the cliff, the rolling emerald lawns.

Mamie said to me quietly, "I was anxious to bring the children. This is ours only for Ike's lifetime. He's seventy-two, and you can't hope for many more years. I wanted the children to see it. Their children never will." **THE END**

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Why Workers Steal

By ALEX LEE GREGORY

Last September, when the branch office of a finance company in Michigan reported an abnormally high rate of defaults on automobile loans, examiners began searching for the reason. Checking with the firm which supplied, by telephone, credit reports on the car buyers, the examiners repeatedly found that crucial information had been omitted from finance-company records. The examiners suspected an employee conspiracy with the auto dealer requesting the loans. Proving it, however, was something else. When questioned about the omissions, the suspect employees told examiners, "Well, I put down everything they gave me." It was their word against that of the credit-reporting agency.

Wishing to avoid going to the police, the finance company asked me to investigate, using a polygraph, or lie detector, as I questioned their employees. The polygraph indicated that the office manager and two other workers were not telling the truth, that critical credit information had been withheld deliberately from company records. Under further questioning, the three men admitted falsifying loan applications to earn payoffs from the car dealer. All three were fired.

That case was one of the more than 100 instances of employee dishonesty I investigate each year. Employees who cheat have created a national disgrace, robbing American business firms of an estimated $1,000,000,000 a year in cash and merchandise. Supermarkets alone lose nearly $100,000,000 anually, and the yearly loss in department stores totals more than $200,000,000.

Pilfering Leads to Disaster

These thefts and other forms of employee cheating not only inflict heavy losses on business—and on the consumer who must eventually pay the bill—they often wreck the lives of the persons involved and bring humiliation to whole families. Even petty pilfering can lead to disaster. The supermarket employee who carries home a few cans of "free" beans may one day find a way to dispose of whole cases of groceries for his own profit. Or he may be placed in a position where he can tap the cash register or rig the books.

American businesses spend millions of dollars on safety programs to protect their employees from accidents on the job, and millions more for employee health programs. Yet many of these same companies do little to protect their employees from "the temptation factor."

The uncompromising moralist will tell you that honesty should know no price—that all employees, if they are honorable, should be able to resist any temptation. I have learned to be a bit more tolerant of human nature. We are not a nation of thieves and cheats, but there are few of us who have never done a dishonest act.

For nearly 30 years I have been prying into the qualities and quirks of the human race—first as a police detective in Detroit, later as a private investigator of personnel problems. For almost a quarter of a century I have been using the polygraph in my work. Some people think of me as a lie-detector expert—actually the term used in the profession is "examiner."

I screen job applicants for some business firms in Detroit, where I live, but most of my work involves specific losses or other personnel problems. I get calls from all over the country, asking for help when a shortage of funds occurs in a bank, store or manufacturing concern, or when the "inside" theft of merchandise reaches major proportions. Recently I have investigated employee-theft cases in Montreal and in Birmingham, Alabama. In such investigative work the polygraph is an enormously useful tool, as it was in the Michigan loan-company case.

The Guilty Ones Try to Bluff

Some people insist that a lie-detector test is an implicit accusation of dishonesty (actually it is no such thing if tests are administered properly and intelligently) and refuse to take one. No employee, of course, can be compelled to take a polygraph test, and any employer who tries to force such an examination may find himself the defendant in a lawsuit. However, I have found that most employees are willing to go along. Even those who have something to conceal usually don't decline the test; they try to bluff their way through.

In questioning thousands of workers in hundreds of cases, I have learned that the seeds of temptation are present within most people—just as the germs of the common cold are usually present within the human body. When bodily resistance is down, the cold pounces. When resistance to temptation is down for some reason—a financial crisis in the home, for example—or when dishonesty is made too easy, the seeds of temptation may sprout.

To show you what I mean, suppose we consider two departments in an average large store. In the department where expensive jewelry is sold strict security measures are in force; every item is listed and numbered, and the employees are carefully screened, either by the store or by a consultant such as myself, and then bonded. At the costume-jewelry counters, where bushels of doodads are sold and the price range for most items is from one to ten dollars, there is little security. Consequently, in the jewelry department, where inside theft is difficult and a dishonest employee is almost sure to be caught, losses are almost unknown. But in the costume-jewelry department, pilfering losses usually run high. Security provides a powerful deterrent to employee dishonesty.

It is impossible, of course, for a large store to list and number the thousands of low-priced items sold over its counters. But there are other ways of achieving security. For example, some supermarkets in recent years have instituted a spot check of employees by polygraph. Several times a year an examiner comes in and runs a routine check on, say, every fifth employee, from the manager down to the lowliest stock clerk.

Not only do such checks expose thievery but, because such a system exists and every employee knows that even petty dishonesty may be exposed, losses are greatly reduced. In one Michigan supermarket, "inventory shrinkage"—business's polite term for merchandise losses from employee thefts and unexplained disappearances—amounted to $22,000 a year. Following polygraph tests which indicated many of the employees knew what had become of missing merchandise, stricter records systems and other security measures were instituted, and inventory shrinkage dropped to $5,000 within a year. Similarly, the parts-department inventory shrinkage at a Michigan auto dealership dropped 60 percent after testing with the polygraph.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the polygraph, however, is in helping prove people innocent, lifting the cloud of suspicion from honorable employees. Not long ago I was summoned by a bank which was $9,000 short in its accounts. The bank officials had done considerable checking before I was brought into the case. Their report showed that a few days earlier a large consignment of cash had been received and stored in the vault. It had been established that the shortage occurred in that consignment. Someone, either in the bank or elsewhere, had substituted a "strap"—a packet of currency—of 1,000 one-dollar bills for a strap of 1,000 ten-dollar bills.

All Share Anxious Suspicions

More than a dozen bank employees might have had the opportunity to make the switch, and it was my job to screen those people. By the time I arrived, every one of them, I suppose, was wondering whether he would be wrongly accused. Each one doubtless was also wondering, tight-lipped, whether his associate in the next cage was a thief.

I interrogated each person carefully and thoroughly, using the polygraph. All the employees were cleared. The bank officials were overjoyed by my report. They regarded it as the best news possible—their trusted employees were all honorable people. And the employees themselves went home that night feeling much better too.

The substitution of the $1,000 strap for the $10,000 strap apparently occurred before the money reached the bank, either in the institution

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Workers in America rob their companies—and the public—of a cool billion dollars a year.

where the shipment originated, or en route. Either way, the thief was never found.

Strains of similarity occur in many of the cases I handle. Often the behavior of the persons involved follows a predictable pattern. One of my recent cases involved a small Midwestern manufacturing concern which had discovered a $12,500 shortage. Any one of several office employees, or all of them working together, might have been guilty. My examinations, however, showed that all but the office manager were clear. Successive tests indicated he was lying.

Finally, under persistent questioning, he admitted taking $50 from the till more than a year earlier. The polygraph's needles, though, continued to draw a picture of deep emotional disturbance every time I asked critical questions. Eventually he confessed to another $100 theft about a month after the first one.

After that came a series of admissions of even larger thefts. After I had run off 14 tapes, I had the complete story. He had confessed to the entire $12,500 embezzlement.

He had gambled and had taken the first $50 "temporarily" to pay off a loss. Suffering bigger losses, he stole increasingly larger sums from his employer. In so doing, he began his crimes, as do most office thieves, without premeditation. He "borrowed" money from the firm and actually thought of it as a loan, intending to pay it back.

Easy Money Seduces the Weak

The first theft that leads to more serious acts is sometimes almost accidental. An armored-car employee or a bank clerk finds some coins or bills that have spilled on the floor. He pockets them. A taste of easy, unearned money can be fatal to a weak character. The next time he may see to it that the money is spilled, and the step beyond that is to rifle the sack of currency.

The unintentional character of most first thefts is one reason I insist so strongly that far better security measures should be employed in most firms. Some employers don't even take the trouble to have job seekers—even those who are going to handle money—fill out detailed application forms. I once was retained to run tests on several office employees of an institution where a serious shortage had occurred, and it turned out that the thief was a man who previously had been convicted of embezzlement and was then on parole. Nobody in the institution had the slightest idea of the man's criminal background until it came out in my investigation; yet even routine screening would have brought that fact to light. I certainly don't think a man on parole should be denied employment, but it is nonsense to place a convicted embezzler in a spot where he will have an easy opportunity to do it all over again.

Using the polygraph, or lie detector, author Gregory examines an office worker. Tests with this machine, Mr. Gregory says, reduce thefts by deterring employees who are tempted to steal.

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SHE LOOTS THE TREASURIES OF 140 NATIONS

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"Businesses spend millions on safety programs but do little to protect employees from the temptation factor."

Workers But to get back to the office manager who stole $12,500 to pay his gambling losses, and the second common denominator in such cases. The man was fired, but no criminal charges were brought against him. His employer demanded that he make restitution after he found another job, and eventually he paid back most of the money. His employer was like so many others caught in a similar situation. He wanted the whole affair hushed up. There are several cogent reasons why employers don't like to prefer charges and one why they should.

In the first place, most business firms shun any publicity about an inside crime; they simply don't want it known that any employee has been caught stealing. Second, if the guilty person is sent to jail, there is little chance that he will ever pay back what he stole. Third, seeing such a case through the courts is both tedious and expensive for an employer. Executives and other employees of the firm spend hours in court giving testimony.

Thief's Boss Shows Sympathy

Finally, the employer probably is genuinely sorry for the person who has succumbed to the temptation factor. Employers hate to ruin the office thief's life and bring disgrace to his family—particularly if he is essentially a nice person and his record is unblemished prior to the offense. Often the boss simply fires the thief, keeps quiet about it, and hopes that the fellow has learned his lesson and won't steal from his next employer.

Occasionally I have recommended to an employer that he not prosecute—sometimes that he should give the guilty person another chance and keep him on the job. In one case a shoe-store owner noticed that a pair of shoes had been stolen from the shelves. Suspecting an inside job, he wanted to know whether he was harboring a thief. The first employee I screened, a young clerk, admitted he had taken the shoes and given them to a friend who was jobless and broke.

I told the boss that the boy showed real remorse, that he probably had learned a lesson he would never forget, and that it was his kind heart that had got him into trouble. I suggested that he be allowed to keep his job. The employer accepted my recommendation, and the last I heard, the young man was still selling shoes for the forgiving boss.

But such cases are rare. Usually it is a grave mistake for business firms to take the easy way out as a matter of policy. If we are to curtail employee thefts, employers must face up to the problem and prosecute far more often than they do now. Reasonable but sure punishment is a powerful deterrent to other employees who are tempted. That deterring factor is the one big reason for prosecution, and it usually outweighs all the reasons for soft treatment.

Prosecution, however, can be obviated if businesses establish strong security measures. One relatively new method of achieving tight security is the closed-circuit television camera, whose eye roams the area of a store where merchandise losses have been high. The camera catches not only pilfering employees but shoplifters as well. For many business firms polygraphs have become the most effective aid to security. I would guess that 30,000 to 40,000 firms are now using polygraph examiners, either on a consulting basis or as permanent employees on their security staffs. One large drug firm employs three full-time examiners.

The cost of polygraph interrogation varies. Some examiners, because of their experience and reputation, can command fees higher than most. The seriousness of the case also affects the amount of the fee. Most experienced examiners charge from $150 to $200 per day for work with groups, and a minimum of $25 per person for interviewing job applicants. The minimum fee for one case is usually $50.

Competence in polygraph testing demands careful training, intelligence, a deep understanding of human nature and, above all, complete integrity on the part of the examiner. Unfortunately, many in my profession fail to meet those requirements. Many resort to unethical methods, using bullying tactics to force a confession and asking irrelevant personal questions to humiliate or provoke subjects. A number of states are taking steps to curb such abuses. In California, for instance, state authorities have launched a wide investigation of examiners. Massachusetts already has adopted legislation regulating use of the polygraph.

The device itself, despite all the publicity it has received, is still widely misunderstood. John E. Reid of Chicago, one of the nation's leading polygraph authorities, tells of receiving a letter one day from a man who wanted to rent a lie detector for a couple of weeks to use on his wife, whom he suspected of being unfaithful. Mr. Reid politely rejected the man's proposal, which was about the same as a patient's asking to rent an X-ray machine so he could find out for himself whether he had lung cancer.

Suspect's Reactions Betray Him

The polygraph is not a simple device. It does not flash a red light to say, "This man is lying," and a green light to indicate the subject is honest. It is a highly sophisticated scientific instrument which measures simultaneously the subject's rate of respiration, his pulse and blood pressure, and the electrical conductivity of his skin. All those physiological criteria are deeply sensitive to emotional disturbance. The subject's reactions are recorded, as the examiner asks questions by three needles, or pens, on a wide paper tape. The examiner often uses an ordinary tape recorder, simultaneously, so that he will have a permanent audible record of his questions and the subject's responses.

Various factors can destroy the validity of the record. For example, if the subject is under the influence of alcohol or drugs, or is in a state of exhaustion, his emotional responses may be highly abnormal, or perhaps he may have no response. Most important of all, if the examiner fails to ask the right kind of questions, and in the proper sequence, he can get distorted results.

The questions I ask employees are largely dictated by the particular case I'm working on. Before an examination is to be made, I ask the employer to send his employees for an "interview," not for a lie-detector test. Then I explain to the subject that at the conclusion of the interview the polygraph will be used to verify the statements he has made in the interview. I add that if he doesn't intend to tell the entire truth, there is no point in going on with the interview. I also make it clear that any person who feels he is not being treated courteously, or that his rights are being violated, has a right to terminate the test immediately. That approach eliminates any claim of coercion.

Questions for a Suspected Thief

After an exploratory quizzing of the subject, I rephrase my questions so they can be answered "yes" or "no," and requestion the subject, using the polygraph. Here are the kind of questions I might ask in an employee-theft case. They are interspersed with seemingly irrelevant questions which establish the subject's normal level of emotional response during the test.

1. Is your first name Joseph?
2. Do you know of your own knowledge what happened to the missing money?
3. Is your last name Wilson?
4. Did you take the missing money yourself?
5. Do you reside at 1812 Elm Street?
6. Did you get any part of the money?
7. Do you have blue eyes?
8. Did you help anyone else take the missing money?
9. Are you employed by the Acme Corporation?
10. Are you deliberately withholding or concealing any guilty knowledge of the missing money?

The cases in which I and other examiners have used the polygraph have not exhausted its potential. There are many areas in which it could be employed to advantage. For example, welfare administrators might use it to screen out chiselers on the relief rolls. It could catch employees who steal from the public, who deliberately shortchange customers and pocket the profits.

Wherever cheating the boss, the public or the Government is just too easy, the polygraph can help prevent employees from being overcome by the temptation factor. By instituting polygraph examinations, as well as other effective security measures, and by stiffening their policy on prosecution of employee thieves, employers would do their workers a great service in the long run. For their good and for the good of the nation as a whole, American business should do its best to keep employees honest. **THE END**

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If You See What You Don't Want, Please Ask for It

By William K. Zinsser

For those who don't have quite everything, the department store can fill the bill—if you can just understand the jargon.

Writers who ponder the follies of modern America—and the journalistic woods have never been so full of folly-ponderers—love to imagine an archaeologist of the future coming upon our ruins. "What would he make of *that?*" they ask, citing some artifact like a jukebox, certain that the archaeologist would be stumped. My only complaint about this approach is that it is projected too far ahead. America is full of objects that I don't understand right now.

Some I never knew existed, serving functions that I never dreamed were necessary. Seeing them in advertisements, I am as bewildered in 1962 as any archaeologist will be in 2962. Part of my trouble is linguistic, for the idiom that describes these items is as strange as the items themselves. It is a language shorn of syntax and strewn with words like "leatherette," which make me uneasy, for I have no idea what they mean and have no way of finding out.

"Leatherette" at least contains one genuine noun, and that helps. But consider the word "superette." It consists of a prefix meaning "big" and a suffix meaning "small"—and nothing else. Try that one on your Rosetta stone, Mr. Future Archaeologist. If there's anyone in the present audience who doesn't know what a superette is, it's a little supermarket. And if you wonder how a market that's big can also be small, you're beginning to understand my problem and are ready for the main course.

The main course has as its textbook the catalogue of Hammacher Schlemmer, a housewares store in Manhattan which took a two-page ad in *The New York Times* last year for its custom-fitted bomb shelter, complete with a $249 TV set. In this one catalogue, which arrives periodically, I find compressed almost everything that baffles me, both in merchandise and terminology, about the society I allegedly live in. So profuse are the examples that I hardly know where to begin, but I'll start with the Select-a-Rest, a $439 couch which "electrically raises legs or back in varying degrees at touch of button; for personal support."

There's No Job Too Soft

The Select-a-Rest typifies the emphasis on ease that is the catalogue's pervading theme. These are, on the whole, objects designed to soften tasks that are not arduous in the first place: an electric pencil sharpener for $29.95 ("just insert pencil"), a cordless electric carving set for $19.95, a push-button shine for $29.95 ("tap button with toe; place shoe against bonnet"), an egg scissors for $5.95 to open a boiled egg. I'm no student of the economy, least of all my own, but if that many people are willing to shell out 30 clams for an electric pencil sharpener ("simply shell out clams")—so many people that a manufacturer finds it worthwhile to make them—there is nothing wrong with the economy, or there is something wrong with the people.

As for the $439 to get "personal support" from Select-a-Rest, that's a lot of personal support. Which brings up another linguistic riddle: what is personal support? Does it differ from impersonal support? Does it mean that if I buy Select-a-Rest it will support me personally but not my friends? Perhaps it will support my personal friends—a breed so often mentioned in the phrase "he's a personal friend of mine"—but not my animal friends.

"Personal" is one of modern America's most puzzling words. I often notice that an actress, stricken during the run of a play, has called in her "personal physician." What other kind is there? If the medical schools ever turn out an impersonal physician, one who will keep his hands off the patient and look away during an examination, he will be the most sought-after doctor in the land.

Speaking of personal friends, you can get a "guest closet kit" at Hammacher Schlemmer for $175. This doesn't seem to include the guest, but it does include 27 squares of Plushtile, along with many

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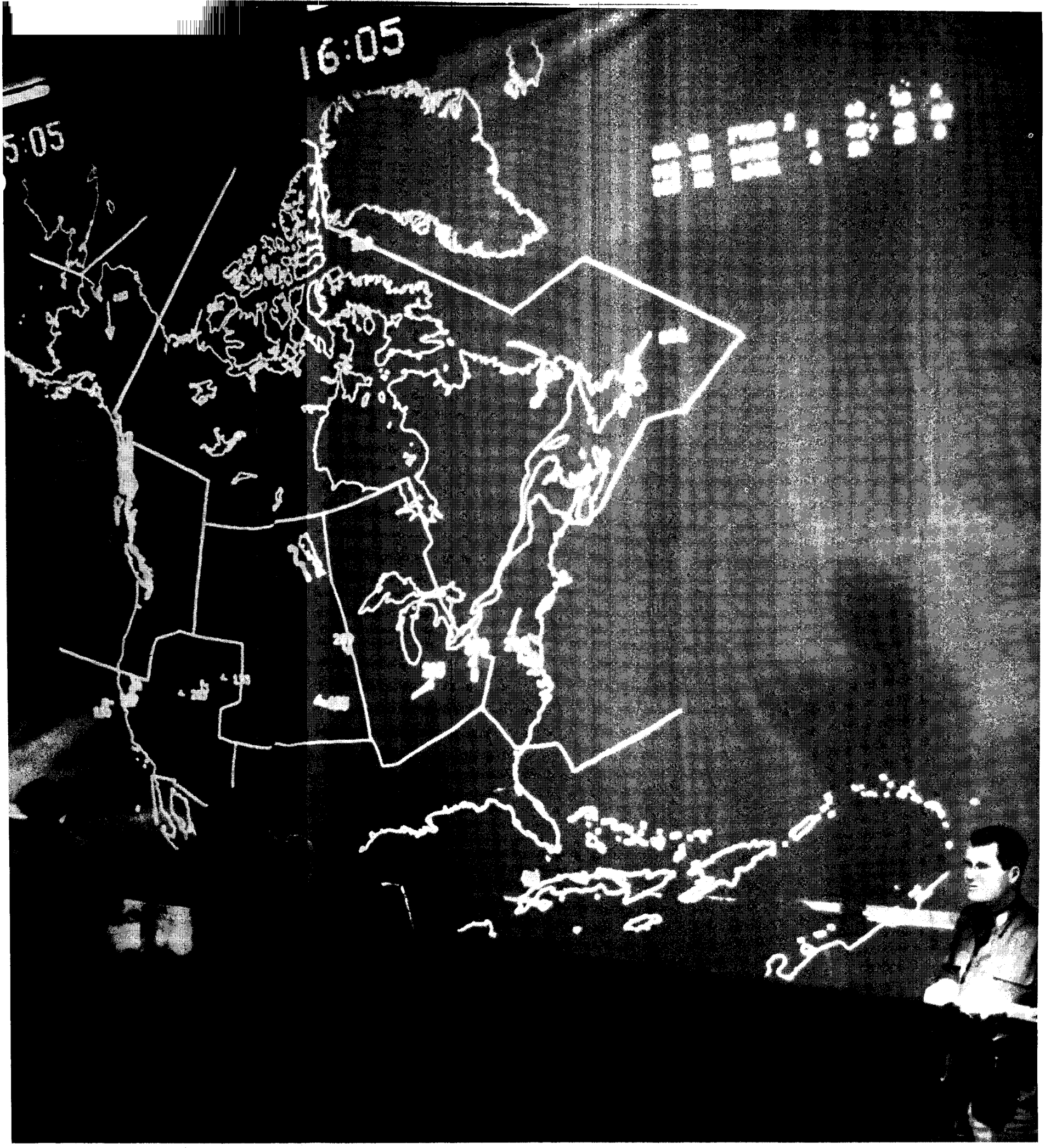

This is the Colorado Springs control center of the North American Air Defense Command. Here information from the radar stations is relayed and evaluated for our nation's protection.

BORDER PATROL OF DEFENSE includes hundreds of radar stations that track and identify aircraft over North America. This is a vital defense wall against attack. Defense costs billions—and the money must come from taxes. Your tax dollars buy more defense and go further when they aren't spent needlessly in other fields. Yet there are people urging the federal government to build new electric plants and lines. This is costly and unnecessary. The investor-owned electric companies can supply all the additional electric power required for a growing America—without needless tax spending.

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"If so many people will shell out 30 clams for an electric pencil sharpener, there's nothing wrong with the economy."

Please Ask "color-coordinated materials." Plushtile is described as "55% Acrilan Acrylic, 45% Verel Modacrylic on an interlocking back; can be lifted out to change pattern, clean, even move with you. Color-fast, long-wearing, nonmatting, nonallergenic. In 20 decorator colors."

Curiously, I don't happen to know what Acrilan Acrylic and Verel Modacrylic are, but I don't doubt for a minute that they can move with me. If I ever left them behind in the guest closet they would probably come running out and jump in the car. I do know, however, what the 20 decorator colors are. They are the colors that decorators come in: ruddy, flushed, wine red, Fire Island tan, sun lamp, sunburn pink, Noxzema, pancake, talc, office yellow, ashen, white, ulcer gray, subway green, soot, toast, English muffin, five-o'clock shadow, midnight and winter blue. I have met decorators in all these colors, though not many of them were long-wearing or color-fast.

This is another construction—the noun-adjective like "decorator"—that will vex the archaeologists. Tricky as Linear B, it leaves the scholar to guess the meaning out of various possibilities, none of them plausible. A bathroom scale in the Hammacher Schlemmer catalogue, for example, is "doctor-type for no stooping." Does this mean that the scale looks like a doctor or is somehow shaped like a doctor? Does it mean that doctors don't stoop? I could swear that I've seen doctors stoop.

For Sale: Plastic Charm

Then again I couldn't really swear to anything. The catalogue addles me. I see an item like "wood snack table set" and my head spins. Is it a table for eating wood snacks? Ought I to pay $79.95 for a "floor hair dryer," which presumably dries hair that has fallen on the floor? What is a "hostess towel tree"—a towel tree hung with hostesses? How can I rest easy on the $219 Barcalounger ("for relaxation, comfort, TV viewing") when I see that its pillow back is made of Premier Naugahyde? Surely Premier Naugahyde was defenestrated in the Balkan coup of 1912?

Confronted with such an abstract language, I lose my grip on reality. And language is only part of the problem. Equally unreal are the concepts that it expresses, such as this one: "Waterford Cut Plexiglas has old-world charm but in virtually unbreakable Plexiglas; a practical version of crystal."

The sentence is positively electrical in its balance of positive and negative currents. Every clause carries its immediate cancellation. The whole point of Waterford glass is that it is not Plexiglas; old-world charm derives from the fact that an object is both old and breakable; and part of the enjoyment of crystal is the awareness that it is not practical.

A more perfect conundrum could hardly be posed by a wizard in Wonderland or Oz. And yet it is no isolated case. Modern America loves authentic names but hates the authentic flaws that accompany them. "Mr. Inside Floormat," for instance, is available at Hammacher Schlemmer in "beige or gray striped nylon tweed." This material is rather hard to picture, as it can't be both nylon and tweed.

Obviously tweed is in the floormat only as an idea. Everybody likes tweed coats; therefore they would like a tweed floormat. But tweed gets dirty and wears out and shouldn't be wet. So the solution is to make the tweed of nylon, and everyone is happy—everyone, that is, except future archaeologists, and a few thousand crofters in the Scottish Highlands.

A similar paradox lies in a stove described thus in the catalogue: "Radiant Broiling with QuartzBroil gives charcoal flavor without charcoal ($69.95)." Here we see a circle so fully turned that it swallows itself. Charcoal flavor began as a by-product of early outdoor stoves. Nobody really wanted his steak to taste like charcoal, but as this was unavoidable we were told that it was a great flavor, and to enjoy it. Now that outdoor ranges have improved, and steaks can taste like steaks again, they don't seem authentic. Hence this broiler that adds a tinge of charcoal. The next model should char the steaks on the outside and fill the patio with smoke.

No thought is spared in Hammacher Schlemmer to make the living easy and beautiful. It's not merely that the crystal doesn't break because it isn't crystal. The air is good ("Dynamic Ionaire Mark VII provides negative ions to reduce dry, staleair effects; restores natural ion balance of air. $149.50"). The floors are clean ("Disposable boots of polyethelene film are for bad weather, avoiding dirt"). The lights don't have to be turned on or off (Homelighter does it automatically, "according to sunlight"; Time-All does, too—"and does it indefinitely until you change the cycle; misleads burglars").

No more need you eat leftovers ("Party Grill makes leftovers into bite-sized toasted sandwiches"). No more need you rest on a plain old-fashioned pillow ("Comfort Aid," an object that looks like a pillow but costs $29.95, is "for either head or foot elevation; use for relaxation, tension and pressure relief"). You don't even have to hold the telephone; simply fit your "executive phone stand" ($39.95) with a "transistorized phone amplifier ($34.95) for hands-free conference calls."

Comforts don't cease when you go for a drive. Your car can be a home-away-from-home if you get the Headrest that "attaches to auto seat for rests, naps." I had supposed that this nap-inducing cushion was meant only for passengers, but in an adjacent illustration the driver is also resting his head on one and is presumably well on his way to bye-bye land, if not eternity.

Another trait that the future archaeologist will note is our mania for decoration. As any dime-store browser knows, no object in America is too cheap to be embellished with some sort of pattern, usually floral, and anyone foolish enough to want a plain object must search far and pay more.

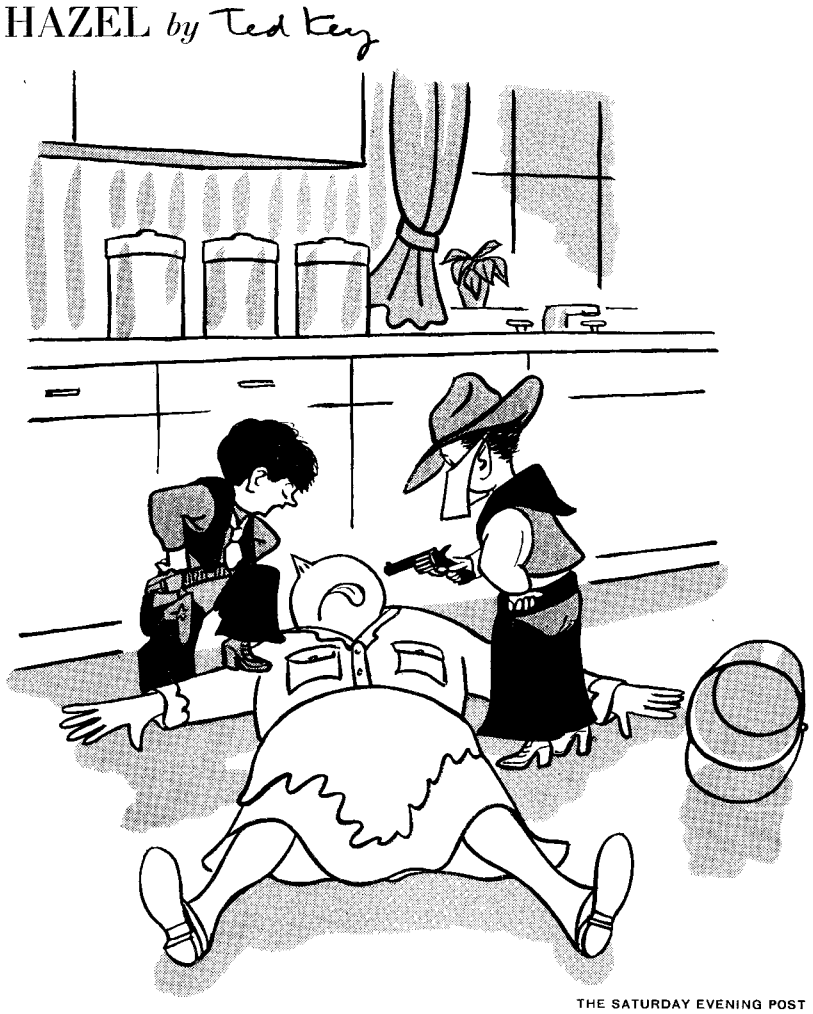
This point is also amply documented in Hammacher Schlemmer's catalogue, especially in its bathroom, which has a "poppy" shower curtain in Glo-chintz (the chintz that isn't); a "poppy" tissue-box, a "poppy" hamper, "poppy" basket and "poppy" brush holder; four "poppy" bath bottles; a hand-decorated "poppy" toilet seat, and a "poppy" decorated scale. Now there's a bathroom with poppies. The scale also comes in an undecorated model, but that doesn't mean it is intended to stay undecorated, if I understand correctly—and there's no reason why I should—this sentence that describes it: "Slip own wallpaper, paint color, curtain fabric sample under see-thru lid to match *décor*."

To Decorate Your Guest

Outside the bathroom there is also much to be embellished. You can get a "decorated toast cover with hand-painted red roses," or a "decorated phone stand, floral on white, which holds 2 books, all phones." (It's odd that anyone would want all phones on one stand—the upstairs, downstairs and kitchen phones—but that's what decoration will do.) There are bottle stoppers "imprinted with our gnomes"—maybe *that's* who writes the catalogue—and there is a "guest terry robe with choice of any 2-toned colored name or 3-letter monogram."

Thus even the guest must be decorated, perhaps to help find him when he strays into the color-coordinated guest closet. Of course, this means inviting the same guest again and again, or inviting guests who happen to have the same name or initials. The worst thing would be for a guest to drop in unexpectedly. He would be doomed to wear an undecorated terry robe and would probably spend most of the weekend, out of sheer insecurity, behind the poppy shower curtain.

And now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to put my head on my 6-Way Prop Pillow of lightweight polyfoam (if I can think of six ways to do it), take a drink from my Marbleized Rack Set (chairside size), put some wax-tipped Airfoam Nods in my ears and Sleep Shade on my eyes, clear the room of negative ions with my new Dynamic Mark VII, turn on the Time-All to mislead burglars, and drop off for a few minutes. If the doorbell rings, it's probably the Home Massager that I ordered from Hammacher Schlemmer. As described in the catalogue, "Oster Stimulax, Jr., imparts the rotating, patting motions of Swedish massage." I understand that young Oster studied with his dad in Stockholm—old man Stimulax was an eminent masseur—and for my money ($32.95) I personally think he's going to give me a lot of personal attention that I can't possibly get from a doctor-type any more. **THE END**



"Takes care of the McCoy gang."

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Shining example for millions of telephones to follow

The gleaming object below is one of the finest examples of the toolmaker's art. It is a steel alloy master die which serves as a pattern from which millions of identical Bell telephone handsets are made every year.

Making this die called for painstaking craftsmanship by Western Electric master toolmakers, machinists and engineers. It is as precision perfect as the minds and hands of modern man can make it. And it is a symbol of Western Electric's contribution to your Bell telephone service.

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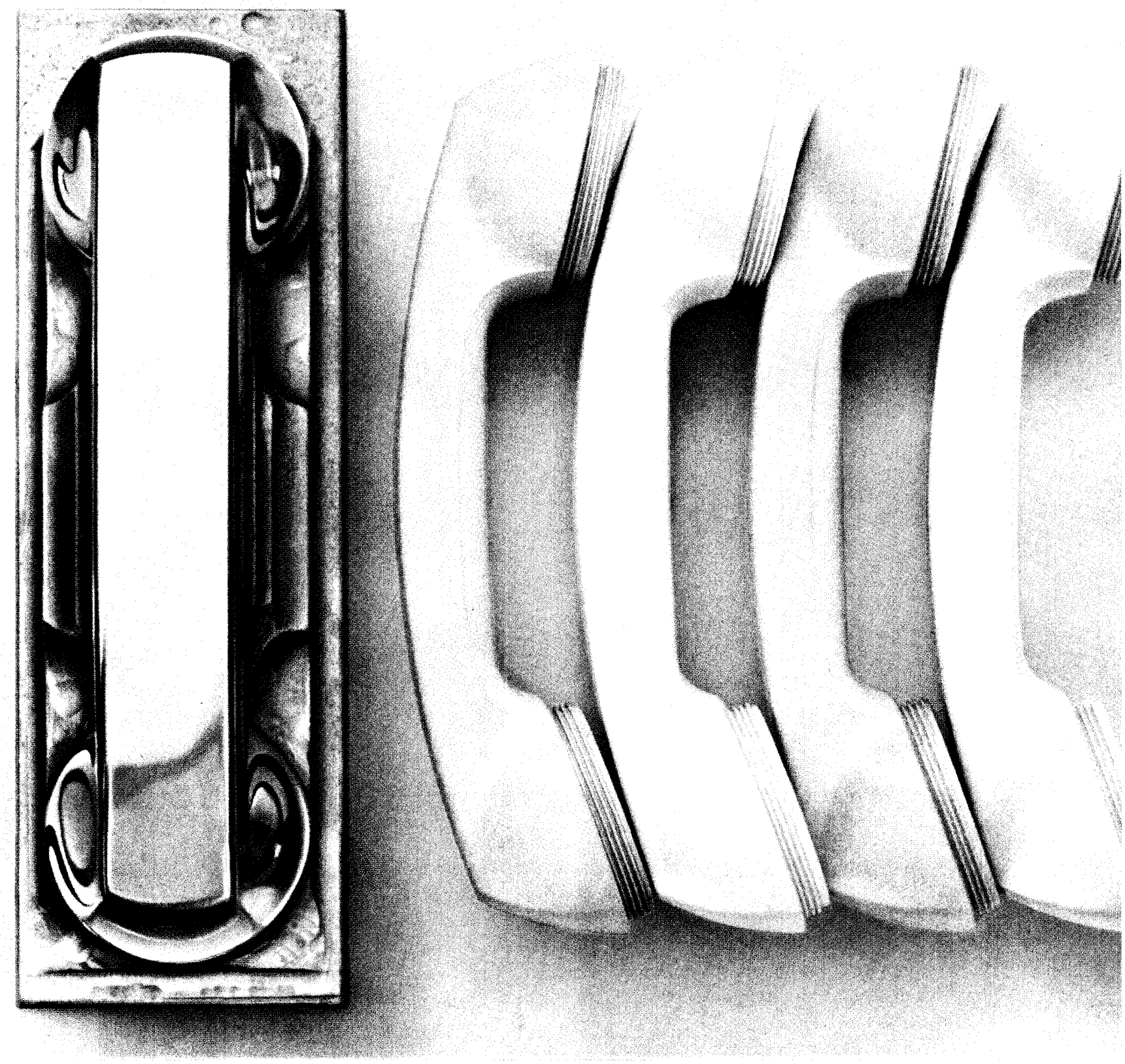

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Poh Lin investigates a portrait of Sophie Carter, a deaf-blind child of the early 1800's.

Helen Keller's Heir

To deaf-blind children, the name of Helen Keller means hope. Her famous struggle from dark silence to vitality and joy inspires the hundreds of youngsters who neither see nor hear. One such youngster is Chan Poh Lin (above), a child from an Asian slum who came to America to learn how to cope with her tragic double affliction. In this merry Chinese girl—blind and deaf for seven years—the spirit of Helen Keller lives and works, reaching out and touching people.

Miss Keller and Poh Lin "chatting" with their hands.

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Poh Lin with Dr. Edward Waterhouse, director of the Perkins School for the Blind. She can comprehend what he says by feeling his throat vibrate and his lips form words.

A geography lesson at Perkins. Poh Lin's teacher, an Indian named Khogendra Das, also taught her to speak English. She now can speak it clearly.

On a special bicycle-built-for-two, Poh Lin squeals as her companion, Miss Wong, introduces her to a thrill other youngsters take for granted.

The smiling girl who meets an unseen, unheard world with warmth and courage.

By AL HIRSHBERG

The deaf-blind tend to draw into themselves, to shrink from the bewildering activity around them. But not Chan Poh Lin.

"In thirty years of working with these children," says Dr. Edward Waterhouse, the director of Boston's Perkins School for the Blind, "I have never known a more outgoing personality. Most of the children accept friends only passively; Poh Lin seeks them out."

Doctor Waterhouse and Poh Lin's teachers at Perkins predict that this 18-year-old girl will someday emerge as an international symbol for the severely handicapped, perhaps accomplishing as much as the great Helen Keller. If she does, it will be because of a love of living which even the cruelest circumstances cannot extinguish.

Poh Lin was reared in her family's windowless cubicle in a tenement on Sago Lane, the squalid street where the impoverished Chinese of Singapore go to die. At the age of 11 she was stricken with an undiagnosed disease which left her blind and deaf. For almost three years she despaired, vegetating miserably in bleakness. Then, in the autumn of 1956, when she was 13, she was accepted by the Singapore School for the Blind. So quickly did she learn Braille and the manual alphabet that word of her soon reached the school's sponsor, the Royal Commonwealth Society for the Blind in London. The director of the society mentioned her to Doctor Waterhouse of Perkins. Waterhouse was planning a trip to Asia anyway, so he dropped by Poh Lin's home.

"Despite the filth around her," he recalls, "she always looked neat and clean. Every morning she ironed the dress she was to wear to school. She was so appealing and enthusiastic I decided I couldn't let her drift into nothingness. I had to try to help her."

Waterhouse also noted her amazing ability to learn. He obtained an English-speaking Chinese woman, Miss Wong Shui Sin, to serve as a tutor and companion, then returned to Perkins to make preparations. In September, 1960, Poh Lin and her companion arrived in Boston.

Even with her intelligence, personality and optimism, Poh Lin found her path difficult. Despite everything she had been told, she was convinced that she was coming to the United States to be cured, not simply to learn. When American doctors confirmed that she would never see or hear again, she was tremendously disappointed. For weeks she brooded; all her courage and determination seemed to drain away. One day she came out of it. "I'm no worse off than I was when I left home," she told her tutor, "so I might as well do what I can to be happy."

Once she made up her mind, Poh Lin learned at an incredible rate. "I've never known of another blind-deaf child who progressed so far and so fast," Doctor Waterhouse says. She came to Perkins knowing only Chinese; now she is able to keep a daily Braille journal in good, if occasionally erratic, English and can speak more clearly than most people with her handicap. In only two years she absorbed the equivalent of a sixth-grade education—an almost miraculous achievement.

Last July, after two years at Perkins, Poh Lin went back to Singapore. Determined not to lose her own identity and nationality, she is conscious of her legacy from Helen Keller, now 82. Poh Lin hopes to study and learn so that eventually she may help the handicapped of Asia.

"Helen Keller," she says. "What a wonderful woman! I want to be just like her." **THE END**

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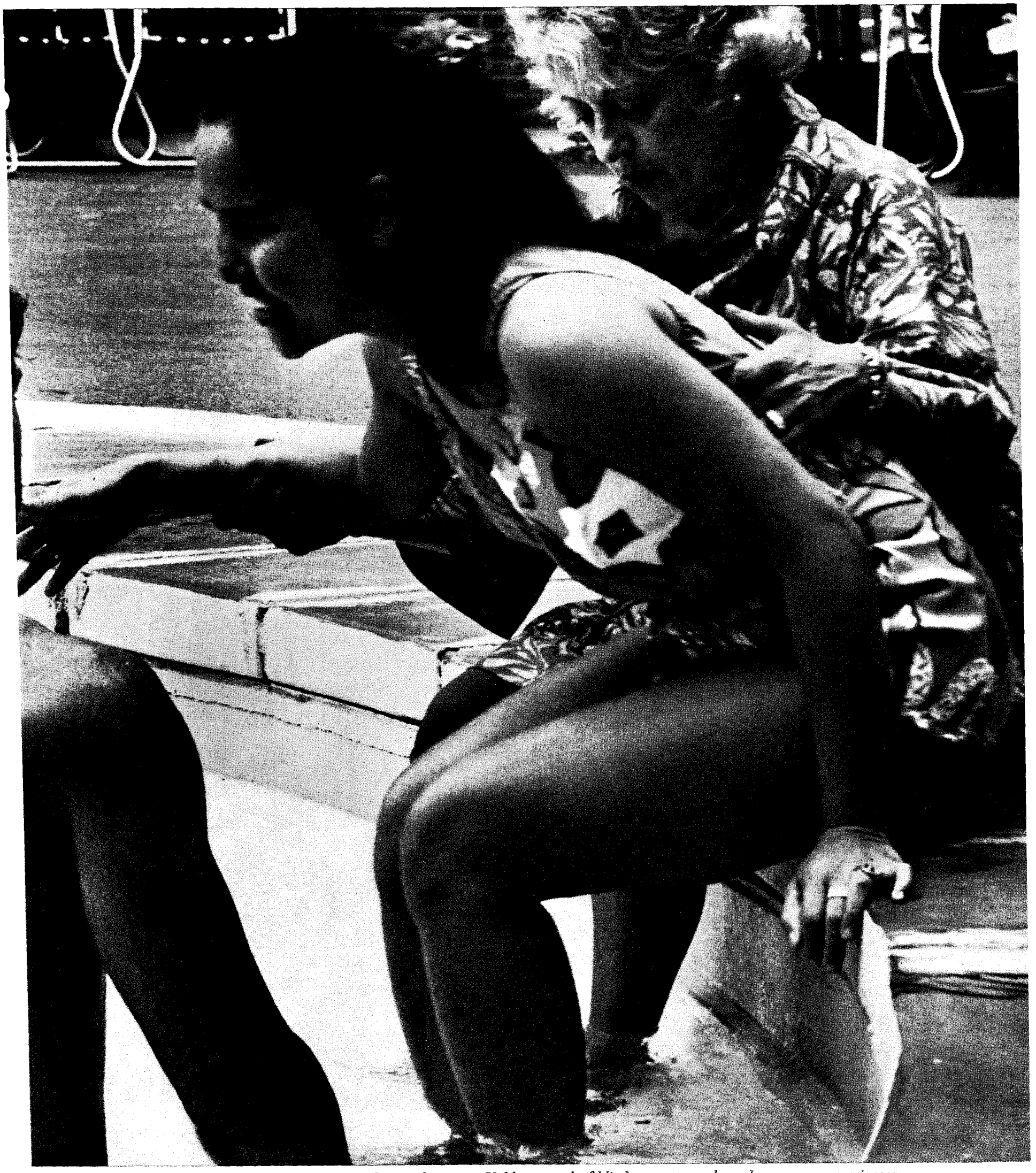

Cautiously but with a smile, Poh Lin takes to the water. Unlike most deaf-blind youngsters, she welcomes new experiences.

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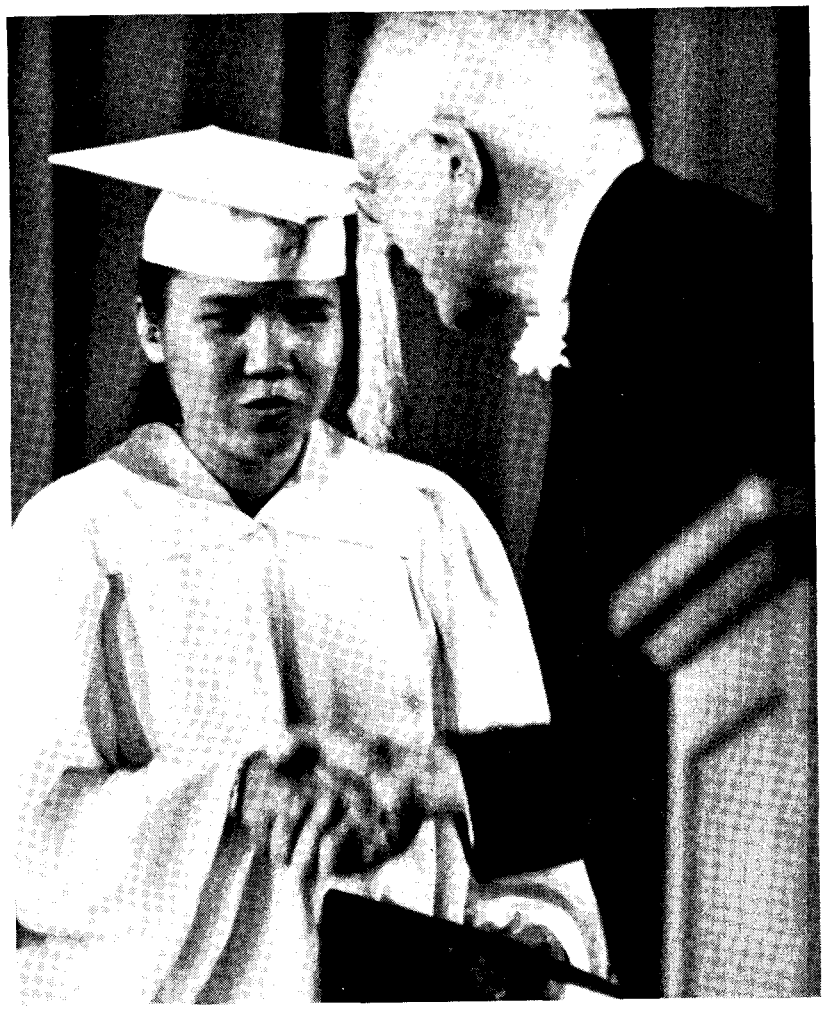

Day of days: Poh Lin receives both a diploma and praise from Dr. Augustus Thorndike, president of Perkins School.

Homecoming: Her father, a $1-a-day laborer, and aunt live in a three-story Singapore building into which 300 people are jammed.

Now back in Singapore, she believes her future lies in helping Asia's handicapped.

As a neighbor boy watches, she "listens" to her companion, Miss Wong, through the signals of the manual alphabet.

Poh Lin strives to understand a friend at Singapore School for the Bl curious classmates cluster. Her special hearing aid feeds her helpful vibra

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EDITORIALS

The Dilemma of France

In the year John Fitzgerald Kennedy was born, Nikita Khrushchev was already serving as a draftee in the Czar's army, Charles de Gaulle was a German war prisoner, Jawaharlal Nehru was running an anti-British newspaper in India, and Konrad Adenauer was elected Lord Mayor of Cologne. If this illustrates the youth of the American President, it also shows that much of the world is ruled by some very old men—with 10 of the most prominent enjoying an average age of 72.

It is hard for anyone to imagine the shape of the world when these men are out of office, and the men who have the hardest time imagining it are the elder statesmen themselves. Few have groomed a political heir who can guarantee an orderly succession. At any moment, in New Delhi or Moscow, in Bonn or Taipeh, one stroke of fate could produce a struggle for power.

This problem is at the heart of the political crisis that is racking France today. When someone once asked Charles de Gaulle who would succeed him, he answered, "Well, find another de Gaulle." But precisely because there could be no other de Gaulle, the fanatic remnants of the neo-Fascist Secret Army Organization set out to kill the president. Last August one terrorist bullet came within two inches of hitting de Gaulle and thereby producing the kind of chaos that might lead to either a rightist dictatorship or a Communist-led "popular front." Well aware of this threat and convinced that no successor would have enough authority to prevent a "shameful catastrophe," de Gaulle announced his plan for a plebiscite to change the constitution, enabling a president to be elected directly by popular vote, instead of by an electoral college.

"Nothing," de Gaulle himself said, "could be more democratic . . . so clear, simple and straightforward." Many of France's political leaders, including a number who once supported de Gaulle, violently disagree. Senate President Gaston Monnerville called de Gaulle's plan "a deliberate, premeditated and outrageous violation of the Republic." Ex-Premier Paul Reynaud declared that de Gaulle "wants to be both Churchill and King George VI." Although they knew that de Gaulle himself had no dictatorial ambitions, legislators of left, right and center joined in formally censuring de Gaulle for "violating the constitution . . . and thus opening a breach through which an adventurer might someday pass to overthrow the Republic and suppress liberty."

De Gaulle, who promptly dissolved the National Assembly and called for new elections, scorned such parliamentary criticisms. To him, the basic political process is a kind of dialogue between the French people and their leader. "I was France," he said of his wartime years, and he once remarked that "I belong to everyone and to no one." De Gaulle's critics, however, have some justification for declaring that a stable democracy requires more than one leader, no matter how great and popular he is, that it requires a more complex structure of legislators, judges, local officials—and room for legitimate opposition. Angry because de Gaulle refused to submit his constitutional amendment to the Assembly, the legislators suspected that de Gaulle's real aim was to smash them.

Although some like to compare de Gaulle's "presidential regime" to the American system, an American President is subject to checks and balances that don't exist in France. Imagine, for example, what Mr. Kennedy's power would be if he could dissolve Congress and rule by decree, if there were no Supreme Court to rule on constitutional disputes, and if the Government ran such varied enterprises as the railroads and television networks. De Gaulle's supporters argue that the final judgment is always left to the people, but there is strong historical evidence that a determined government can usually win any plebiscite by shrewd timing and intensive propaganda.

A more important test than any plebiscite might be the parliamentary elections scheduled for November 18 and 25. Although much depends on how effectively the half dozen opposition groups can combine forces, there have been widespread predictions that the new parliament will be at least as independent-minded as the old one, in which de Gaulle's Union for the New Republic party held only 173 out of 480 seats. Such a divided government would hamper the Gaullist grand design for leading a nuclear-armed and politically independent Europe, but it might possibly bring a more fundamental benefit. It might finally teach both sides that they need each other, that no one man and no one group is infallible or indispensable. And this is a lesson that applies not just in France but in many of the world's capitals, particularly those which have long kept old men at the pinnacle.

Diplomatically Beyond the Law

In Dublin not long ago a 17-year-old American boy was taken into custody by the police and accused of attempting to rape an Irish girl. The boy was released and the charges were dropped after it was learned that he was the son of a member of the U.S. Embassy and could have claimed diplomatic immunity.

In Washington, D.C., three years ago David Hearne, 21, the son of the Irish ambassador, was charged with running into a woman with his car and killing her. The coroner's inquiry was terminated when it was learned that the boy was covered by diplomatic immunity.

On the face of it, these incidents seem indefensible. Why should anyone be permitted to live in a country and remain immune to its laws, both civil and criminal? There are good reasons for the custom. It stems from the old days when warring nations hesitated to send messengers into enemy camps for fear that they would never return. Today, in order to prevent undue harassment of diplomatic representatives, foreign emissaries and embassies are inviolable.

Most civilized nations keep a close watch on their diplomatic representatives, quickly recalling those who commit crimes or serious civil offenses abroad. Last year representatives of 81 nations, including the U.S., met in Vienna to establish an international code of diplomatic relations and immunities. As a result of the conference, we signed a treaty—subject to ratification by the Senate—that would exclude from immunity those cases involving private property and those in which the emissaries are acting in private capacities. The adoption of the treaty would eliminate many needless abuses of the privilege.

Looking Sharp in Chester, Pa.

Mrs. Frances P. Donahoo, who used to be president of the school board in Chester, Pennsylvania, feels strongly that high-school girls and boys should look their age instead of dressing like Brigitte Bardot and Elvis Presley. "God gave them youthfulness," she says, "and I feel they should not dress as actresses. They have their youth for a short time, and they should take advantage of it."

Ten years ago Mrs. Donahoo pushed through the school board a resolution banning blue jeans among the high-school students. In all but about 50 out of 2,200 cases, the boys and girls readily obeyed the rule.

Recently Mrs. Donahoo—she has served her term as school-board president and is now simply a member—promulgated a new and stricter ruling. Adopted by the Chester school board, it requires that the girls wear their skirts below the knee, forbids them to wear beehive hairdos, eye shadow, long earrings, high heels, pin curls, pink, blue or purple nail polish. Mrs. Donahoo was just as exacting with the boys. Her resolution reemphasized the no-jeans rule, banned ducktail haircuts, goatees or moustaches, and required that shirts be worn inside the trousers.

"The reaction," according to Mrs. Donahoo, "has been wonderful, especially from the parents. They were glad for the rules, because they had often told their children these things, but the children wanted to look like Mary Smith." Not only do the Chester students now look sharper, Mrs. Donahoo reports, but the new discipline has paid an extra dividend: It has created among the students a new respect for their teachers. We earnestly applaud Mrs. Donahoo's edict and wish that more schools would follow suit.

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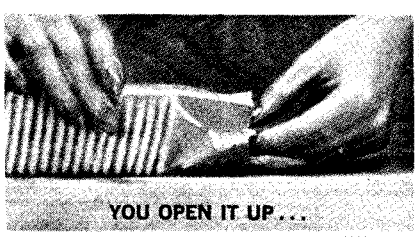

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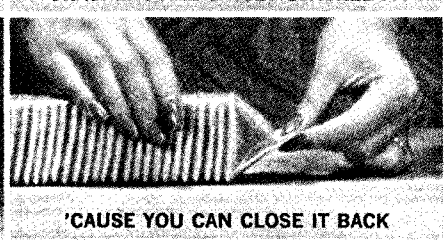

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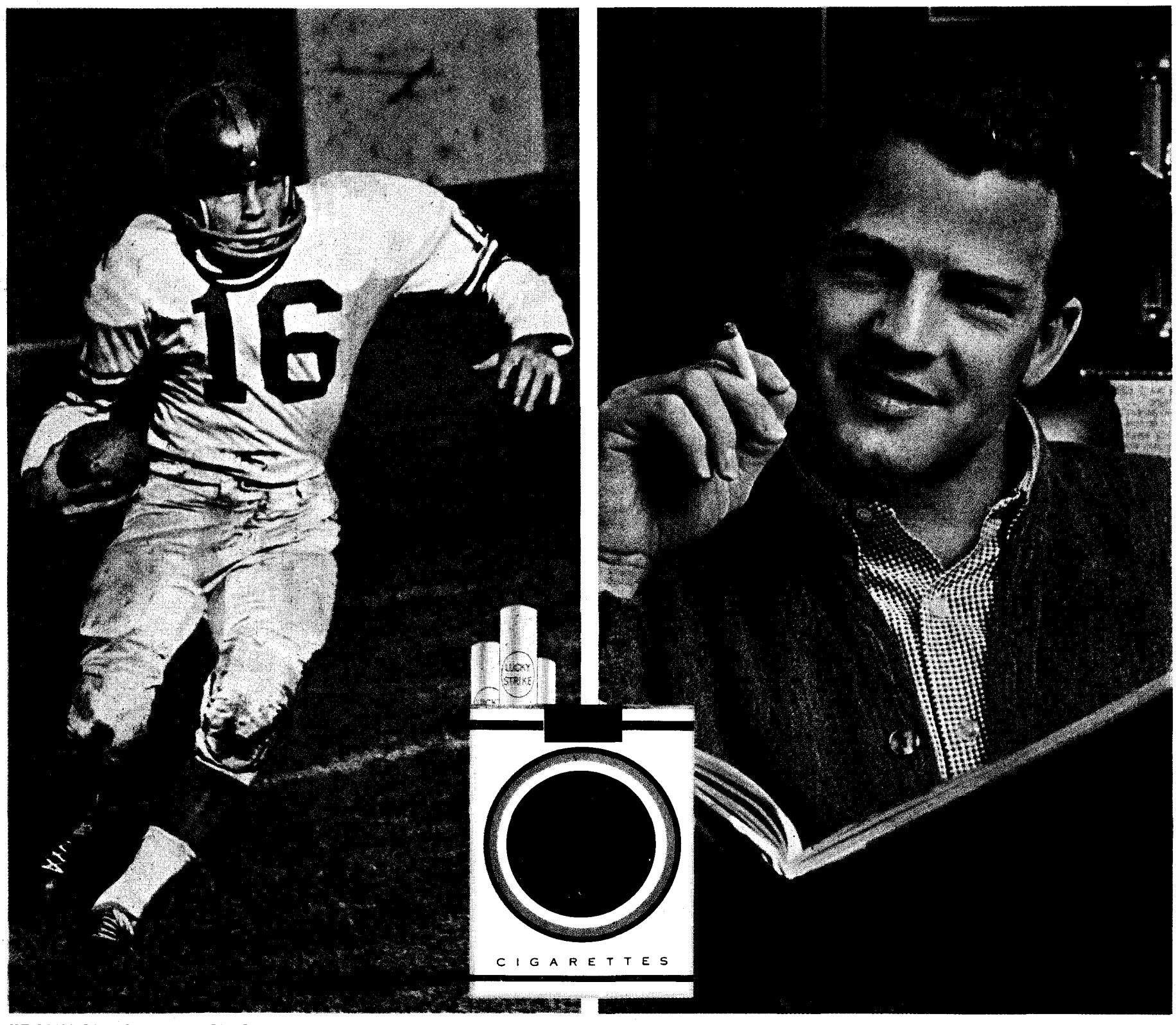

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